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ATLANTIC

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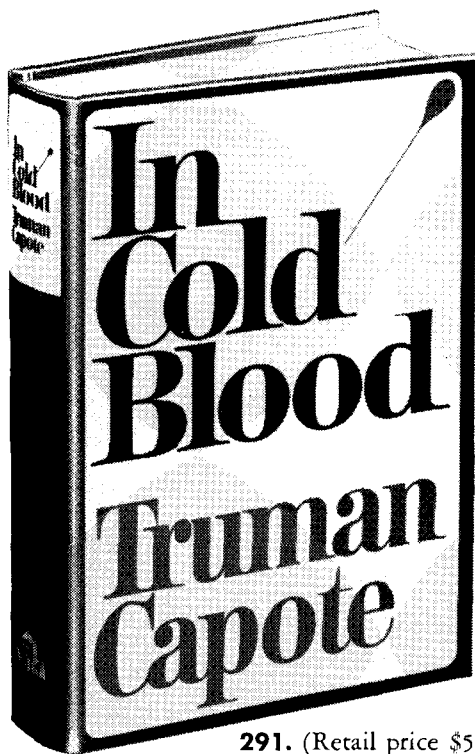
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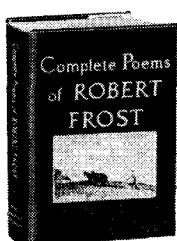
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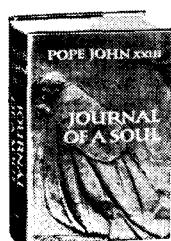
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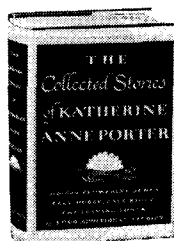
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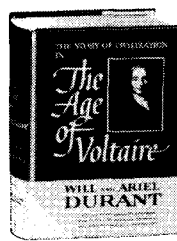
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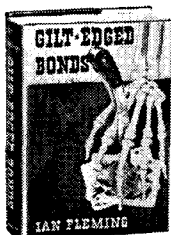
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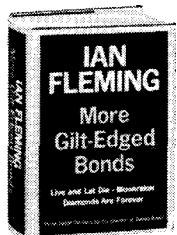
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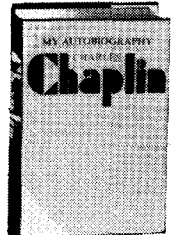
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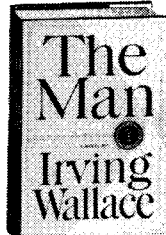
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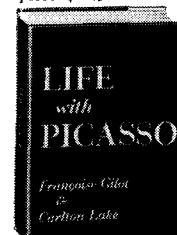
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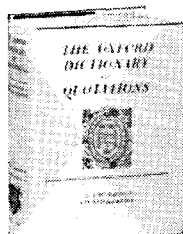
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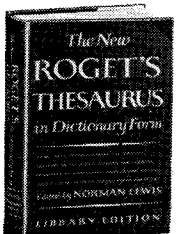
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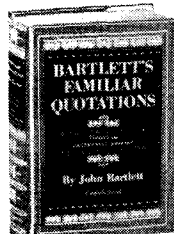
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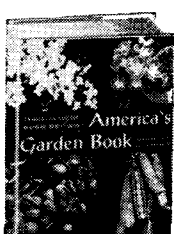
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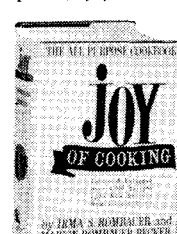
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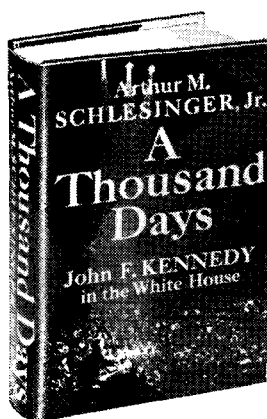
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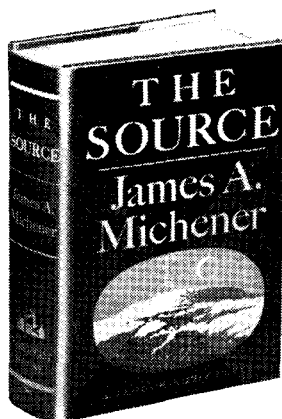
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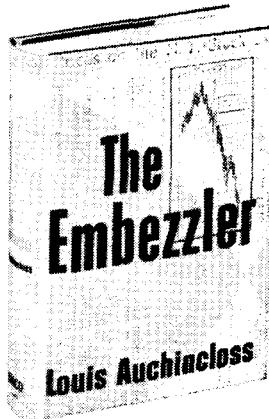
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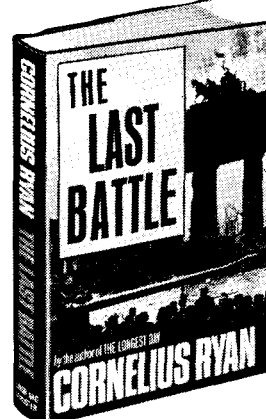
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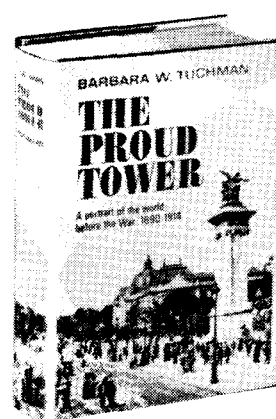
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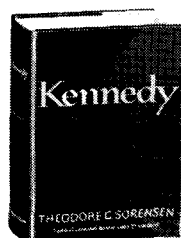
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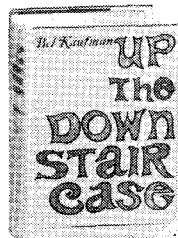
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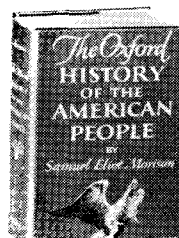
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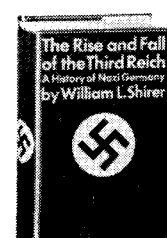
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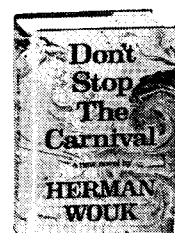
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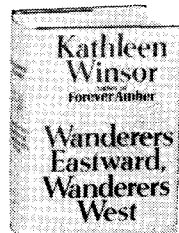
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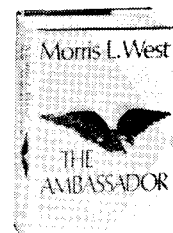
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON is a one-man town. Lyndon Johnson is not only the President of the United States but the majority leader of the Democratic Party, chief liaison officer with the Congress, principal spokesman, with his own TV studio in the basement of the White House, and almost the sole topic of conversation in the capital. Recently, one of his own Cabinet officers went to a dinner party in Georgetown and announced to the assembled guests as he entered: "Let's do something different tonight. Let's not talk about the President or Vietnam for at least ten minutes." That's the way it is. Everybody has a Johnson story the way old soldiers have a war story, and some but certainly not all of them are true, and that's probably the way the President wants it to be.

This is not the trend in other capitals of the world. Except for Paris and Peking, the cult of personality is out. Wilson in London, Kosygin and Brezhnev in Moscow, Erhard in Bonn, and Sato in Tokyo are all technicians. A managerial revolution has taken place in politics. The handsome and powerful foreign secretaries of the past — Acheson, Eden, and others — have been replaced by a collection of competent diplomatic mechanics — Rusk in Washington, Michael Stewart in London, Maurice Couve de Murville in Paris, Gerhard Schroeder in Bonn, Andrei Gromyko in the Soviet Union, and nobody can quite remember who in India or Japan.

But Washington is dominated by a commanding individual, whose habits of thought and techniques of political maneuver determine what the nation does in the world. Nobody but Johnson, for example, could imagine a peace offensive in which a covey of officials suddenly fly off to the Vatican, Paris, Belgrade, Warsaw, Bangkok, New Delhi, and various other capitals. Or a war in

which the President and commander in chief passes on nearly every bombing target and then stays up half the night to get reports on how the raids came out. Or a diplomatic conference to which the leaders of Vietnam are summoned on a few hours' notice like colonial servants.

But Johnson is not an impulsive or capricious man who acts on his own. There is nothing of the dictator about him. He consults with a great many people before he ever makes a move.

We can do anything

The President has transferred to the White House the habits of the Senate cloakroom. In many ways he is running the presidency as he ran the majority leadership on Capitol Hill. It is a highly personal system. His personality dominates policy and, many people here believe, helps explain his Vietnam decisions. In the first place, he believes in all the conventional patriotic assumptions about the United States. This is a nation set apart. It can do anything it sets its mind to do. It can create a Great Society. It can abolish poverty in America and disease in the world. It can educate every child who tries, and can feed the multitude.

Kennedy was a critic of American society, crying out to us to question the conventional wisdom of the day, imploring us to forget the myths of the past and deal with the "realities" of the present. But not Johnson. He believes that the experience of the past can help us deal with the realities of the present. He sees no conflict between John Calvin and John Maynard Keynes. He wants to encompass the whole: past and present, conservative and liberal, idealistic and realistic.

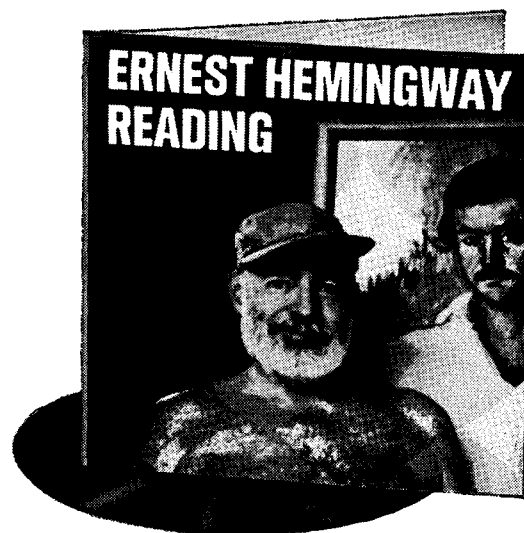
Thus, France's experience in Vietnam and the rest of Indochina is not particularly relevant in

The only recording of Ernest Hemingway reading his works

This historic album was created from the now-legendary tape recordings Hemingway made for himself and his friends in the years 1948-1961. They have never been available to the public.

HERE is the Ernest Hemingway known to his intimate circle . . . the teller of tall stories, the tender man in love, the brash and bawdy wit, the serious searcher for truth. In this remarkable album, you will hear *Second Poem to Mary*; a selection from *Work in Progress*; the autobiographical memoir, *Saturday Night at the Whorehouse in Billings, Montana*; the moving *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech*; *In Harry's Bar in Venice*, a rare moment of Hemingway parodying *The New Yorker* parodying Hemingway; *The Fifth Column*, describing the anguished Spanish Civil War days.

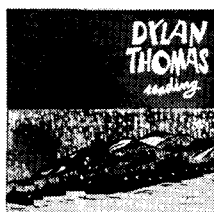
Mary Hemingway, and A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's good friend, have written personal background notes for this long-awaited album. It is the only spoken testament left to us of the man Hemingway was.



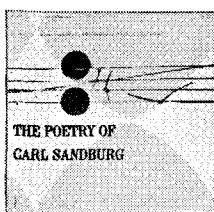
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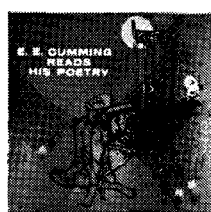
Robert Frost's own New England voice reads *The Pasture*, *Mending Wall*, *Birches*, *After Apple Picking*, and other poems.



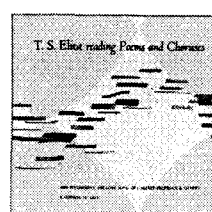
Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, *In the White Giant's Thigh*, and other poems.



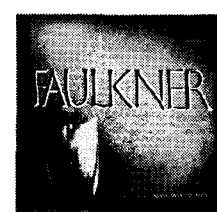
Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City*, *In Tall Grass*, *Four Preludes*, *Southern Pacific*, and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world*.



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *Ash Wednesday*, *Marina*.



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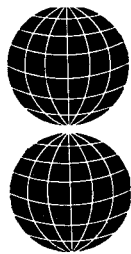
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Report on Washington



his mind. The French were defeated by the same political leader, Ho Chi Minh, and suffered 172,000 casualties to the armies led by the same military leader, General Giap. But America is not France. We went to Saigon to give, France to take. France was colonial, we are anticolonial, and we have helicopters, and we have never lost a war. Others offered peace and didn't mean it, and waged war and couldn't win it, but when we offer peace we mean it, and if we have to wage war, we will win it.

Zigs and zags

This is sensitive ground. Who can say what moves men under pressure? But nothing in Washington explains the starts and stops, the war-making and peacemaking, the bombing and the pleading, the offers and the threats of American policy better than the extraordinary contradictions of Lyndon Johnson's character.

When he was on the Hill, he dealt personally with committee chairmen and the leaders of the opposition. He also dealt personally with newspaper reporters on his beat. No big meeting. No mass press conferences if he could help it. A small office of overworked aides. He is following much the same procedure in the White House.

He has handled his Vietnam policy, for example, as if he were handling a bill in the Senate. He has zigged and zagged to meet the opposition of the hawks on one side and the doves on the other, just as he changed his bills on Capitol Hill to pick up votes on the right and then on the left.

A couple of days before his famous Baltimore speech just a year ago, he had not planned to say anything about unconditional discussions. He showed a draft of the speech to a Washington columnist, who proposed that he offer a cease-fire and "unconditional discussions." He agreed to the latter. Later, when the columnist still criticized him, he remarked, "I don't understand that fellow: every time I pull my chair up to him he moves away."

The President complains about inaccurate news stories on Vietnam and other matters of foreign and domestic policy. He says the lines of communication are open, but they are not. Officials

are not about to jeopardize their jobs by talking out of turn. And even those who privately seek to explain Administration policy are frequently not in a position to do so, because they know only a small part of the story. The rest of it is held closely by a few at the top. This was clearly the case during the big American peace offensive aimed at some kind of political accommodation in Vietnam.

The trouble with the President's sensitivity over personal image is that he appears to get in the way of his own light. There are too many people who tend to remember the bad and not the good about Johnson. They remember his public display of the gallbladder incision and forget his rather remarkable record on domestic legislation. The truth about Johnson's record is that it is not nearly so bad as his critics say, and, particularly in the area of foreign policy, not as good as the President would like to have the country believe.

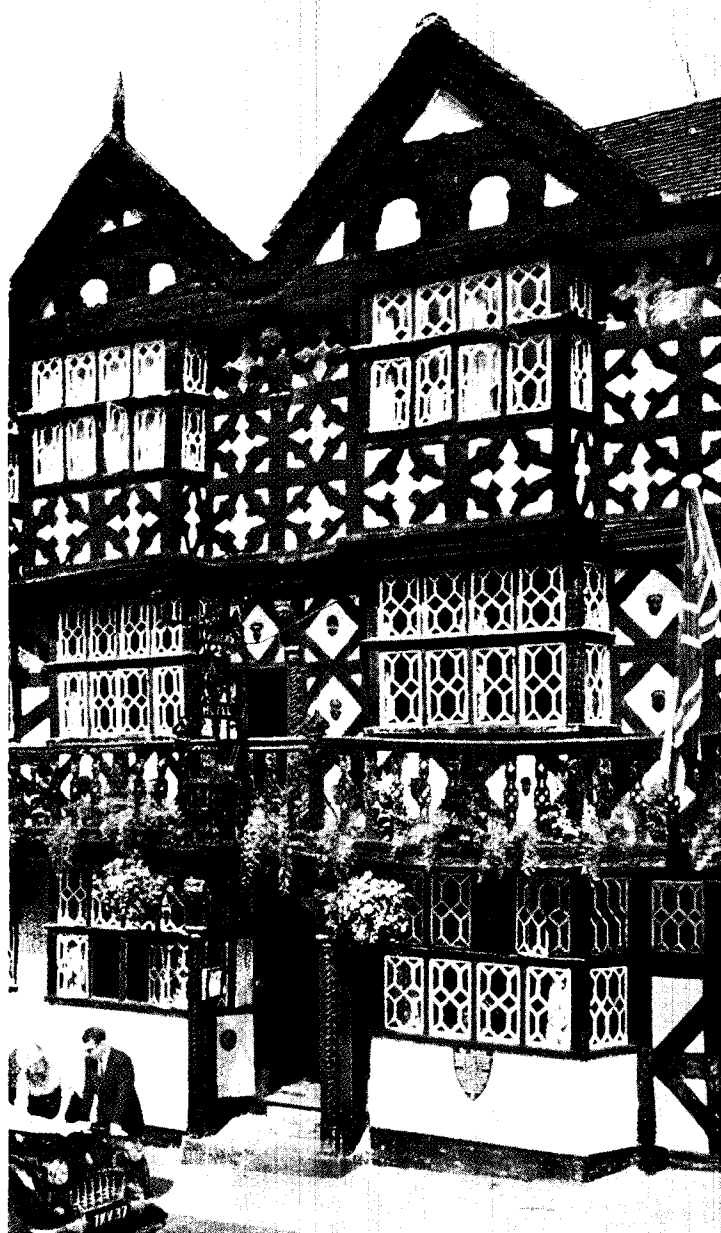
Johnson's Cuba

But for all that is said here about the Administration's record, it is to the President and his conduct of the war in Vietnam that much of the country will look for an answer to the success or failure of the Johnson approach. Vietnam clearly is Johnson's nightmare as was Cuba for Kennedy. And while most people do not have all the salient facts about the Vietnamese war, they at least are entitled to feel there is some sense of continuity to American policy, and that the President is proceeding in an orderly fashion toward reasoned objectives in Southeast Asia.

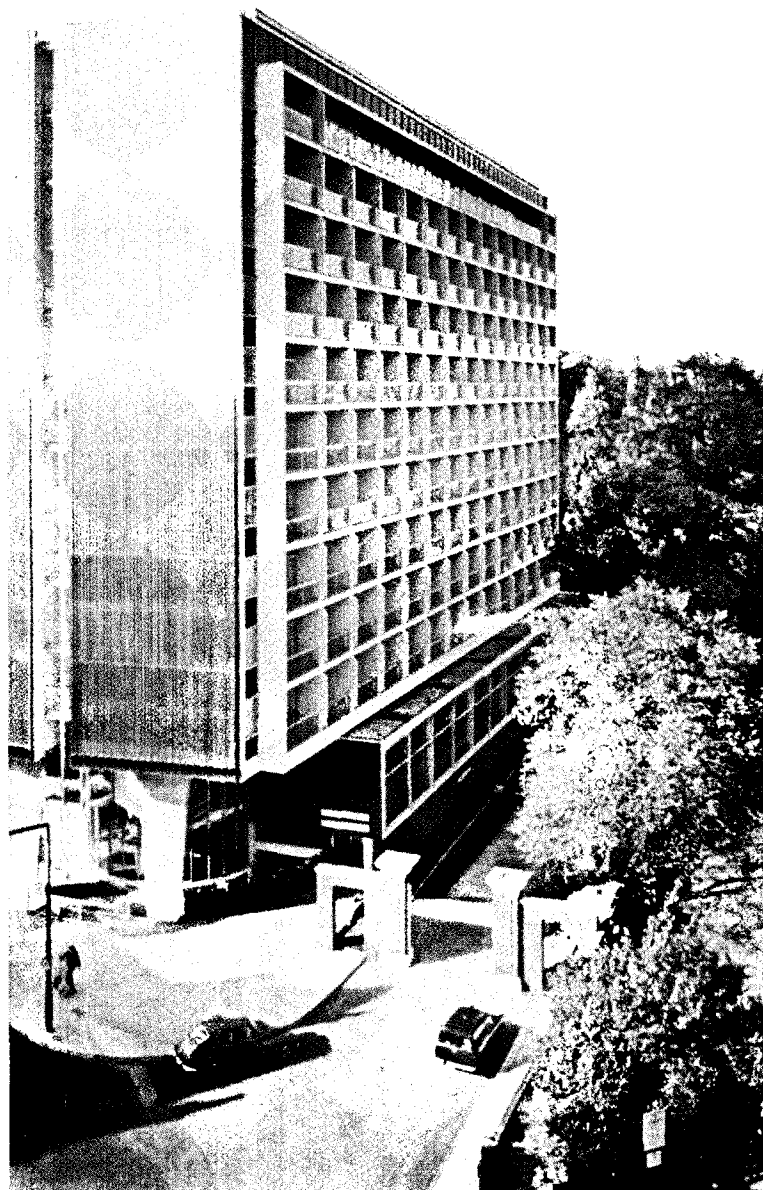
At the beginning of this year, during a semi-private session with the press in Austin, Texas, Bill Moyers sought to paint the President's mood on most major foreign policy issues. He suggested that Johnson's greatest disappointment in 1965 was his failure to convince North Vietnam and Communist China of this country's genuine desire for peace in Southeast Asia. It was said that Johnson believes history would judge him harshly on the conduct of American policy in Vietnam should he leave office tomorrow. Accordingly, the President feels he must deal with Vietnam effectively before anyone can make an accurate judgment about his capacity for leadership in the area of foreign affairs.

No consensus on Vietnam

In Vietnam, as in other political or diplomatic areas, Johnson would like to see a kind of national consensus in support of his policy. If anything, however, the reaction from certain factions in the country would suggest that the more Johnson maneuvers in Vietnam, the more confused and divided this country becomes. Nothing illustrates



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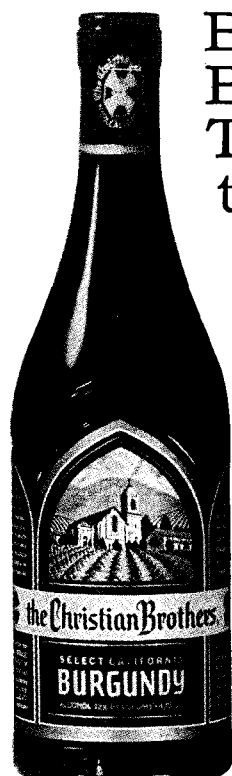
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Report on Washington

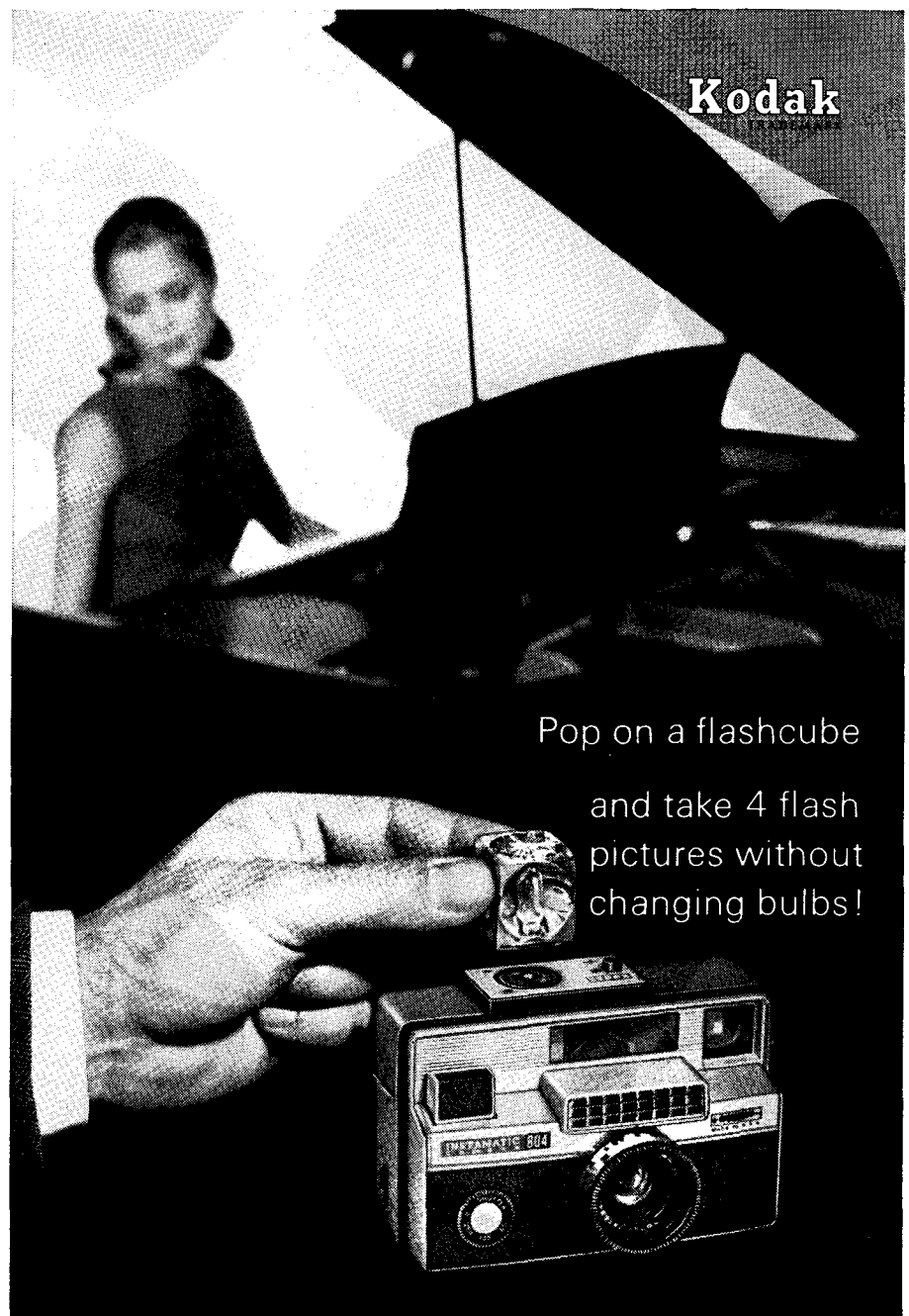
the point more clearly than the airing of Administration policy on Vietnam before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which indicated the deep sense of not only congressional but domestic frustration over Johnson's personal domination of the Vietnamese crisis.

Old friends of the President's, Fulbright, Mansfield, and even Senator Richard Russell, find themselves at odds with Johnson. During those Senate hearings, there was a vague hint of congressional entrapment — a feeling that the President had wrung from Congress a mandate on Vietnam in 1964, and then stretched that mandate far beyond its intended limits.

Fulbright was Johnson's friend and his choice for Secretary of State in 1960, but personal loyalty comes first in the President's catalogue of political virtues. Johnson simply cannot understand how Fulbright can be his friend and also his critic. In fairness to the President, it must be said that he followed this principle when he was Senate Majority Leader during the Eisenhower Administration. Johnson would oppose Eisenhower on domestic issues, but on important foreign policy questions, whatever his doubts, he supported the President. Moreover, Johnson expects the same kind of support from others, particularly when they are members of his own party.

The Congress looks a little bewildered these days, as if it would like to continue avoiding any part of Johnson's war in Vietnam yet wants to seem to be consulted on it. This perhaps explains Fulbright's wistful remark on the purpose of the Vietnam hearings before his committee. He could say only that he apologized for not holding the hearings before, in 1964, and that he simply didn't realize what the country was getting into at that time, a sad commentary on the legislative branch's inability, or unwillingness, to venture leadership instead of easy followership.

What is so misleading about the public dialogue on Vietnam is that the President appears to approach the imponderables of the crisis with



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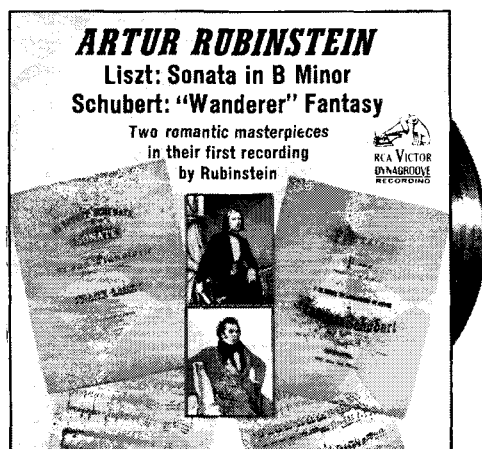
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Record collectors have long awaited Rubinstein's recording of Liszt's *Sonata in B Minor*, considered by many to be the great composer's finest virtuoso music. The occasion is made doubly exciting by his performance on the same disk of Schubert's "Wanderer" *Fantasy*—a composition which Rubinstein has not performed for some sixty years. Rubinstein's masterly sense of control transforms Liszt's difficult work into one great musical arch from beginning to end. And Rubinstein gives a beautifully paced reading of the "Wanderer" *Fantasy*, named for the theme in the second movement which is based on the Schubert song *Der Wanderer*. Hear this new recording in Dynagroove sound on RCA Victor Red Seal



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such certainty, in effect suggesting that he and he alone is right. He is almost scornful of those who dare to question his position. And yet the President's apparent confidence about the course of American policy in Vietnam is hardly reflected by his closest diplomatic and military advisers. His own official family is fundamentally divided about what should and should not be done in Southeast Asia. Rusk was for a resumption of bombing at the end of January; Ball was not.

So it is that Johnson's views and strength of will again prevail because most of the officials around the President have doubts about whether their advice on Vietnam is right, let alone viable.

The real LBJ

Between the President's public personality and his private personality there is a great difference. Reading a speech, with the square glass Teleprompters before him, he is your Uncle Dudley, who looks like the line coach of the Dallas Cowboys and sounds part schoolmaster and part parson. Somehow this picture doesn't hold together: he looks tough and sounds almost sweet. But in private conversation he is quiet, slow, vivid, and overpowering. His gift of mimicry is amusing, and when turned on his opponents, devastating. He has a computer-like memory, and a bank of political stories that are always apt and often hilarious. He may go on for hours in a single almost unbroken monologue, but this is always relevant to his purpose, which usually is to convince the listener of something and persuade him to do what the President wants.

Governor Pat Brown tells about calling on Johnson in 1960 to decide whether to support him for the Democratic presidential nomination. After fifteen minutes of uninterrupted Johnson talk, Brown was impressed. Fifteen minutes later, Brown thought he was hearing the most brilliant monologue of his life. When the torrent continued for forty-five minutes, however, Brown began to have his doubts, and after an hour, Brown was so troubled by all this energy and passion that he

went away convinced he should vote for somebody else.

This is central to Johnson's personality. By the tests of ordinary men, he overdoes everything. His actions and reactions are all exaggerated. He will humiliate his staff with criticism and then shower them with praise and gifts. McNamara, he insists, is the best Secretary of Defense in the history of the Pentagon, Rusk the best Secretary of State of this century. The President genuinely wants a fair and compassionate society in America, but he calls it a Great Society. It is not enough for a newspaper to support him 90 percent of the time. Oh, that other ten percent!, he says.

The President decides

The President's insistence on being the central figure for all things in government has its effects on his political colleagues. Since Johnson assumed the presidency in November, 1963, it is hard, for example, to recall any memorable speech made by a member of his Administration. Vice President Humphrey is the best illustration of the point. When he was in the Senate, there was not a man in Washington who produced more ideas to deal with the problems of the day, but as Johnson's deputy, he has been a fountain of trivialities, most of them celebrating the President and the President's programs and now sounding the shrillest Vietnam hawk cries to be heard in Washington.

All this adds to Johnson's cult of personality. He is skeptical of advice. He listens to everybody and trusts nobody all the way. He delegates nothing that is fundamental. He decides, and he decides intuitively on the basis of what has worked pragmatically in the past. This may be why his decisions on the home front have been so successful, for he has America in his bones.

In Vietnam and, indeed, in the rest of the world it is a different thing. Johnson is trying to prove that the assumptions that have worked for America will work for the world, and he has a towering personal confidence and all the great power of the presidency with which to press the experiment.



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Tactical Missiles: A report from General Dynamics

Evening the odds against surprise attack:

Even for those who weren't there, newsreels of World War II and the Korean War have made this scene familiar:

Troops are moving along a road or field. Suddenly, an enemy plane swoops out of the sky with machine guns and cannons blazing. Troops scatter for cover. A few fire at the disappearing plane—but in vain.

Today, the foot soldier does not have to head for cover. He has an equalizer. Now the scene would go like this:

An enemy plane is seen in the distance. An infantryman shoulders a weapon that resembles a bazooka. Through an eyepiece he sights the plane, squeezes a trigger and a missile whooshes out of the tube. Seconds later, the plane explodes.

Such a weapon is now moving into the hands of field troops. It is made by General Dynamics and called Redeye. It is a tactical guided missile designed to be used by one man.

The bullet that gets a second chance:

A bullet or shell is affected by gravity and wind, but, by and large, once fired it continues in the direction it was originally pointed.

A sharp eye, a steady arm and an accurate gun are all you need to hit a stationary target.

A moving object has to be "led"—the

gunner judges where the moving object will be in a few fractions of a second and points his bullet there.

But to "lead" an airplane traveling at the speed of sound, miles high and able to change its direction in a hurry, you need a guided missile.

An effective surface-to-air weapon must be capable of fast reaction. Its warhead must be powerful enough to destroy an attacking plane. Its speed and range must be enough to reach the attacking aircraft before the plane's offensive weapons can be launched against ground troops.

But the real key is in the word *guided*.

The guided missile, like its evasive target, can be steered and sometimes steer itself. In fact, you might call a tactical guided missile a "bullet that gets a second chance."

Let's take a look at three produced by General Dynamics—Terrier, Tartar as well as Redeye—to see how some tactical missiles work. All are essentially defensive weapons.

Terrier and Tartar are supersonic, solid-fueled missiles used by the United States Navy. Both have what is known as "semi-active homing" guidance. This involves a complex of shipboard radar and computers, combined with sensing, computing and controlling devices within the missile itself.

When search radar aboard a ship finds an oncoming target, a radar illumination beam, controlled through a central computer, seeks out the attacking plane. The radar waves reflected from the airplane are picked up by a sensor in the nose of the missile, which

will chase its target to intercept even if the plane changes course several times.

Terrier:

Terrier is the bigger of the two. On its launcher aboard a Navy cruiser, it is about 27 feet long. The first 15 feet are the missile proper. The second 12 contain a booster rocket for propulsion.

Terrier is always ready to go. Almost within the instant that the illumination beam fastens on the approaching aircraft, Terrier is triggered.

The booster blasts the missile off the launching rack. The finder is already receiving the reflected beam from the target. Two small charges within the missile have already ignited. Their burn-



Terrier (27 feet)

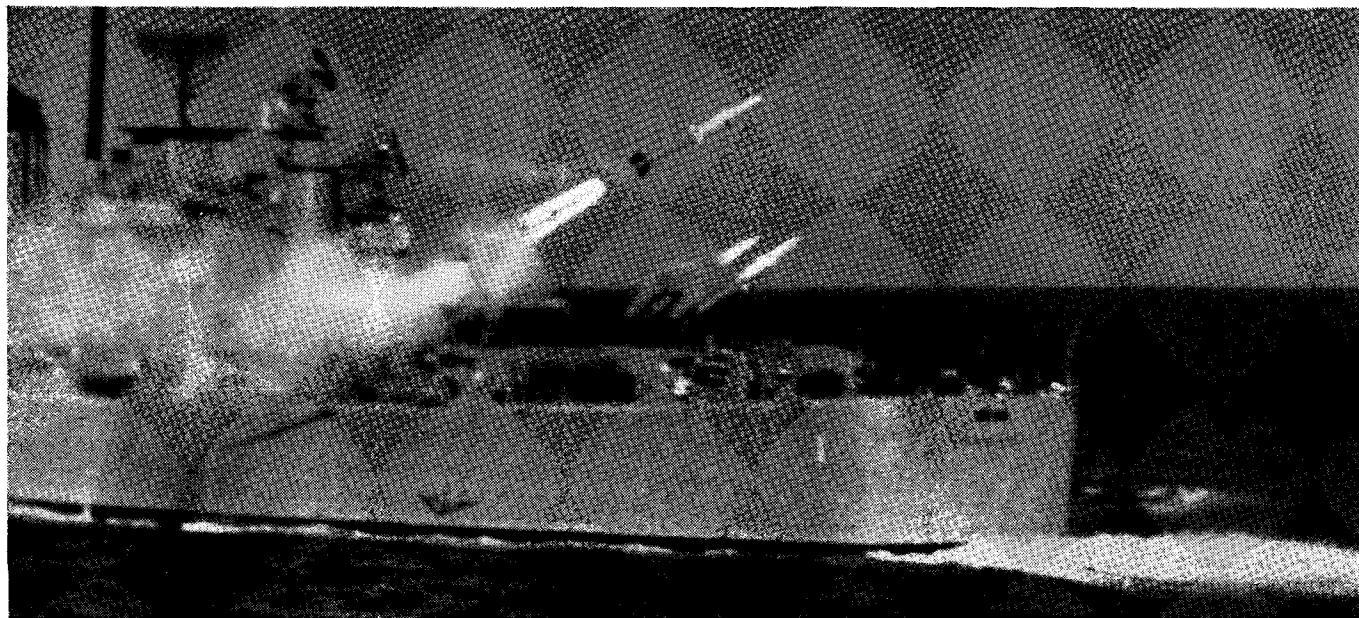
ing gases turn two small turbines. One provides power for the guidance and control systems. The other operates a hydraulic pump whose fluids move the small guidance fins on the missile's tail.

As the booster burns out and then drops away, a sustainer rocket within the missile proper commences firing to continue necessary velocity to intercept.

Tartar:

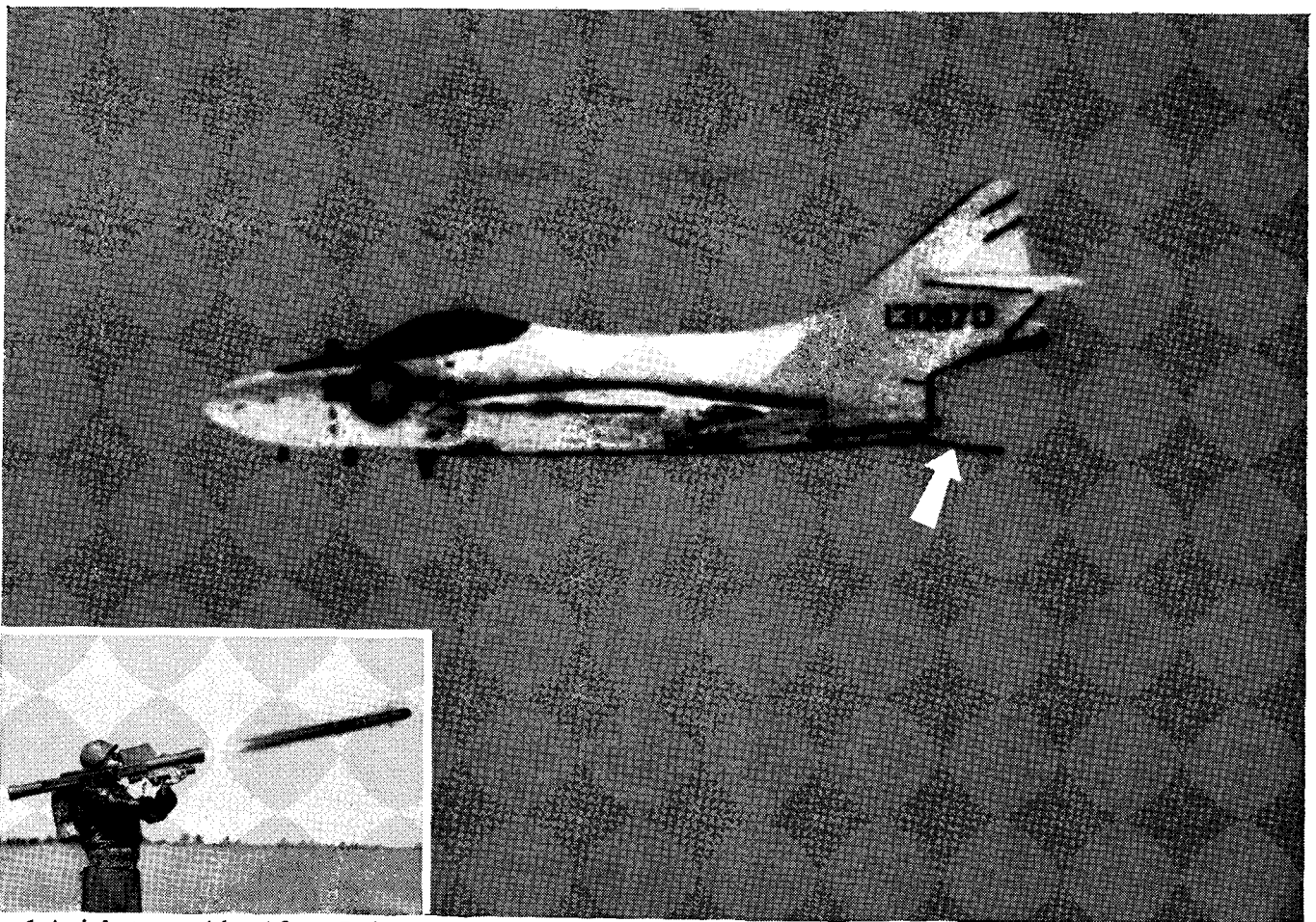
Tartar is similar to Terrier, but more compact (15 feet long and about 1,200 pounds compared to 27 feet and about 3,000 pounds for Terrier).

Its booster and sustainer are combined into a single-rocket engine. When



Above: Cruiser fires a Terrier. **Right:** Diagram shows radar waves sent from a ship and reflected from a plane being re-

ceived by sensor in nose of the missile. Even if the plane takes evasive action, the missile will change course to intercept.



1. An infantryman (above) fires a Redeye missile at a target drone airplane.

2. This is an actual photo of a Redeye missile (arrow) entering the jet exhaust of a drone airplane. Immediately after this photograph was taken, the plane exploded.

Tartar gets its signal, the engine generates high initial thrust to shoot aloft, then reduces its force to provide the long sustained velocity to reach and chase a distant target.

Both Terrier and Tartar, in spite of their size, can be fired repetitively almost as fast as a bolt-operated rifle.

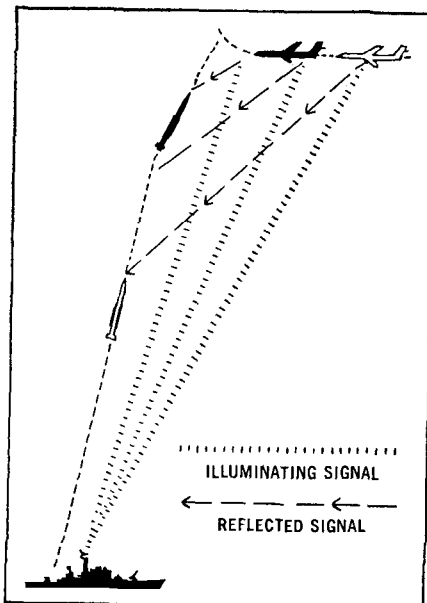


Diagram shows how missile changes course as the target changes course.

Stored in automated magazines, they can be lifted onto a launcher, hooked into the central computer radar control and fired within seconds.

Ships equipped with Terrier or Tartar can defend themselves against an armada of attacking aircraft today far more ef-



Tartar (15 feet)

fectively than would have been possible against a single aircraft ten years ago.

Redeye:

Redeye is designed to destroy low-flying aircraft rather than high-altitude supersonic attackers. Four feet long and three inches in diameter, it weighs only 28 pounds complete with its launcher.

Redeye's heat-seeking guidance is wholly self-contained. Reaction time is little more than it takes the soldier to lift the launcher to his shoulder, find the attacking aircraft in the sighting scope and squeeze the trigger. By that time, Redeye's infrared sensor has locked onto the source of heat it must follow.

A small charge projects the missile from its launching tube. At a distance far enough to protect the soldier from rocket blast, a fuse lights the major

rocket charge. Miniature computer circuitry within the missile directs a set of



Redeye launcher



Redeye missile (4 feet)

steering fins which enable Redeye to change direction as necessary and chase the target at supersonic speed until it intercepts it.

During the long history of combat, the advantage of surprise has almost invariably lain with the attacker. The modern tactical missile now more than evens the odds for the defender. At General Dynamics we are already developing newer ones with still more punch.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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The Atlantic Report THAILAND



ON APRIL 7, 1954, a month before the collapse of the French entrenched camp at Dien Bien Phu, President Eisenhower declared that "the loss of Indochina will cause the fall of Southeast Asia like a set of dominoes." In justification of the actions the Administration then contemplated (and subsequently abandoned) in defense of the embattled and imperiled French Union garrison, this was imagery of a high order.

As an appreciation of the situation at that time, however, it had two main faults: it misrepresented the type of threat to which Southeast Asia was and still is principally exposed, the painstaking and termitelike activities of the Communist "liberation" movement in rural areas as a prelude to armed struggle; and it ignored the widespread and phlegmatic Southeast Asian feeling that Indochina had all but fallen, and that this, moreover, was an entirely predictable result in any area where a colonial power chose to attempt to hold on by force against the wishes of the people.

In the view of the elites whose attitudes substitute for public opinion in the region, the task that the United States arrogated to itself in succoring Vietnam after the Geneva accords of July 21, 1954, was less an attempt to shore up the pile of dominoes than an act of dubious reclamation. Few really believed the effort would succeed.

The development, however, of a much more definitive and dangerous struggle in Vietnam, the deliberate and serious pitting of the material might of the United States against the techniques of Communist revolutionary war as waged in this region, has made Vietnam a test case.

A giant against termites

By setting out to demonstrate the fallibility of the Communist techniques, the United States has given reality to what began as an expediently expressed theory based on an imprecise premise. Where once Southeast Asia seemed likely to accept the earlier "fall" of Vietnam without a tremble in the pile of dominoes, now there is genuine concern in exposed Thailand that its own fate may be

closely linked with the success or failure of the American efforts against the Viet Cong.

The Viet Minh were something less than ten feet tall when they defeated the colonial French; but to take on the United States in major conflict is to battle with the giants. If the United States, having now committed its full prestige and all but its ultimate power, is unable to overcome the subversive and guerrilla skills of this concealed aggression, then the Southeast Asian spectators of the Vietnam fray, and the Thais in particular, must reasonably be expected to reassess their own positions.

Having fought such a war in Vietnam and having failed to win it, would the United States be prepared to fight all over again in Thailand? If it could not win in Vietnam, what are the reasons to suggest that it could win in Thailand? And even if it could, are there not better ways of solving the problem than by the risk of a long and bloody war? These are valid and vital questions. If they are not often asked, at least in public, they are much in the minds of both the Thai leaders and American officials in Bangkok.

American buildup in Thailand

Washington's acceptance of bilateral as well as collective responsibilities under SEATO calmed many Thai fears in 1962. When it became obvious that the Pathet Lao and the Viet Minh had accepted the Geneva agreement in Laos only with the intention of using it as a cover to extend their writ and of safeguarding the illegal flow of men and materials along the Ho Chi Minh trail, Thai pilots, using Lao identification papers and flying Royal Lao aircraft, helped to block the flow of troops and material from North Vietnam to the Plain of Jars, where government and neutralist forces were in serious difficulties.

More recently, United States planes, with the knowledge and approval of the government in Bangkok, have been using airfields in northern and northeastern Thailand to bomb both North Vietnam and the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos.

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Report on Thailand

Partly to answer Thai questions and to relieve renewed fears about American intentions if there is a negotiated or unwritten cessation of the Vietnam war and Peking lives up to its promise to start a new war of national liberation in Thailand, and partly to meet any offensive or defensive needs that might arise if the war continues, the United States has been steadily building up its forces and its capabilities in Thailand.

The town of Korat, at the gateway to northeastern Thailand, is the focal point of these developments. The Ninth U.S. Logistical Command has its headquarters here. As a "B" type of command, the headquarters is designed to operate at full capacity with between 35,000 and 65,000 support troops and a field force of 100,000 troops.

Although this is far in excess of the number of American forces now in Thailand, Korat is designed to meet any call for rapid and immediate expansion. Already there is enough battle-ready equipment on hand to put what is officially described as something less than a division into the field in less than three hours.

Communications network

From Ban Sattahip on the Gulf of Siam, American and Thai engineers are rushing the construction of a new bypass road to Korat. This will avoid the bottleneck in Bangkok, the country's only port of significance, and will permit direct supply to the vulnerable northeastern hinterland.

The development of Ban Sattahip, which is about a hundred miles south-southeast of Bangkok, follows the pattern of Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam. Elaborate over-the-beaches and deepwater port facilities are under construction here, together with a new major airfield, big enough to take the largest bombers and transport planes. A supplementary strip two miles long is under construction at Korat.

Airfields are also being improved at Ubon in the east and at Udon in the northeast. Across the northern and northeastern countryside small supply strips, large enough to ac-

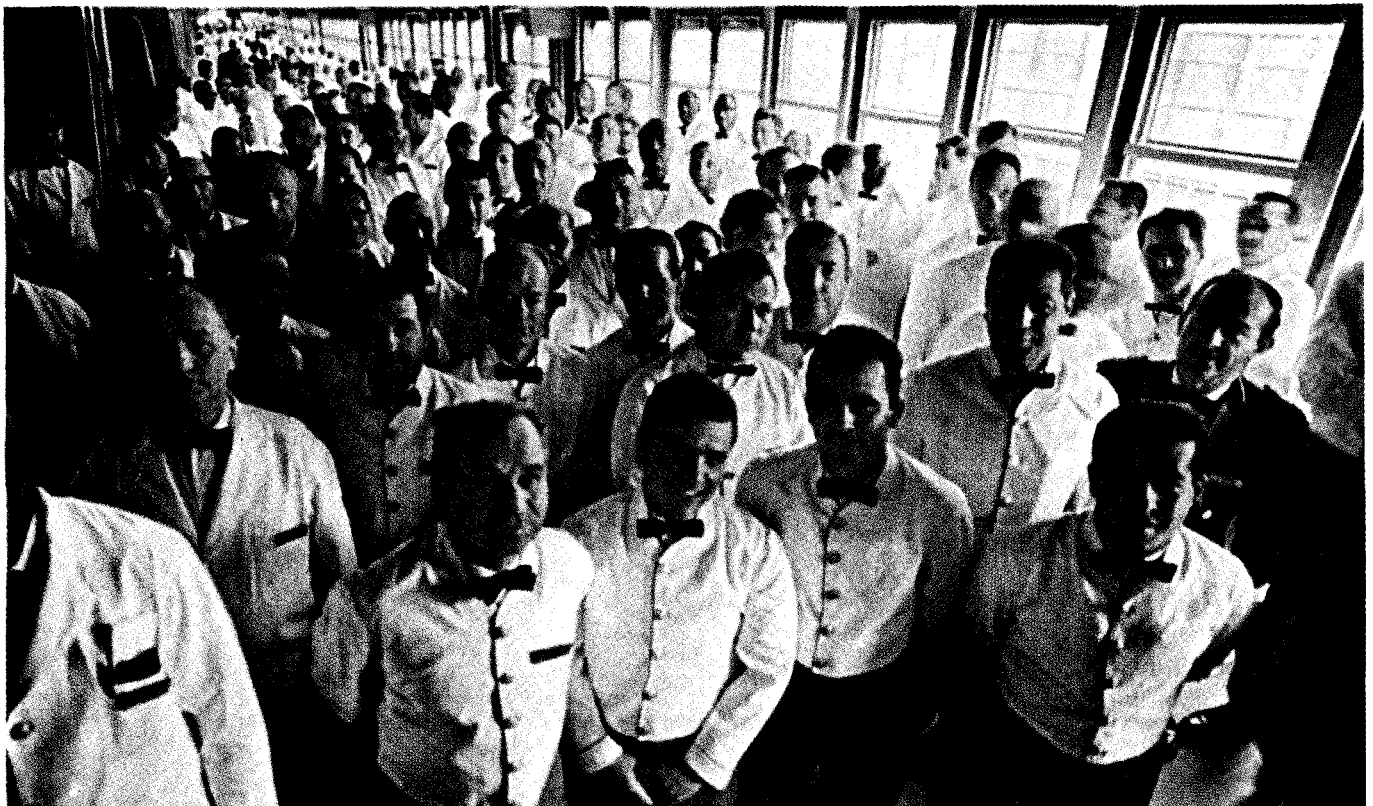


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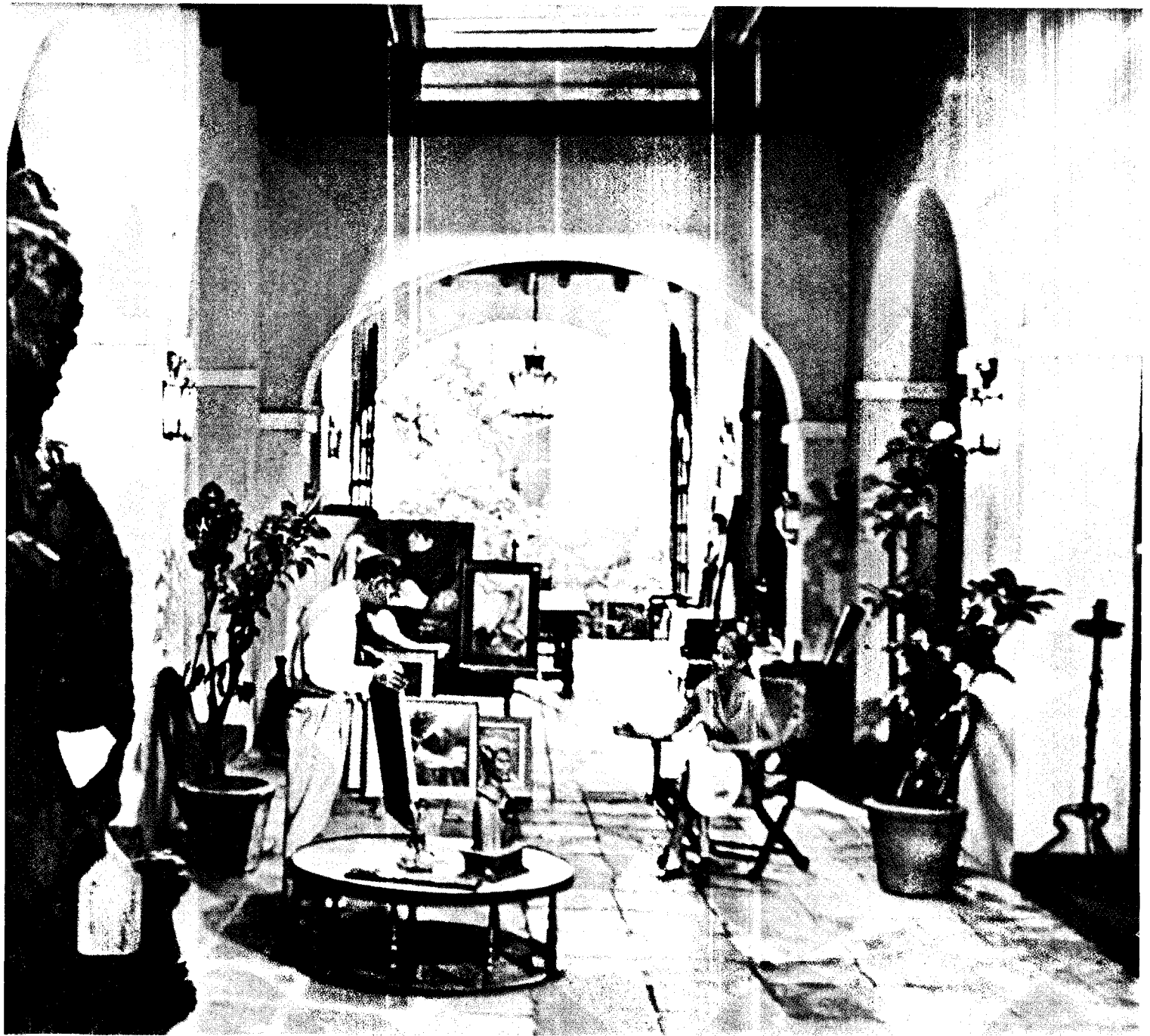
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This was once a Conquistadore *cabildo*, or town hall. It has been restored, from roof to dungeon, as an antique store. Photos by Tom Hollyman.

Something beautiful is happening to Old San Juan

The people of Puerto Rico are restoring this historic American city brick by brick, beam by beam and balcony by balcony. Today, Old San Juan is beginning to look like a brand-new 18th-century city.

Its cathedral is older than St. Paul's in London. Its governor's mansion is older than Versailles. Its fortress was repelling the English and Dutch long before Louis XIV built Versailles.

But Old San Juan was beginning to

feel its age. Paint was peeling, balconies were teetering.

Then a few years ago, an old Spanish town house was restored to its original elegance, and turned into a museum for rare books. Next, a 300-year-old convent became a luxury hotel. And suddenly, the rejuvenation of the aristocratic old city was under way.

The people of Old San Juan are painstakingly restoring town houses and transforming them into antique stores, art galleries, shops, restaurants—even

night spots. Or they are restoring them as dream homes with patios, balconies, elegant arches and ceilings beamed with ancient ironwood.

Authentic replica

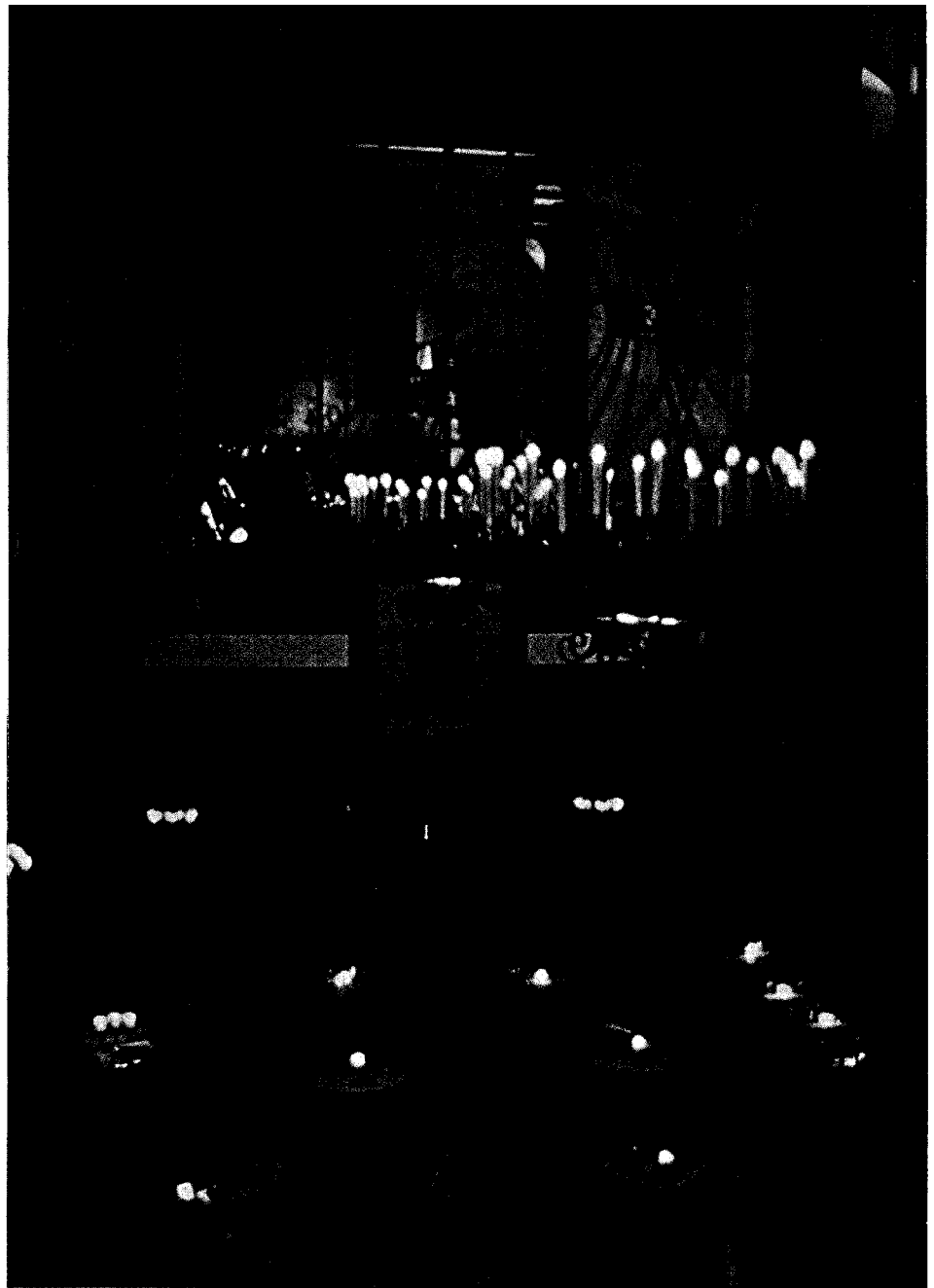
Puerto Rico's Institute of Culture guides the owners by digging out original plans, and by advising on authentic furniture and décor. Someday, Old San Juan will be virtually a brand-new 18th-century city, but already there are hints of the elegant replica to come.



Corner of *La Casa del Arte*, one of many new art galleries and museums which find ideal settings in the city's restored town houses.



Typical exterior of restored town houses, which have become dream homes for writers, artists, musicians, executives and expatriates.



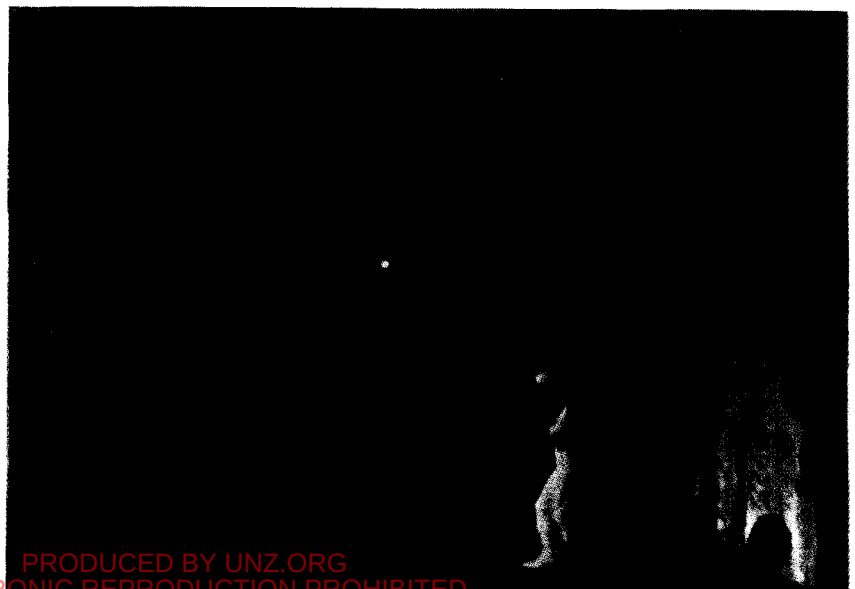
Hotel El Convento, above, was once a convent. Here you see the Ponce de León Room, decked out with tapestries, chan-

deliers and furniture from Spain. Some restored town houses are now night spots. Below, Las Cuevas d'Altamira.

As you walk past the "new" buildings, you soon become aware of the vigorous new spirit of Puerto Rico. Here is an island creating whole new industries so that it can have new homes, new schools, a higher standard of living.

Yet as it pulls itself up by its bootstraps, this young Commonwealth still cherishes its heritage. The restoration of Old San Juan is a noble example.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for facts on productivity, profits and incentives, to Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. CE1.666 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019.





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Report on Thailand

commodate the lumbering but effective Caribou, are under construction in large numbers. An American signals unit is installing a telecommunications net that will link Thailand with Vientiane, Bangkok, and Saigon. On a lower level, it is providing a network of intra-Thailand communications that will be proof against guerrilla interference.

Helicopter patrols work out of Udon and Ubon across the flat scrublands of the northeast. United States Special Forces are training police units for service in the area, and a joint American-Thai intelligence center has been established to coordinate information as it comes in from remote villages, many of which have no access roads and are entirely cut off during the monsoons.

The Communist threat

All of these plans take into consideration the three possible threats to Thailand that exist now, or may develop as a result of either the continuation or the cessation of the Vietnam war. These are direct assault by Communist China through northern Laos or northeastern Burma; a Viet Minh, or combined Viet Minh and Pathet Lao, attack across the Mekong River from Laos; or an attempt to create an active war of national liberation in the northeast and in the southern provinces close to the Malayan border.

The first is possible but improbable; the second is also possible but unlikely while the Viet Minh are preoccupied with the war in South Vietnam; the third is not only possible but probable.

The clandestine Voice of Thailand celebrated the first anniversary of the creation of the Thailand United Patriotic Front, which was set up under Peking's sponsorship in January, 1965, with a broadcast calling for armed struggle and a people's war. "The present, immediate, and urgent task," it added, "is to give all means of support wholeheartedly to the armed struggle by our compatriots in the northeastern and other regions of the country."

To those not familiar with northeastern Thailand, it might seem that

in the face of such overt declaration of Communist intention, the realistic appreciation of what the consequences of inadequate preparation are likely to be, coupled with a fairly detailed knowledge of the danger areas, would be sufficient to set in motion the machinery to nip in the bud any attempt to create a war of national liberation.

Yet though the military buildup is impressive and it is possible to pinpoint the provinces, and even the districts, where trouble appears to threaten most acutely, the problem is neither purely military nor capable of short-term solution. And though economic measures, ranging from the building of dams for irrigation and power to the more personalized on-the-spot efforts by mobile development teams, are all under way, they are, of necessity, slow-moving. In some areas, the Communists already have the sort of hold on isolated village communities that facilitated the Viet Cong move from subversion to armed insurgency in Vietnam in 1959. Late last year a group of armed Communists attacked a government mobile devel-

opment unit, and other units have been obliged to work under armed guard, though their objectives to bring water, roads, and medical care to neglected villages are peaceful. Attacks on police units by armed groups have also become more numerous, as has the killing of village officials, teachers, police, and suspected informers, with the specific intention of intimidating the people.

The situation is different, perhaps less dangerous, but certainly not a cause for complacency in the far south, where the Malayan Communist Party, driven out of Malaya fourteen years ago, has established its headquarters near the town of Betong. With an estimated 500 to 700 men under arms, it has spread its writ far and wide in the four southern provinces, where the villagers are mostly Chinese and the rural workers Malays.

The critical northeast

The northeast rather than the south remains the most critical area, however. Its fifteen provinces, with a population of more than ten million, are in many ways a separate

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IN THE MAY *Atlantic*

Flaming Arrows to the Sky

by *Undersecretary of State*

George W. Ball

One of the closest friends and partners of the late Adlai Stevenson tells in a revealing memoir of the personal and political growth of the most successful unsuccessful politician of the age.

The Great Comet of 1965 by *Owen Gingerich*

A Harvard astronomer argues that the Comet Ikeya-Seki may be a fiery remnant of an ancient giant that also produced the greatest comet of the nineteenth century.

When I Draw the Lord He'll Be a Real Big Man

by *Robert Coles, M.D.*

In the hands of a brilliant young psychiatrist, the drawings of small children, both white and Negro, in racially troubled Southern communities reflect the distortions, real as well as imagined, of the adult world around them.

The Young Poets

The *Atlantic's* twice-yearly selection from the work of promising though largely unpublished writers, including poems by David Cheshire, Helen Chasin, Sam Toperoff, and H. J. Flavin.

The Atlantic Extra

DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS

by *Donald E. Carr*

An important analysis of a problem vital to the health and welfare of every American: the systematic pollution, private and public, of our drinking water and water preserves, and the political forces that have blocked proposals for realistic reform.



Report on Thailand

country. The people are divided from Bangkok and the rich rice-growing central plain by backwardness, by neglect, by poverty, by a mountain range, and by even more important differences in race and tongue: the northeasterners' kinsmen live across the Mekong River in Laos, and the river itself is a bridge rather than a barrier.

Some of these problems are being overcome. The Friendship Highway, which runs from Bangkok through Korat and Udon and the Mekong River, and a much improved train service through the same area have broken down the communications barrier. There is now a two-way flow of goods and people from the northeast to Bangkok that has helped to create some sense of unity with the center and to spread the benefits of Thailand's increasing prosperity to some of the areas of worst neglect.

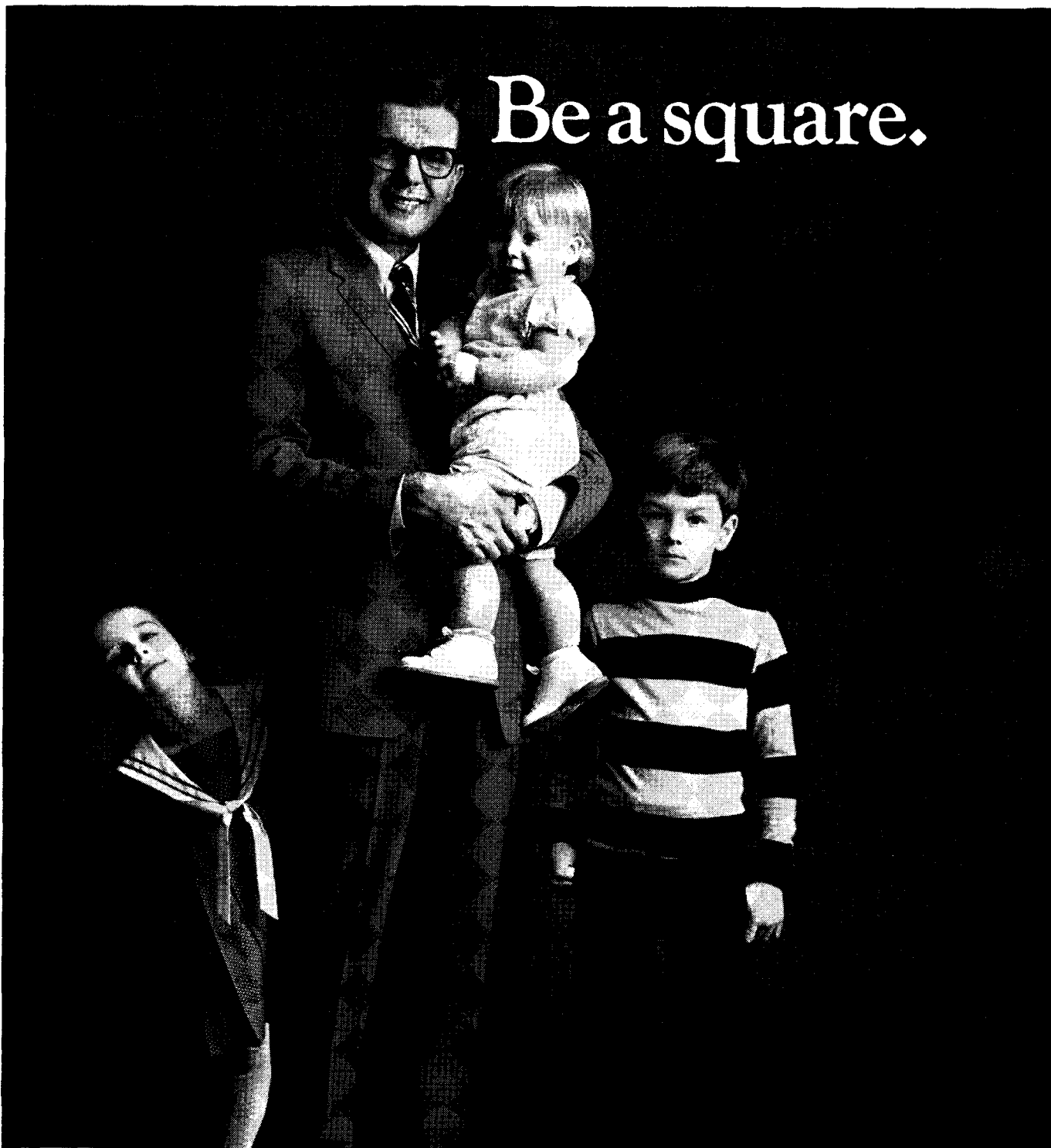
Under the corrupt but highly effective leadership of Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who died in 1963, Thailand established a solid base for economic development. Sarit worked tirelessly to promote new agricultural crops and new industries, and he led the drive to improve conditions in the northeast.

Fifty-four-year-old Field Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn, who succeeded Sarit, has always regarded himself as more of a soldier than a politician. He also has a reputation for personal honesty that is almost a national wonder.

For a brief period during the Sarit era, he served, reluctantly and with little success, as Prime Minister. He did not fit easily into the mixed team of leftists, militarists, and opportunists who made up the government of that time. Sarit's personal assumption of the prime ministership, the general housecleaning he then conducted, and the economic program that marked his rule have all helped to make Thanom's task easier in his second term as leader of the government.

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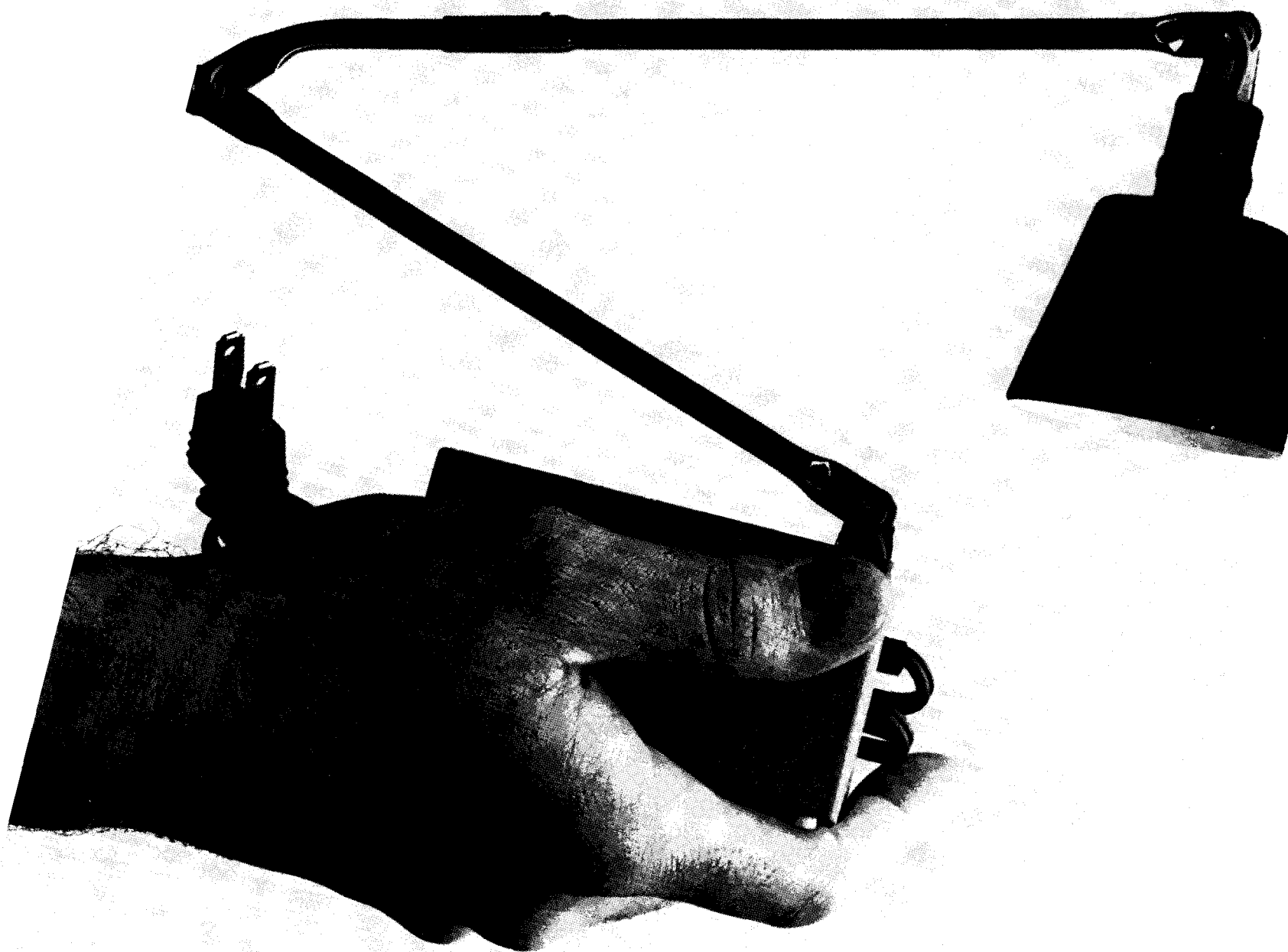
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Report on Thailand

the stepped-up flow of outgoing and incoming cargo through its now bustling port has caused it to emerge dynamically from its torpor. It is air-conditioned and busy and filled with tourists and the noises of pile drivers and mechanical drills, those twentieth-century symbols of progress. Not even Hong Kong is changing faster.

Much of the countryside, including the trunk lines to the northeast, reflects this progress. New roads have telescoped distances and brought consumer goods to remote towns and villages. The Thais have more money to spend than they have ever had before. Per capita bank deposits have risen from \$7.50 before Sarit took over in 1958 to \$20 today. Inflation, which has plagued and choked some of Thailand's neighbors, is no problem here: the currency is sound.

Inevitably at this stage of development secondary industries tend to be closely associated with agriculture, but the government, recognizing the need for an independent economic base, welcomes both foreign investment capital and know-how. The results are enormously gratifying. Export earnings increased from \$430 million in 1960 to \$619 million in 1964.

In 1958 rice accounted for almost half of the country's export earnings. Today, though rice production has continued to increase and rice exports in 1964 (\$219,600,000) almost doubled the 1960 figure, rice now accounts for only slightly more than a third of total export earnings. Maize, jute, and kenaf are new crops which have provided diversity and have helped to swell the foreign reserves.

Time is what Thailand needs, time to spread the affluence, to develop the administrative apparatus, to build more roads and schools and hospitals. And time is what it may not have. Given another ten or fifteen years at the present rate of economic growth and rural development in the northeast, Bangkok could afford to laugh at the thought of falling dominoes. No one is laughing today.

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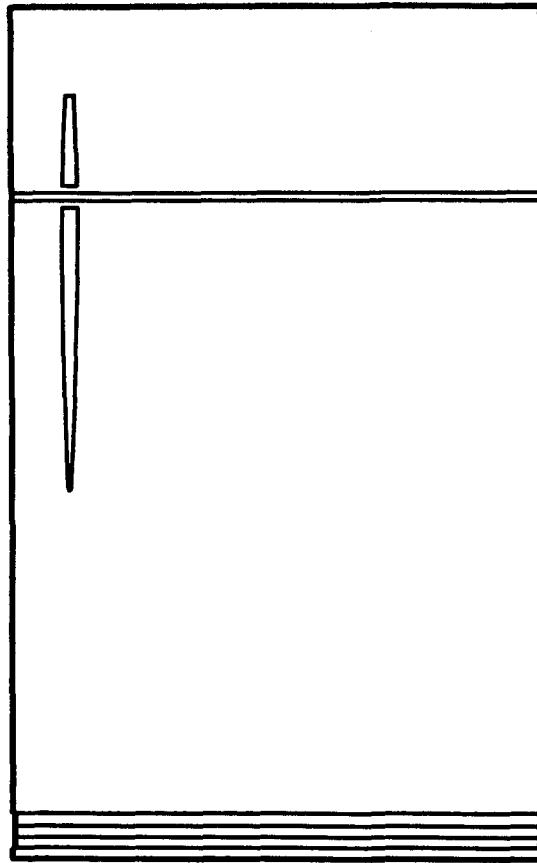
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THE Ben Barka scandal, coming on the heels of De Gaulle's lackluster victory in last December's presidential elections, has further accelerated the slow waning of the Gaullist star. Until it broke, the Gaullist regime had been able to commend itself to public opinion at home and abroad as a model of order, efficiency, and virtue compared with the unstable and scandal-ridden governments of the Fourth Republic. The Ben Barka affair, which came to a head in January, brought to light not only the moral fallibility of several cloak-and-dagger operators but the *modus operandi* of an entire regime as well.

The exact manner in which the left-wing Moroccan leader Mehdi Ben Barka was lured to Paris on October 29, where he was abducted by Frenchmen working for the Moroccan secret police, is too complex to be described in a few words. But the important point as regards French involvement is that as early as May of last year the S.D.E.C.E. (*Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre Espionnage*) — a rough French equivalent of our CIA — was informed of a Moroccan project for repatriating Ben Barka, who had established his home in Cairo, if necessary by "unorthodox" methods. The S.D.E.C.E. agent who supplied this information, an Orly airport agent named Antoine Lopez, who had once served as Air France representative in Tangier, was ordered to keep track of the project and to keep his superiors informed, and he did.

In September the Moroccan Minister of the Interior, General Mohammed Oufkir, began to put pressure on the S.D.E.C.E. If, it was intimated, the S.D.E.C.E. failed to cooperate in helping get Ben Barka back to Morocco, then the S.D.E.C.E. must face the prospect of having its elaborate network in Morocco, the base for all its operations in Africa, curtailed, if not completely dismantled.

The threat may not have impressed the high command of the S.D.E.C.E., which in early October ordered a suspension of further involvement in the affair, but it impressed Lopez's immediate superior, Major Marcel Leroy (alias Finville),

sufficiently for him to exceed his instructions and order Lopez to continue "following" the affair. Lopez in turn exceeded his instructions by not only "following" the project but actually participating in the early stages of the abduction.

Conspiracy of silence

Both the Paris Prefect of Police and Roger Frey, the Minister of the Interior, had extensive information about the circumstances of Ben Barka's abduction, including Oufkir's participation in it, yet no effort was made to question him about it during his Paris visit four days after the kidnapping. And when, on November 3, General de Gaulle himself was apprised of what had happened, Frey was ordered to keep the matter quiet, inasmuch as the General had decided to announce the next day his intention of running for office again.

This official conspiracy of silence was maintained throughout the presidential campaign, Roger Frey even going so far as to claim, in the early stages of the inquiry, that the French police had no part in the affair, although in fact two members of the Paris police's narcotics squad were involved. It was only after the press, led by the weeklies *Minute* and *L'Express*, had broken the affair wide open in January with sensational revelations made to them by one of the participants (Georges Figon, who shortly afterward committed suicide) that the government displayed a belated zeal in having the truth brought to light.

No government is particularly anxious to raise the curtain on the murky cloak-and-dagger operations of the agents and double-agents it secretly employs. The French government is no exception. A civilian government, however, can take refuge behind the excuse that it has been hoodwinked by military or other professionals acting on their own hook; not so the government of General de Gaulle. The history of Gaullism over the past twenty-five years is, in fact, replete with episodes of the Ben Barka type, which were usually hushed up before the disclosures proved too damaging. One of the first things De Gaulle did after setting up his headquarters in London in 1940 was to establish

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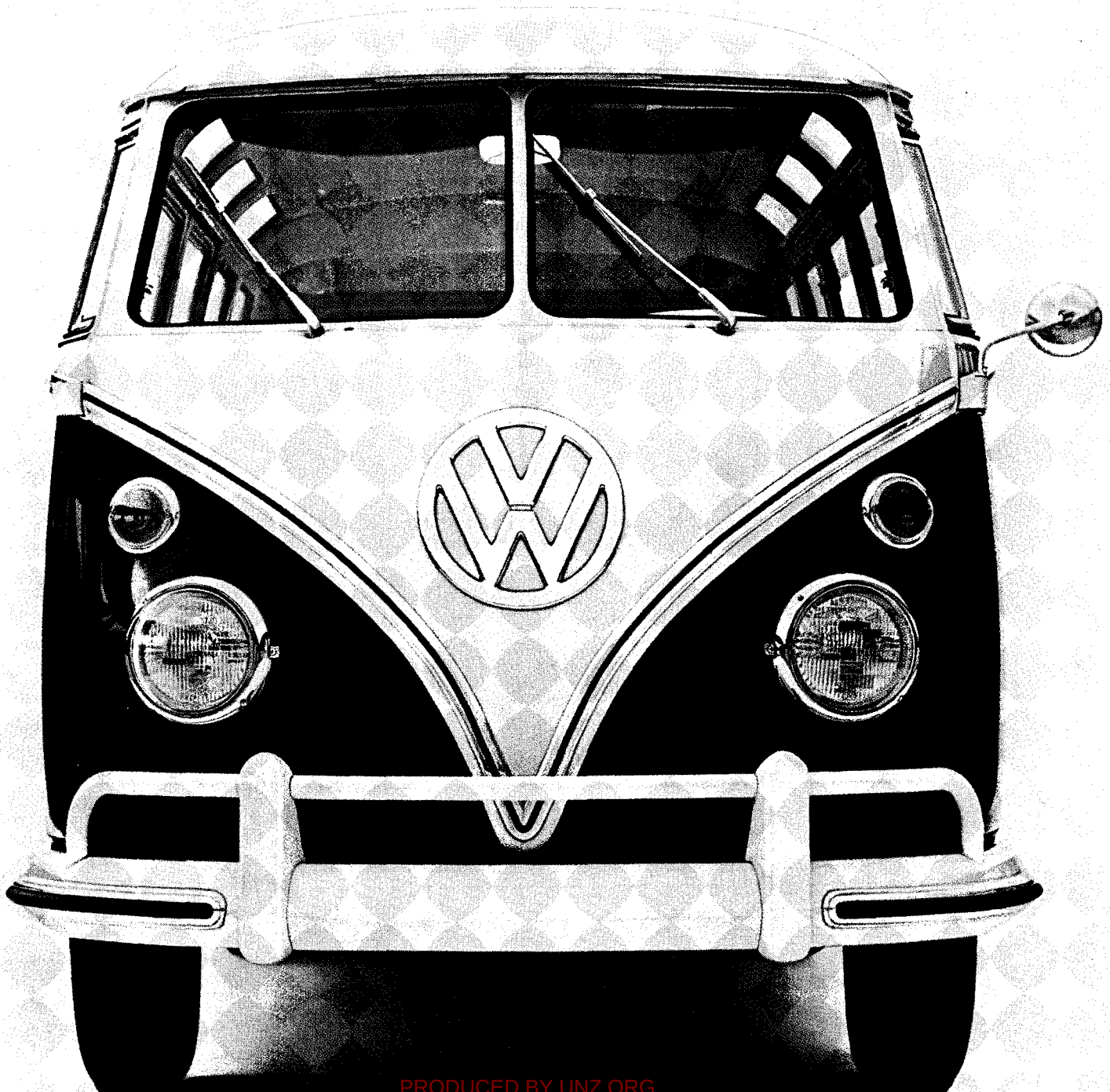
begin with).

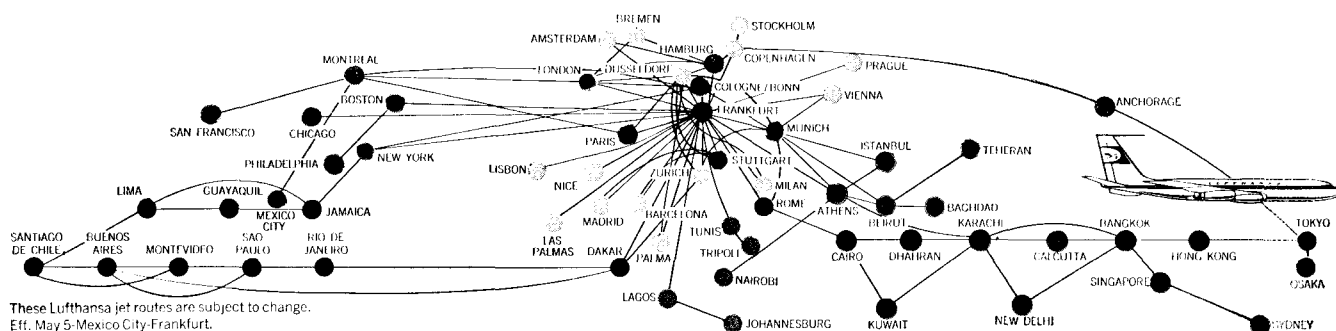
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Report on France

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a secret service which came to be known as the B.C.R.A. (Bureau Central de Renseignements et d'Action), whose job it was to collect information and to organize resistance operations in occupied France. After the liberation, this became the D.S.T. (Défense et Sécurité du Territoire), the French equivalent of the FBI.

The subsequent transfer of the Gaullist headquarters to spy-infested Algiers encouraged the employment of *sub rosa* methods. Admiral Darlan's assassination early in 1943, though it was actually carried out by a royalist hothead, was suspected of having been engineered by B.C.R.A. agents, who lost no time liquidating the assassin before he could be brought to trial. Another strange affair occurred a year and a half later, in August of 1944, when an attempt was made on the life of De Gaulle's most dangerous rival, General Henri Giraud. The would-be assassin, in this case an Algerian Muslim, was executed after a summary trial, but not before a link of complicity had been traced back to De Gaulle's Ministry of War.

Cloak-and-dagger men

After De Gaulle's abrupt withdrawal from power in January of 1946, the B.C.R.A. went through a number of changes and was infiltrated by Socialists anxious to neutralize its Gaullist leadership. In the process it changed names several times, finally ending up as the S.D.E.C.E., whose primary job is to keep tabs on foreign intelligence systems operating abroad. To this day, though it has gone through a series of overhauls, a number of its agents are former Gaullist Resistance men.

One of them was Philippe Castille, who helped engineer the "bazooka plot" of January, 1957, which was intended to kill General Raoul Salan, then commander in chief of the French forces in Algeria. In the subsequent trial, which began in Algiers, both Castille and the chief defendant, René Kovacs, claimed that the plot had been aimed to replace Salan, thought to be too lethargic for the job of saving French Algeria, by the more dynamic General Cogny, then head of the French forces in Morocco; they also claimed that one



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Report on France

of the principal instigators of the plot was Michel Debré, the leading Gaullist in the French senate.

After De Gaulle's return to power in May, 1958, Debré was appointed Minister of Justice. When the trial, transferred from Algiers to Paris, was reopened in August, Kovacs was suddenly seized by an attack of appendicitis and allowed to go to a hospital in Troyes, from which he subsequently disappeared. He turned up later in the Balearic Islands, where he has continued to live.

The observatory affair

François Mitterrand, who was Minister of Justice at the time the bazooka shell was fired into Salan's office, has since maintained that this affair was the prelude to the May, 1958, putsch which brought De Gaulle back to power. There is also little doubt that the strange "observatory affair" of October 16, 1959, in which Mitterrand was pursued around the Luxembourg Gardens in the middle of the night and had his car riddled with tommy-gun bullets, was at least indirectly engineered by Gaullist agents bent on ridiculing a man who knew a bit too much about the behind-the-scenes truth of the "bazooka affair."

Curiously enough, the man who pulled off the Luxembourg Gardens car chase was a former Gaullist (later Poujadist) deputy named Robert Pesquet, who openly confessed the bogus assassination attempt a week after it had been perpetrated. Pesquet, after first being imprisoned, was later let out on parole, and subsequently disappeared abroad.

Last November, during the presidential election campaign, he wrote an open letter to the Paris daily *Le Monde*, in which he declared that the man who had masterminded the "observatory affair" was Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, who had undertaken to defend him during the early stages of his trial. In effect, he charged that one presidential candidate (Tixier-Vignancour) had engineered a bogus assassination attempt against another presidential candidate (François Mitterrand). Just why Pesquet should have chosen this particular moment to make this

damaging claim against his former lawyer is not clear.

Since 1959 not a year has passed without some startling cloak-and-dagger affair of this kind, carried out either by the more or less "official" secret services working for the Premier, the ministers of the interior and defense, or by the more hush-hush networks, of which there are at least four, that operate under the direct orders of Jacques Foccart, De Gaulle's personal secret police chief.

In September of 1961, at a time when there was growing restlessness in France over De Gaulle's inability to end the Algerian war, the French were startled by an attempt on De Gaulle's life made just outside the village of Pont-sur-Seine. The attempt — involving 350 yards of detonating wire, several jerricans supposedly full of dynamite, which leapt into flame but did not explode as the President's car passed, and an impecunious character with one foot in the underworld who obligingly gave himself up to the police within the next couple of hours — was given full prominence by Roger Frey, who appeared on television to describe the "plot" in all its lurid detail.

By a curious coincidence, three French generals were arrested the very same day, one of them General Paul Vanuxem, who was kept in prison for two years before being brought to trial and subsequently acquitted. The man who turned out to have engineered the assassination attempt against De Gaulle, a certain "Captain" Mertz, managed to smuggle himself out to Canada so as not to have to appear as the chief defendant in the trial. Even so, the names of both Jacques Foccart and Alexandre Sanguinetti, one of Frey's right-hand men, were mentioned in connection with the "plot."

Involvement at the top

The salient difference between the Ben Barka affair and its many predecessors is that on this occasion one of De Gaulle's intelligence agencies was caught *flagrante delicto* involved in an operation which damaged De Gaulle's prestige with the African world and his hitherto cordial relations with King Hassan of Morocco. The General's bitterness over this realization was succinctly expressed at a January cabinet meeting at

which he remarked: "I am the head of the State, but the State no longer exists." He was admitting that he is today as much the prisoner as the master of the apparatus of power he has personally built up.

Under duress De Gaulle is likely to be even more mulish than normally. He proved it again last January when, at the beginning of his second seven-year term, Premier Georges Pompidou ceremoniously offered his resignation, which the General promptly refused. The new cabinet, which was sworn in on January 8, included not only the same Minister of the Interior, Roger Frey, but also a new Minister for Veterans, in the person of Alexandre Sanguinetti.

In other respects as well, the changes in ministerial faces signified a continuation of methods and policies of the past. The most startling change was the return to the government of Michel Debré, who replaced Valéry Giscard d'Estaing as Minister of Finance. Unlike his predecessor, who knew a great deal about economics, Debré is a lawyer lacking in any particular economic qualifications. He makes up for what he lacks in this field by two qualities — a fanatical loyalty to De Gaulle, and an enormous capacity for work. It was Debré who, after the first disastrous runoff, in which De Gaulle won only 44 percent of the vote, persuaded him that he had to roll up his sleeves and really get into the fight.

Economic upturn

The highly publicized economic program which Debré introduced in mid-February had in fact been prepared by his predecessor, Giscard d'Estaing, and it was ushered in at a time when the eighteen-month recession (which held France's annual growth rate down to a 2 percent last year) was just about ended. By quietly yielding on the issue of the Common Market's joint agricultural policy and by entrusting future negotiations on the subject to Edgar Faure, a political virtuoso of the first order, De Gaulle also opened the way for a gradual reconciliation with the farmers of France, who played an important part in his first-round setback of last December.

Whether the economic upturn which is expected will suffice to dis-



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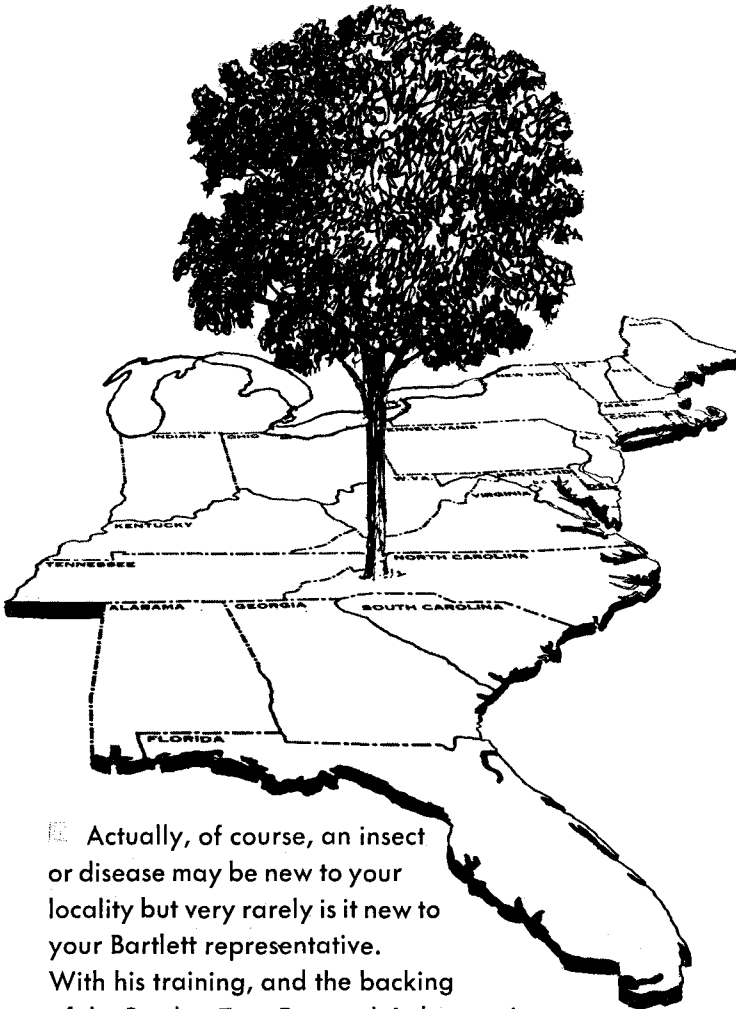
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Report on France

sipate the cloud which has recently darkened the fortunes of Gaullism is another matter. In France, as elsewhere, memories are apt to be short, and by the time the parliamentary elections, which must be held before April of next year, roll around, the Ben Barka affair will have disappeared from the headlines. It will, however, offer De Gaulle's opponents a handy issue.

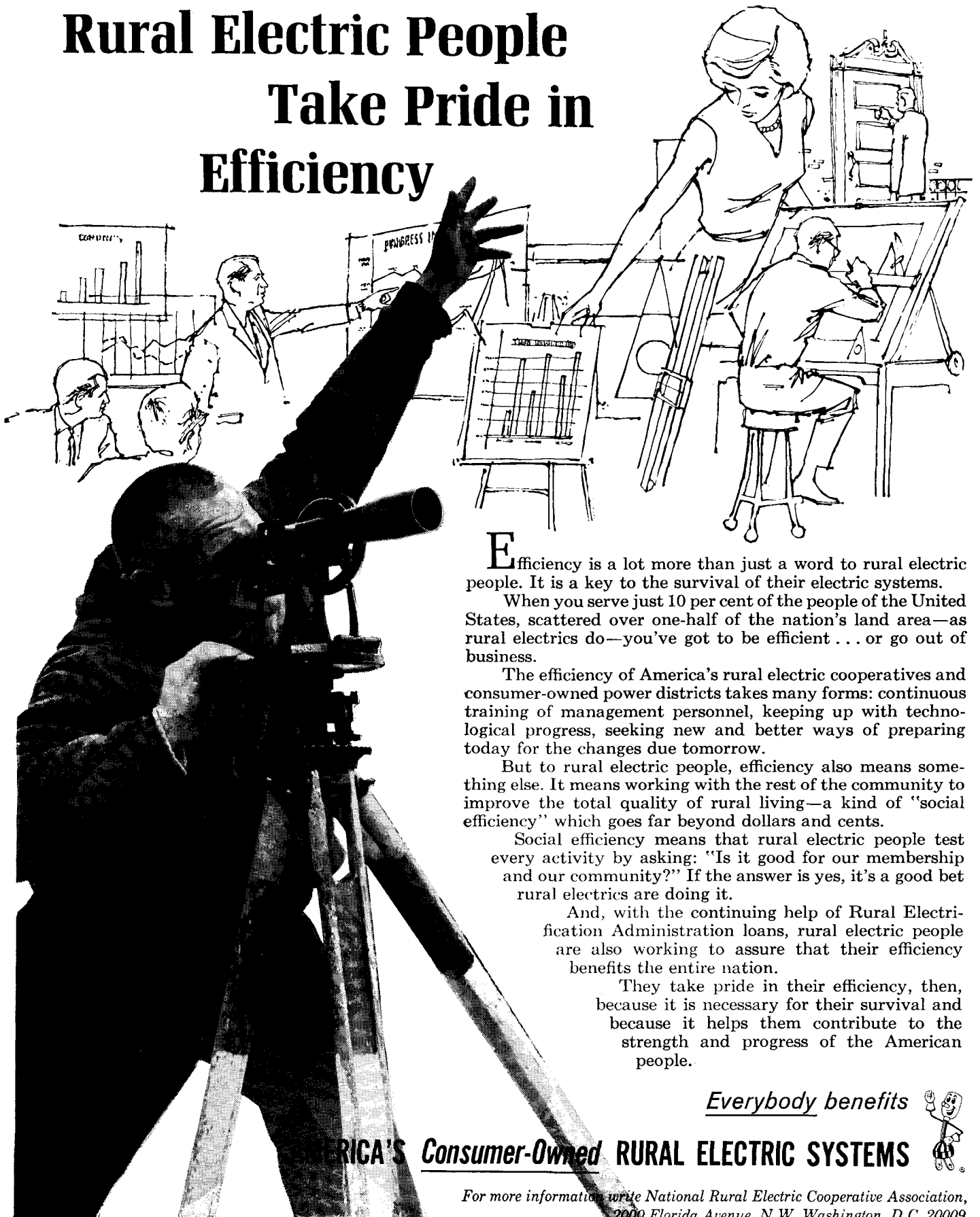
De Gaulle's opposition

In the meantime, the Gaullists have no reason to lament the manifest failure of the various opposition groups to coalesce into truly effective and unified parties. François Mitterrand's Federation of the Democratic and Socialist Left remains essentially limited to the Socialists, part of the Radical Socialist Party, and a small splinter party called the PSU, whose spiritual mentor is Pierre Mèndes-France. The Communists, who outnumber any of these parties, are holding out for a "one candidate per constituency" formula. If this were accepted, it would oblige the Federation to endorse a sizable number of Communist candidates, which it is not yet prepared to do. The Socialists are themselves profoundly divided by the open hostility between their secretary-general, Guy Mollet, who has the backing of the northern unions, and Gaston Defferre, the mayor of Marseilles, whose support comes from the south.

The Radical Socialist Party, well known for its opportunism, is likewise split down the middle. One wing, led by its secretary-general, René Billières, has momentarily cast its lot with Mitterrand's Federation. The other wing, led by Maurice Faure, has opted for Jean Lecanuet's Democratic Center, which also includes the Catholic Popular Republican Movement, and the so-called "Independents," whose last important leader was former Premier Antoine Pinay.

Finally, on the right, Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour's intention of founding a French "Conservative Party" modeled on the British ran aground almost as soon as it was launched last January when a fierce internecine war broke out between Tixier-Vignancour and a former

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Report on France

parachutist and deputy named Jean-Marie Le Pen. Accused of giving the "party" a "fascist" image, Le Pen angrily walked out, taking half of Tixier's executive committee with him. The rupture may prove a blessing in disguise for Tixier-Vignancour, who, for all his impetuosity, has always been far more intelligent than Le Pen. But for the moment there is no denying that the effort to launch a "Conservative Party" in France has gotten nowhere.

Of the three men who have recently emerged as opposition leaders, Jean Lecanuet remains the one most hated and feared by the Gaullists. The postmortem analysis of last December's election results brought out, among other things, that whereas only 13 percent of French left-wing voters voted for De Gaulle on the first round and only 14 percent on the second, 25 percent of the middle-of-the-road voters voted for De Gaulle on the first round, and (Lecanuet having been eliminated) 67 percent voted for him on the second. This is another way of saying that Lecanuet took 42 percent of the middle-of-the-road votes away from the General.

For the Gaullists, who must retain the support of the center if they are to retain their slim majority in the National Assembly (some 245 out of 480 members), Lecanuet is now the man to beat. Dramatic proof of it was afforded on February 7, when Lecanuet undertook to make his first important postelectoral speech at the Mutualité Hall in Paris.

The hall was filled to overflowing, but the Lecanuet fans who turned out in strength to cheer their leader were outshouted much of the time by several strong contingents of right-wing extremists, led by l'Action Française. The uproar was so great that little of the speech was heard, and Lecanuet's professorial appeal for calm fell on deaf ears. If the turbulence of this meeting is in any sense a pointer, then Jean Lecanuet is likely to have some rough sledding in the months which lie ahead. In any case, the emergence of l'Action Française, openly antirepublican, is not exactly a healthy sign for the future of French democracy.

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The Atlantic Report PERU



WHEN Fernando Belaúnde Terry became constitutional President of Peru in July, 1963, the country was prosperous but deeply divided politically and socially. An ancient feud between the armed forces and APRA (American Popular Revolutionary Alliance, Peru's labor party) had led to a military coup in 1962; the hopeless poverty of Indian communities in the high Andean valleys was provoking unrest and often "invasions" of feudal haciendas while the flourishing coast looked the other way.

Belaúnde promised sweeping reforms. Some, such as municipal elections, which had not been held for more than forty years, and the nationalization of the tax-collecting agency, an anachronism in the hands of private bankers, he was able to effect immediately. Others are proceeding more slowly. However, at midterm he is still President of Peru, and democracy is functioning in spite of inauspicious circumstances: a parliament where the opposition holds 110 of the 185 seats, and a Castro-inspired guerrilla campaign in the Andes during the latter half of 1965 serious enough to require the temporary suspension of civil rights.

The guerrilla bands are now officially "liquidated" in the mountains, although nuisance bombs still explode in Lima. It is difficult to assess their importance since the whole affair soon became a political football. When word of guerrilla activity in remote Andean valleys first reached Lima, the government dismissed it airily as the work of cattle rustlers or common bandits. The opposition blew it up into a threat to "turn the Andes into a Sierra Maestra," and insisted on military intervention.

The military, at present politically cautious, have been very tight-lipped about their successful campaign. Whether guerrilla troops numbered in hundreds or dozens will probably never be known, but their activity has provided both an alert and a balm to Peruvians. Trained agitators identified among the slain prove that Peru is indeed a prime Communist target. Some agents are recruited among impoverished students in foreign cities

such as Buenos Aires and Madrid. Peruvian universities have long been insufficient both in quality and quantity for the young people clamoring to enter; those who can scrape up a fare go abroad, where discontent festers on hunger and homesickness. A free ride to Cuba, a passport that leaves no trace, the comradeship of guerrilla schools, and the promise of leadership at home are tempting bait to dreary exiles. A recent law clamps down on any student suspected of having studied in Communist countries.

On the other hand, the miserable Indian communities have shown themselves remarkably impervious to Marxist blandishments. The guerrillas were plentifully supplied with cash; they paid the going price and more for all requisitions; yet they made few recruits and were denounced by those they sought to "liberate" whenever possible.

There is thus some time in hand for the peaceful revolution that is the burden of Belaúnde's program. Its progress, however, is hampered by various factors: he promised so much in a large family-sized package whose contents were tailored more by politics than planning that it is a fair target for the opposition; and Belaúnde himself, with a personal following rather than a party, lacks a coherent group of technical advisers and administrators to implement his program.

One of the victims of this situation is his pet project, Cooperación Popular, a self-help program in the ancient Inca tradition of communal labor; the government furnishes tools and technical advice to villages willing to provide labor and local building materials to build their own schools, roads, medical centers, and so forth. After a heartening start, this program is now withering for lack of budgetary support.

Land for those who work it

In the matter of agrarian reform, Belaúnde has had more legislative success. APRA has campaigned for it for thirty years and loyally cooperated in writing a moderate, practicable law which reconciles to a degree the need to maintain agricul-

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Report on Peru

tural productivity and the treasury's limited ability to compensate the owners and give the land to those who work it. The industrialized farms on the coast which produce Peru's export crops, sugar and cotton, have been specifically excluded, but small sharecroppers, even on the coast, have been granted immediate title.

Expropriation elsewhere is to proceed by zones, depending on population pressures, use, and distribution of land — and, of course, politics. Compensation is to be paid in long-term bonds at low interest (for Peru). However, the bonds are negotiable and, in particular, may be used to obtain credit from the Industrial Bank for the financing of new factories, an ingenious device to make agrarian reform serve industrial development. The law was passed in May, 1964. So far, however, no land has been expropriated except the small sharecropper plots.

Fancy road

Belaúnde is an architect, and it is becoming increasingly apparent that his personal preoccupation is not so much with sweeping social reform as with building. His grand design is a road along the eastern slopes of the Andes linking virgin lands in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, where it would connect with the Santa Cruz railroad to Brazil. He waxes lyrical about the vast possibilities of this new frontier and is undaunted by the estimated \$500 million and two decades it will take to build the road.

Peru, which imports a third of its food and has less cultivated acreage per inhabitant than India, indeed needs more land. Until now, emphasis has been on costly irrigation to make the coastal deserts bloom, usually for the benefit of large operators with the equipment to use such land to advantage. However, since Belaúnde has for years been identified with this highway, the issue has become politically charged.

Work has begun on a section of road in the north, with access to the Amazon on the one hand and an existing penetration road on the other. American aid, which is substantial, was dramatized in Decem-

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Report on Peru

ber by an airlift across the Andes of 500 tons of road-building equipment, carried by Panama-based military planes.

Homes for the well-to-do

Other, less dramatic roads are also being built or improved, and the government is investing heavily in more traditional irrigation and hydroelectric projects. There is a boom in housing, both public and private, the greater part for the middle classes. In view of Lima's appalling slums, this has led to some criticism. Officials maintain, however, that with high building costs due to antiquated techniques, expensive credit, and wages of a couple of dollars a day, it is difficult to build a house a laborer can afford. At least the squatters on a stinking garbage dump in old Lima are being relocated, thanks to a grant from the Social Progress Fund of the Inter-American Development Bank. But the projected 15,000 dwellings for workers over the next three years will only begin to meet the need: in Lima

alone nearly one million people, or half the population, live in slums.

While mortgage funds guaranteed by AID are channeled into lower-middle-class homes, available Peruvian resources are concentrated at the top of the scale, particularly for a posh development called San Felipe, in the heart of residential Lima, a favorite showpiece of Belaúnde's. In defense of this policy it can be argued that the newly emerging middle classes in this hitherto quasi-feudal country need encouragement too, since they are its most potent motor for progress.

And Peru is progressing remarkably, at least that third of it which participates in the economy. The growth rate has averaged nearly 6 percent over the past five years, and the sol has been stable since 1960. Business circles are in an expansive mood, and a trade mission of the U.S. Department of Commerce was enthusiastic about the possibilities for this free enterprise economy. Three new automobile assembly plants, investments in copper, iron, and phosphate mining, an important

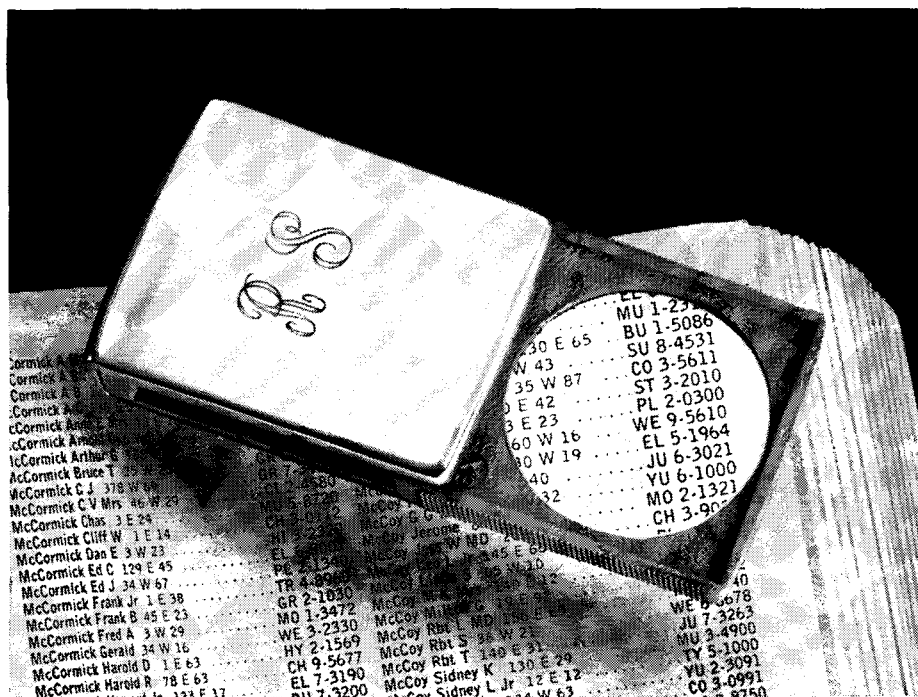
gas strike, and many hundreds of new light industrial plants gave vim to the economy.

However, at the beginning of 1966 certain clouds were apparent. Inflation, which had been held to an acceptable 6 to 10 percent in previous years, suddenly spurted to nearly 20 percent in 1965. The trade balance, generally favorable in the past, slipped into the red. Imports increased significantly, perhaps not only because of the demands of a growing industry but because "the dollar was the cheapest thing in Peru." Exports suffered from low prices for sugar and cotton, compensated by high ones for expanding mineral production.

What chiefly worried Peruvians, however, was the disappearance of anchovies from their coastal waters during the fall. These small fish have provided the raw material for a \$150 million fish-meal industry, the bonanza of the century and the backbone of the country's foreign trade. Whether overfishing or simply a cyclical change in Pacific currents caused the 22 percent drop in the catch in 1965 is being hotly debated. The fish returned in December in some numbers, and Peruvians hope they will keep coming.

Not so easily wished away are the chronic deficit in the budget and the growing foreign debt. The debt has not yet reached the danger point in relation to export earnings, but bankers hold that too much of it is in small pieces, on too short terms — stopgap financing, not planned capital development.

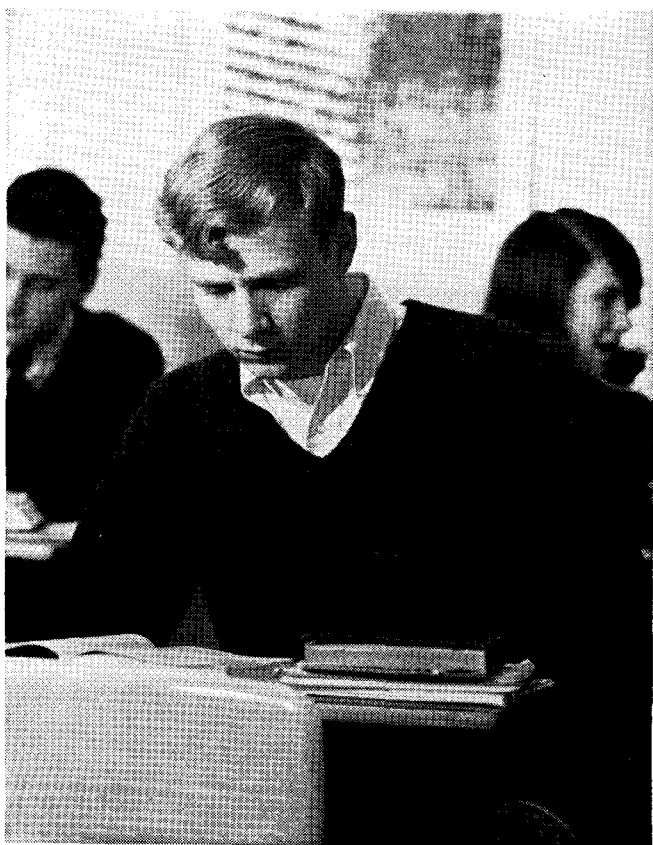
If this is not proving to be the great reform administration that was once hoped for, there is, nevertheless, heartening progress in certain intangibles. The deep chasms that divided Peruvians seem to be gradually eroding. The ostracism of APRA, previously anathema both to the armed forces and to the propertied classes for differing reasons, is less absolute, thanks in part to APRA's insistence on calling in the armed forces to deal with the guerrillas, but also to its parliamentary coalition with its mortal enemy, General Manuel Odría, the old dictator. This coalition may have damaged APRA among its faithful voters — the municipal elections in Decem-



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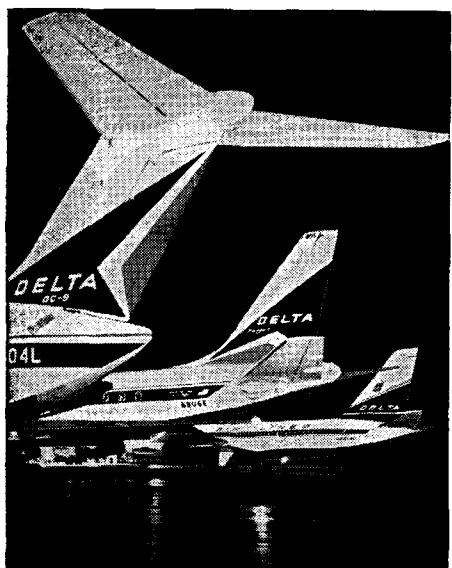
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Report on Peru

ber will tell — but it has given Peru a valuable experience in functioning parliamentary democracy of a kind hitherto unknown in Latin America. The disdain of the modern prosperous coast for the feudal Indian sierra also appears to be lessening. American Peace Corps volunteers, by living in primitive communities, may be teaching as much to upper-class Peruvians as to the Indians. Belaúnde's own efforts to send university students to help in his Co-operación Popular have served the same purpose.

The American presence

Peru has long been one of our staunchest friends in Latin America. We could count on its vote in international councils; and anti-Yankeeism has been limited to the far left. However, in June, in the OAS, Peru voted with Mexico, Chile, and Uruguay against the inter-American force in Santo Domingo. In September, at the height of the guerrilla activity in Peru, parliament passed a unanimous resolution condemning the U.S. House resolution approving the use of force in an American nation threatened by a Communist take-over. Some observers feel that this new independence may not be altogether a bad thing. Instead of looking to the United States for aid — and prodding — in solving its tremendous social problems, Peru may be developing self-reliance and, eventually, solutions of its own.

In any case, American aid is not forthcoming as before, for reasons which have nothing to do with foreign policy but with a much dirtier subject — oil. The issue is a complicated one, involving the International Petroleum Company's rich fields in northern Peru. These are not a concession but are held outright, with title going back to Peru's war of independence. Because of this unusual situation, the tax position has always been difficult. It was submitted to arbitration in 1922, but this agreement, accepted then by Peru, was declared null by parliament in 1963. A new and apparently confiscatory royalty arrangement and a huge bill for back taxes have been presented to the company, in spite of the fact that I.P.C. has at times paid higher taxes

than other companies with ordinary concessions, and sells almost all its oil in Peru, at the lowest prices in the hemisphere. Discussions have been going on for over two years although in 1963 Belaúnde promised to settle the matter "within ninety days." Now each side has been backed into a corner from which it cannot gracefully withdraw.

I.P.C. is one of the most socially minded companies in Peru; its employees have demonstrated frequently against a government take-over. It is not standing on its legal rights as owner of the oil fields; on the contrary, it has been trying for years to transform these into a limited concession. However, it can neither admit that it has not loyally paid its taxes — it has — nor accept a royalty arrangement that would form a precedent in its dealings with other countries.

Belaúnde campaigned with bombastic nationalism on the oil question to woo votes from the more realistic APRA (we still need American capital and know-how in the oil business, APRA said). His long hesitation in settling the matter may indicate that he now has a better understanding of the issue, but he finds it difficult to relinquish his "anti-imperialist" posturing. APRA would gleefully gibe, and the left-wing elements in his own party might desert him.

The American government, for its part, is bound by the Hickenlooper amendment not to provide aid to countries expropriating American property without prompt and adequate compensation. Thus, in spite of sympathy for Peru's development projects, no new grants or loans are being made.

In this situation the quiet competence of Ambassador John Wesley Jones is invaluable. In 1962 when the military annulled the elections, the then American ambassador was accused of having too openly shown his preference for APRA, whom the military wished to block; American aid was cut off entirely for several weeks. Today a less flamboyant American policy — which many nevertheless believe to be misguided — coupled with the restraint of the Peruvian government, has prevented the issue from exploding.

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"Just once you'd think I could pour the Kahlúa and you grate the peel."

"I never said I didn't like lemon tropi-Kahlúa dessert. But I know the routine. While I'm scraping back and forth you say you might as well make yourself a Black Russian while you're waiting. Or else you say you'll just have one small cordial glass full while I'm taking the lemon sherbet out of the refrigerator. And I'm not supposed to complain because it's my favorite dessert.

"Well, let me tell you something. Tonight after dessert we're going to have Irish Coffee Kahlúa. Only this time I pour the Kahlúa, you boil the water."



Lemon Tropi-Kahlúa Dessert

Pour Kahlúa over ball of lemon sherbet in dessert dish. Sprinkle with grated lemon peel. Garnish with a dash of whipped cream and cherry.

That's just one of the exciting desserts you can make with Kahlúa. We've written a Recipe Book telling you how to make more. Write us and we'll send you one. Gratis. (That's Latin for "free" in Mexican).

KAHLÚA
53 Proof

Coffee Liqueur from
Sunny Mexico



JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC., 9025 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Korea revisited

SIR:

Richard E. Kim's "O My Korea!" (February *Atlantic*) is, to borrow his words, a "curious, negative" kind of extremely subjective observation in its saddest form.

Was it the flood in Korea which turned him and his associates melancholy, cynical, sad, and above all, unbearably damp?

Surely he could have found one among his old friends who was in a better and more objective mood. I wish him to make a second visit to his home country, this time preferably in the spring. The people he chooses to meet in a tearoom or Chinese restaurant then may feel, I hope, more cheerful.

PO SUNG KIM
*Director, Korean Information Office
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

As a Korean, I would like to congratulate Mr. Kim on his article. His apparent unchauvinistic attitude toward his motherland at first was irritating, even enough to make his compatriot furious. It became too obvious later that this pretentious self-pride is the very thing Mr. Kim so effectively condemns. My only regret is that the great majority of his readers are Americans rather than those who can learn and benefit most from his article, my compatriots.

H. S. KIM, M.D.
Long Beach, Calif.

Looking at the draft

SIR:

I agree with Jeffrey Goodman

("How To Be Patriotic and Live With Yourself," February *Atlantic*) that the draft is "a system of forced labor," and in view of the fact that thousands of young Americans have stood above the crowds to voice their equivocal opinions, we can hardly stuff the problem in a closet and shut the door.

There should be alternatives established for those who choose to serve their country in other ways. However, anyone who does not want to serve in a way that the United States government recognizes (whatever the alternatives) hardly deserves the freedoms defined in our Constitution. Let these persons renounce their citizenship and seek another country.

NANCY A. HOUTZ
Hazardville, Conn.

SIR:

An important point has been overlooked in the three articles about selective service.

Shortly after World War II a truly revolutionary change was made in this country in the method of raising an army — the deferment of students. Within the vast system of organized waste that war is, we now have a policy which is actually designed to conserve human resources.

Traditionally in all societies the healthiest, most intelligent, most advantaged young men have made up the warrior caste and thus have been exposed to the greatest physical dangers. This is the very segment of the population from which can be expected the greatest contribution to society. For the first time in

history an attempt is being made to preserve this group. This policy is so sensible and, in the long run, of such benefit to society that the criticisms Is it fair? and Is it democratic? should be pertinent only to its implementation.

MRS. R. F. CASSADY
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Jeffrey Goodman's views unfortunately confuse rather than illuminate the controversy of the call to military service. In peacetime an egalitarian system can allow a choice of military versus nonmilitary service (Peace Corps, teaching in slum schools, and so forth), but in time of war every male within a specified age group — "with exemptions only for extreme physical handicaps and extreme financial importance to the support of elders" — should deem it his obligation and privilege to make himself available where he is needed.

Human nature being what it is, the availability of choice during periods of hazard to our country would be a decided risk to the welfare of this nation.

ALFRED HAMADY, M.D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

SIR:

One of your longtime subscribers, I have just finished reading the articles about the draft by Jeffrey Goodman and Keith R. Johnson ("Who Should Serve?"), and feel impelled to register my most strenuous objections to the entire tenor of these articles.

It is deplorable indeed when

young men, the cream of their generation, have so lost sight of what their country stands for and the blessings that are theirs because of the sacrifices of the generations before them that they cold-bloodedly whine about the inconvenience of serving their country.

MRS. CARL H. STONE
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

SIR:

I have a son who is in his fourth college year, and I do not think he should be drafted into the Armed Forces. Somebody is off his rocker when we are allowed to continue fighting a jungle war using man-to-man fighting tactics when we have the heavy equipment to polish off the war in a hurry if we would use it.

A lot of people like myself strongly believe that instead of drafting boys who don't want to go, the Armed Forces should raise the pay to \$200 to \$250 a month so as to entice enough boys into the service who want a military career.

SHERMAN E. HARRINGTON
Lyons, Wis.

The wasteland continues

SIR:

I am greatly impressed with the article by Carl Dreher, "How the Wasteland Began" (February *Atlantic*), which must be only the beginning of a searching exposé of how this ghastly but gigantic low-brow element has come to influence American life to a really dangerous extent. *More, please!*

ELIZABETH JORZICK
Washington, D.C.

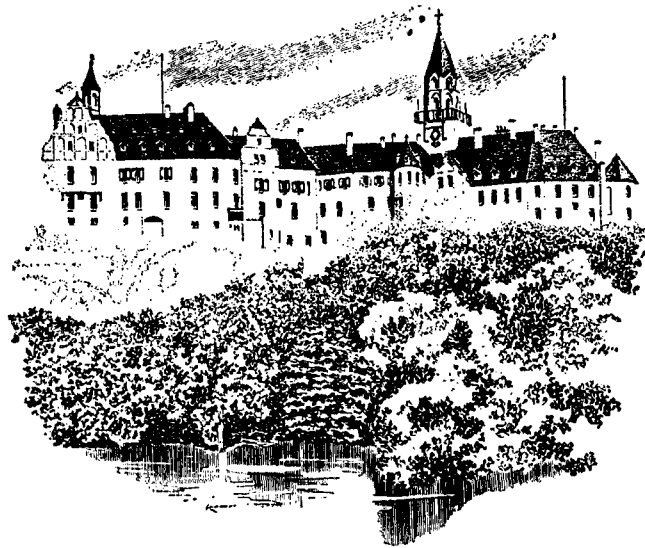
SIR:

Carl Dreher's instructive recall of the first years of radio programming throws meaningful new light on the nervous breakdown forty years ago of the original ideal of controlled and high-minded broadcasting.

The architects of the radio industry hardly foresaw the completed structure as an asylum for retarded juveniles of all ages any more than the earnest advocates of prohibition foresaw the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

Our failure always is in finding the methods and the men to administer controls. From the FRC to the FCC the history of regulation has been shockingly indulgent. Even

Miller High Life Slept Here!



In deep limestone caves, underneath the Royal Hohenzollern Castle, the first Miller brew "slept" . . . aging in huge casks . . . well over a century ago!

As a beer created for nobility, Miller was famous for its distinctive quality and exceptional flavor! In 1855 . . . Miller High Life was brewed for the first time, in Milwaukee, and since that time has become noted in all 50 states and over 50 foreign countries for quality that has been unequalled, unchanging . . . unquestioned!

Today, Miller High Life still "sleeps" in vast aging cellars, until that magic moment when it reaches the peak of perfection . . . worthy of the words:

"The Champagne of Bottle Beer"





How long will Beethoven be around?

A real long time—on pre-recorded tapes with a base of MYLAR*. They're the first to last. Like blank tapes on a base of MYLAR, they don't dry out. They're protected against time, temperature, moisture, too. They can be stored anywhere—indeinitely. That's why MYLAR is the base used for "play-in-car" hi-fi tapes. Pre-recorded tapes represent an investment. Why not invest a little more for MYLAR and have the added insurance and protection of the strongest, longest-lasting tape base you can buy?

Make sure your favorite pre-recorded tapes are on a base of MYLAR polyester film. And look for the label on the box that says MYLAR.

How long will pre-recorded tapes of MYLAR last? Well, how long has Beethoven been around?

*Du Pont registered trademark for its polyester film.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

so, the trivialization of programs was foreshadowed in the first show-downs so interestingly described by Dreher.

ROBERT J. LANDRY
*Managing Editor, Variety
New York City*

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Your Report on Washington in the January issue argues that "Washington is the smaller part of a large metropolitan area which should no more attempt to govern itself alone than the West Side of New York should attempt secession."

As far as I know, the West Side of New York does not want to secede. Washington does want to govern itself. To deny self-government to 800,000 inhabitants strikes me as more similar to the West Side's losing its representation in the New York city council and having its affairs run by some of Governor Rockefeller's cronies.

Certainly Washington is a part of a much larger metropolitan area, but so is New York City; so is Los Angeles; so is Boston. Do any of those cities have government by visitors?

ROBERT W. MILLER
*American Consulate
Tampico, Mexico*

SIR:

Congratulations for publishing Sheffield White's "The Underdeveloped British Businessman" (January *Atlantic*).

The attitudes described by Mr. White are found not only in management and middle executive positions but also in routine office workers and on the factory floor.

The most common answer to any attempt to get a job put in hand quickly and efficiently is likely to be "What's the hurry?" said in a tone of reproof and deprecation.

F. K. PEACHEY
Luton, Bedfordshire, England

SIR:

Thank you for "Aging and Everyman" (N. J. Berrill, January *Atlantic*).

In Genesis Satan said, "You will not die." That was the first recorded lie. And down through the ages men have continued to believe it. In the pulpit clergymen have devised numerous ways for keeping us all eternally alive, and in the test tubes men

work around the clock to keep us alive longer.

I have never found true science and the Bible to be at odds. Those who parrot this saying are either unfamiliar with true science or the Bible or both. Will you please ask zoologist Berrill to enlighten us further and convey my thanks for his striking exploration of a most interesting subject.

MRS. G. V. FETTEROLF
Haysville, Kan.

SIR:

The American Library Association has for more than fifteen years been on record as saying that the freedom to read is an inalienable right. It is all the more welcome, therefore, to see that the *Atlantic Monthly* has permitted Harry Levin ("The Unbanning of the Books," February) to say out loud that censorship is a questionable method of establishing literary taste.

ERVIN J. GAINES
*Member, Intellectual Freedom Committee
American Library Association
Chicago, Ill.*

SIR:

Benjamin Britten's *Cantata Misericordium* is certainly a "subdued and subtle composition" (They Shall Have Music, February *Atlantic*) of great beauty and profound meaning. But Herbert Kupferberg has drawn too hasty a comparison with Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*. Bernstein is not a subdued and subtle composer; should he try to act like one while setting the 100th Psalm? "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. . . . Come into His presence with singing!" says the psalmist, and Bernstein's setting is joyful and a little noisy, too. Is this bad?

Perhaps Mr. Kupferberg has succumbed to the misapprehension that sacred music must be solemn and reverent, basically different from "worldly" music appropriate to the theater. The compartmentalized attitude toward art is symptomatic of a similar attitude toward other aspects of life. Were not the ancient Hebrews who sang and danced to the Lord healthier than the twentieth-century man who adopts a solemn face and a somber attire to genuflect every Sunday to the customs of his ancestors?

SHIRLEY C. GARTH
Trevose, Penn.

Paul Masson said, "Brandy is the only drink distilled from something good to drink."

- (1) Brandy is made from wine.
- (2) We have been premium wine growers since 1852.
- (3) Now, at last, we are able to offer a premium brandy.
- (4) Was it worth the wait? (5) Judge for yourself.

BRANDY 80 PROOF PREPARED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1965.



The Thunderbird Touch: An overhead Safety Convenience Panel



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low,

or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are: an automatic Highway Pilot speed con-

trol option; more powerful standard V-8—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird



UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD



FROM THE NEW EDITOR

WITH this issue of the *Atlantic* a new editor takes the chair. Willingness to change while respecting tradition has kept the *Atlantic* young and pertinent for nearly 110 years. Stepping down after twenty-eight years as the magazine's ninth editor in chief, Edward Weeks leaves a record of achievement and expansion unequaled in the magazine's history. To the best of what he inherited from his predecessors, he brought new ideas and new approaches to make the *Atlantic*, as he once put it, "the means of reconciling the old and the new . . . a place where we hammer out by clear thinking those adjustments which are as healthy as they are inevitable."

Wisely eschewing change only for sake of change, he made many innovations and directed the magazine through three evolutions of format. He respected nothing more highly than the intelligence and selectivity of the *Atlantic's* loyal audience, and by doing so, swelled that audience threefold during his editorship. Under him the institution of the *Atlantic* "First" story and The Young Poets pages brought scores of now-established writers into print for the first time. He built a talented, devoted staff. He had in the magazine's owners, and in Donald B. Snyder as publisher, partners who cared more about quality than cash; and he had the wisdom to make Charles W. Morton his associate editor and to let him run free, as he will continue to do, with his wit, charm, and good taste.

As the Peripatetic Reviewer, Edward Weeks will continue to contribute to these pages each month; and as senior editor and consultant to the *Atlantic Monthly Press*, he will continue to edit books of others and to write his own.

The *Atlantic's* new editor in chief sees the high standards and ambitions of the past as the *Atlantic's* challenge for the years to come. As a young immigrant once remarked after a few months in the United States, "Just to stay where you are in this country, you have to keep moving."

Move the *Atlantic* will, but not at the expense of its commitment to literary quality and serious purpose in the discussion of the arts, science, and public affairs. It will survey the world with an optimist's eye and a skeptic's squint, trying to abjure trifles, to look beyond the awkward incidents of the hour, and to illuminate the long sweep of events — and find excitement in so doing.

Robert Manning

NEW YORKERS WITHOUT A VOICE:

A Tragedy of Urban Renewal

BY ARTHUR R. SIMON

When the author, a thirty-five-year-old Lutheran minister, became pastor of Manhattan's Trinity Lutheran Church in 1961, he found himself in the middle of a political row involving New York City's redevelopment officials and tenement dwellers in and near an East River housing site marked for demolition. Set forth here are the details of that uneven struggle, and the dismaying lesson it holds for the poor in urban renewal conflicts. This article is adapted from Mr. Simon's book, FACES OF POVERTY, to be published later this month by Concordia Publishing House.

I MOVED to the Lower East Side in the spring of 1961 and was immediately struck by the housing conditions. Most of the blocks are covered by narrow five-story tenements, each housing from ten to twenty families. The buildings are smack up against one another and flush to the sidewalk. They are called "old-law tenements" because they were built during the last century before a new housing law laid down specifications regarding air space, ventilation, and plumbing. They are called "walk-ups" because they have no elevators. They were built for inexpensive, crowded living and have served as the starting point for just about every wave of immigrants that hit our Eastern shore. That is the reason the Lower East Side is so cosmopolitan. These immigrant groups huddled in ghettos and went through all the familiar pains of being the outcasts of the land before they made their way successfully into the mainstream of American life. But they always left their traces behind, and the Lower East Side retains a sprinkling of various ethnic groups — Italians, Irish, Jews, Poles, Ukrainians, Germans, Chinese, Negroes, and the most recent arrivals, Puerto Ricans, our largest single group, who constitute more than one third of the population of Precinct Nine, where I live. This precinct is smaller than one square mile but claims more than a hundred thousand residents.

The streets are busy streets, alive with people when the weather is warm. The streets are also dirty. They always bear the traces of garbage that never quite made it from the battered cans to the sanitation trucks. Sometimes it seems that both the people and the debris on the streets have oozed out of the tenements, and in a sense that is so.

Most of the tenements have not been maintained properly, though their internal condition varies considerably. Two buildings side by side may look almost identical from the street. Inside, one is relatively well kept, while the one next to it attacks you with the smell of urine and other odors. The plaster may be cracked, the stairs unsteady, and obscene words scratched and scrawled on the walls. The apartments, too, can be attractive and livable or depressing, depending on the intention of the landlord and the resources of the tenants.

Low-income public-housing projects accommodate about 15,000 people on the eastern side of the precinct along the East River. North of the precinct is a giant middle-income housing development owned and operated by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, but it is separated from the precinct both by its affluence and by Fourteenth Street, a wide and heavily traveled boulevard.

Most of the buildings in the tenement area are structurally solid, but violations of the building

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code are common — defective plumbing, no heat, rats, and the like. These violations go unchecked because slum real estate has become a profitable business. For a variety of reasons the way to make money on these buildings is to have many apartments, invest as little cash in them as possible for maintenance, and let the rents go as high as New York's rent control will allow. Since landlords are permitted an automatic 15 percent increase every time there is a change of tenants in an apartment, it can be lucrative to encourage a rapid turnover of tenants, and unscrupulous landlords have ways of arranging that, sometimes by direct harassment.

Of course there are laws that require landlords to meet minimum standards in maintaining a building, but these laws are seldom enforced. First of all, a tenant must file an official complaint with the city, and many do not know how to file or are afraid of reprisal from the landlord. Second, if a complaint is filed, let us say with the Department of Buildings, it may be one or two years before an inspector comes out to check the alleged violation, since the staff is always inadequate and there is always a tremendous backlog of complaints.

If a landlord is charged by the city with a violation, he must be found before a summons can be issued. Most of the landlords are absentee landlords, and some of them are experts at evading the court. One newspaper item, dated August, 1962, tells of a landlord from Long Beach, Long Island, who was chased by the city for three years. He was finally handed a summons in the lavatory of his office building by process servers who hid there and waited sixty hours for him.

Even if the landlord is summoned to court, there is usually not much to worry about because the penalty is mild — something like a license to violate the law. A landlord who is fined \$85 for a building with 100 violations may justifiably consider himself rewarded by such an arrangement. And if he is compelled to spend money clearing up violations, he usually has dozens or hundreds of other buildings to make up for such losses many times over.

It would be a mistake, however, to single out the landlord and lay all the blame on his doorstep while ignoring the banks who support him, the political establishment, which is much more responsible to his real estate interests than to human suffering, and our own apathy, which permits all this to happen. A reporter once told me: "Landlords ought to be given medals. They are the heroes in this housing mess. They are the heroes because they offer themselves as society's scapegoat. We blame them for everything and get rid of our own guilt in allowing this kind of situation to exist."

The general situation is bad enough to make the visitor or newcomer to our neighborhood conclude

that these tenements ought to be torn down and new housing constructed, the sooner the better. I was no exception.

IN JULY of 1961, only a few months after moving to the Lower East Side, I was asked to take part in a meeting of representatives from neighborhood agencies. We were told that the city had designated a three-block site, which it called the Tompkins Square Housing Site, as suitable for urban renewal. It was an area composed largely of old, small industrial shops and only 165 apartments. A representative of the city's Housing and Redevelopment Board (HRB) was on hand to urge that neighborhood leaders participate with the city in working out a suitable plan for this three-block site.

I must admit I was impressed with the attitude of this HRB official toward our neighborhood. She made it clear that "citizen participation" is one of the federal requirements which must be met by the city in order to receive urban renewal funds. The city wanted to find out from neighborhood people what we needed and wanted. To illustrate how the poor lack political "savvy," I later found out that on May 1, when the chairman of the City Planning Commission announced the Tompkins Square Housing Site as suitable for urban renewal, he had simultaneously announced similar plans for an area two miles across town in the West Village. The reaction in the two communities was not the same. The West Village immediately thundered its vote of disapproval at the city's intention, and, led by Jane Jacobs, the *Village Voice*, and several articulate spokesmen, virtually inundated the Board of Estimate with its protest. The project was dropped. Meanwhile, there was nothing but silence in our neighborhood. We didn't even know what was going on. Partly as a result of West Village opposition, the Housing and Redevelopment Board was eager for a smooth relationship with our neighborhood and had suggested this meeting to request citizen participation.

Out of this request the Tompkins Square Housing Committee was formed and began to hold public meetings. We recognized a need for renewal, and we took at face value the clearly expressed wishes of the HRB for community participation. We naively assumed from official assurances that a genuine dialogue would develop between the neighborhood and the city.

Such a dialogue was never to take place.

At first we heard housing experts explain the options open to us. Meanwhile, five members of our committee interviewed most of the residents on the proposed site and came up with information that included the following:

Tenants paid a median rental of \$36.50 per apartment, or an average of \$10.08 per room a month.

Nearly half of the apartments were overcrowded.

Half of the family units had incomes of less than \$3000 a year.

Nearly three fourths of the tenants said they would like to live in the new apartments, provided the rents were low enough.

Then Robert Dennis, a member of our committee and a city planner (though not in the employ of the city), together with another city planner and an architect, formed a team which made a building-by-building examination, not only of the three-block site but also of another eight blocks immediately to the west and adjoining the site. They designated each building in one of three categories: (1) structurally solid and not in need of repair; (2) structurally solid but in need of code enforcement; and (3) dilapidated buildings which should be demolished within ten years. The results showed that almost all the buildings, both on and off the proposed site, fit into category 2.

With this information we were able to piece together a kind of proposal that used this logic:

1. Recognizing that most of the people on the site and in the adjoining blocks had very low incomes, we asked that new housing, though including middle-income units, be built primarily for the people of the area at rentals they could afford.

2. Most of the apartments on the site were situated in two clusters of buildings on one corner of the site. Since many tenants had incomes so low that they could not afford the rentals even of new low-income public housing (which were then coming in at \$16 to \$18 a room), or for other reasons might not be eligible for public housing, we asked the city to redraw the boundary of the proposed site to exclude those buildings from the site. The supply of low-rent housing in the city is desperately short, and we felt it would be a mistake to deplete that supply further unless absolutely necessary.

3. We asked that the site be treated not as an isolated area but in relation to the surrounding blocks, so that this renewal program could become the first phase of a series of stages to upgrade and replace housing without displacing large numbers of residents from the neighborhood.

4. We suggested that renewal, in its various stages, not simply bulldoze blocks wholesale but pursue a more selective course to preserve the most habitable buildings and construct new houses, including perhaps some row houses, in "vest-pocket" sections.

Although we were limited by lack of personnel, time, and funds, we were able to pick up widespread support for our proposal in the neighbor-

hood. Our neighborhood council, the Housing Division of LENA (Lower Eastside Neighborhoods Association), Puerto Rican and civil rights organizations, and other community groups supported our proposal, and it was clear that the great majority of neighborhood people who have no institutional voice were also responding favorably to our approach. Even the local Democratic organization, a stronghold of Tammany Hall, promised support — which was later retracted, presumably under pressure from the city.

ALREADY it was becoming evident that while the HRB was ready to fill us in on the most general sort of information regarding procedure, there was no willingness to exchange ideas of substance. We met with Milton Mollen, chairman of the HRB, and board members on several occasions, and we were always received with courtesy. But we had no idea what the city planners were producing for the HRB, nor were we allowed access to their thinking. As the chief of the Project Development for the HRB said at a meeting with us in August, 1962, the technicians did not want someone from the neighborhood "peeking over our shoulders."

At HRB headquarters in December, 1962, Chairman Mollen unveiled what he announced to be not the preliminary concept but "the tentative final concept." It ignored the key priorities urged by the community and proposed instead a straight middle-income development of 900 units, with rents up to \$30 a room, but with the possibility of as many as 20 percent of the units skewed down to \$18 a room — still out of range for most of the site tenants. Mollen emphasized that the HRB wanted to speed it on to Washington for approval as quickly as possible.

On January 10, 1963, an open meeting was held at Public School 61 on East Twelfth Street. The entire neighborhood was invited to hear both plans presented on an equal-time basis. HRB chairman Mollen and his staff members did so on behalf of the city. Nearly 300 persons (a phenomenal turnout in our neighborhood) listened to both proposals and asked questions, after which a motion from the floor to back the neighborhood plan rather than the city's proposal carried with only four dissenting votes, although there were, no doubt, other dissenters present.

The expression of the community by this time could not have been more evident, but even that elicited no readiness on the part of the HRB to discuss serious differences. The HRB continued to use the enormous resources and personnel at its disposal to garner support for its concept in the face of a clear neighborhood consensus to the

contrary. They did so chiefly by contacting and soliciting support from a number of groups, most of which had leadership north of Fourteenth Street and who might, therefore, be prone to favor middle-income housing as a way of upgrading the area.

All of this impressed me as a violation of the needs and interests of people who had much at stake, but who carried little political weight. It was small comfort to learn that our experience was not unique but part of a pattern that affected other neighborhoods of the city.

Much of our opposition came from well-meaning men who seemed incapable of putting themselves in the shoes of our neighbors. After repeated invitations the chief of Project Development of the HRB agreed to tour the site and visit a few apartments with us. We visited one elderly Jewish lady who showed us her home. Everything looked old inside, but it was clean and well kept. "It's not the best," she said, "but it's home. Where else would I go?" We talked downstairs in the hallway of her building for a while, but what impressed our city official most seemed to be a garbage can in the hall and a cockroach that scooted along the wall and almost got on his shoulder. Repeatedly the HRB officials would wax indignant about the "rat- and roach-infested slums" which they wanted to remove. They had a point, and living as they did in far better conditions, they were probably saying what they honestly believed; but they never seemed to be able to see through the eyes of the poor and understand that an old, small place is better than no place at all. Nor could any of them suggest what could be done to house the poor removed by urban renewal other than to crowd them into the already diminishing supply of low-income housing.

This illustrates the strongest argument against urban renewal as now conceived — namely, that it usually destroys low-income housing and fails to replace it because it is basically in the business of middle-income housing. The net effect is that the slums are simply shifted and spread. For every slum it destroys, New York creates two new ones.

Top officials of the HRB consistently admitted to us, and on occasion said publicly, that the third of the city's population with no place to go is the third with incomes of less than \$4000 a year, precisely those citizens whose needs were being bypassed in this urban renewal venture. These same officials admitted with equal candor that they had no solution for the problem of low-income housing. Such honesty impressed us but clearly offered no acceptable way out. Officials appealed to the need for middle-income housing in Manhattan and asked us to look at the city as a whole, not just at our own neighborhood. The city's need for more suitable middle-income housing and for higher tax returns cannot be denied. How-

ever, when such needs consistently take priority and ride roughshod over the obviously more urgent needs of others, one can be forgiven if one fails to be persuaded by those arguments. They give the poor little to cheer about. In the last analysis they prove to be another instance of the welfare state operating for the benefit of those who are fashionably middle class and of interests such as real estate and the construction industry, which stand to reap immense profits from such ventures.

ANOTHER aspect that concerned us deeply is the history of discrimination against Negroes and Puerto Ricans to which urban renewal has played partner. It is not because of misunderstanding but because of suffering that some have called urban renewal "urban removal" or "Negro removal." Since our whole pattern of discrimination has forced Negroes and Puerto Ricans into slums and ghettos, they find themselves living in precisely those areas which the city designates as blighted and suitable for urban renewal.

President Kennedy's Executive Order of November 20, 1963, banning discrimination in federally aided housing, put an end (at least legally) to the practice of refusing to rent to Negroes and others for racial or ethnic reasons. However, that was never the chief form of discrimination in urban renewal. The chief form was economic, because it displaced minority group people (in our instance, Puerto Ricans) who were not able to pay rents in the new buildings. Thus on the Lower East Side, which is both racially mixed and predominantly low income, the thousands of middle-income housing units that urban renewal has produced have virtually no Negro or Puerto Rican residents. These projects have become less a means of giving "balance" to the area than a way of producing islands of imbalance. Our committee was understandably concerned about the perpetuation of this pattern in our instance.

I have already said that the HRB was able to secure support from organizations (including one church and several synagogues) whose leadership resided above Fourteenth Street. Two fall in a different category and deserve special mention. One was the board of directors of LENA. Our neighborhood council, which is one of four neighborhood councils making up LENA, endorsed the committee's plan and opposed the city. So did the Housing Division of LENA. But the board of directors of that organization is dominated by people who can be classified as representing the interest of middle-income cooperatives and business on the southeastern part of the Lower East Side. They have generally favored middle-income housing over the

needs of low-income people. Organized in terms of power from the top down and not from the bottom up, LENA illustrates how spokesmen for the poor tend to be people who do not always represent them favorably.

A similar instance was endorsement of the HRB proposal by the borough president's Planning Board for the Lower East Side. This board has advisory power only, but as a group of leaders who ostensibly represent the people of the area its voice carries some weight. Even more so than LENA, the board is controlled by political, commercial, and middle-income housing interests. (Some people are members of both boards.) I was appointed to this board, I was told, as a way of giving "balance" to that body, but there is no balance in sight. Again the poor are shortchanged in such an arrangement.

When the HRB announced its "tentative final" concept and began systematically rounding up support for that concept, there was no longer any question about being in dialogue with the city. Officials went through some of the motions. The borough president paid a surprise visit to our parish house, but it was to explain, not to listen. Robert Dennis (our city planner) and I learned of one minor concession in May, 1963, in a final meeting with the chairman and board members of the HRB (a proposal to include 200 units that would rent possibly as low as \$18 to \$20 a room), but this could hardly be confused with dialogue. As a result, we were left with no alternative but to oppose the city plan. We corresponded with Robert C. Weaver and officials of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, protesting in particular that the city had failed to meet the requirement of citizen participation. The reply was that the mayor's Citizens Advisory Committee had reviewed and approved the HRB concept and therefore the legal stipulation had been met. It was the first time I had heard that such a committee existed. They probably had never heard of us either, and we certainly had no opportunity to present our ideas to them. After all the promises about citizen participation we received from the HRB, this small group of well-to-do citizens, all quite removed from our neighborhood, suddenly became the authorized vehicle for that participation. We felt we had been made victims of citizen manipulation.

We fought the HRB at City Hall in public hearings before the City Planning Commission and the Board of Estimate. We were able to produce more speakers than our opponents; and if speakers who resided outside the neighborhood had been disqualified, our strength would have been far more apparent.

We lost. But we gave the city a hard time and hammered home a point: The poor must become

our first concern in housing, not our last concern. Late in 1965 it was announced by the HRB that the number of the moderately priced units, financed under Section 221-d-3 of the National Housing Act, was increased from 200 to 370 — but with estimated average rentals of \$26.50 per room. Under this arrangement a one-bedroom apartment will rent for \$106 to \$111 per month, plus utilities.

THE relation of Stuyvesant Town to the area south of Fourteenth Street is a modern classic example of evils that are showered upon the poor in and through housing because they are politically expendable. Stuyvesant Town covers eighteen city blocks and houses 22,405 people, according to the 1960 census. Until the end of World War II those blocks were an extension of the old, dilapidated tenement houses south of Fourteenth Street. Economic and racial factors and mutual suspicion separate residents below and above Fourteenth Street. People who live in Stuyvesant Town usually do not like to go south of Fourteenth Street to shop or visit or attend church. Not many of them send children to school south of Fourteenth Street, but to vastly superior schools west of the development. They are afraid and disgusted by what they see below Fourteenth Street. A local paper that circulates to every apartment in Stuyvesant Town encourages such fear in dramatizing the most sordid features of the tenement area and speaks in glaring headlines of the young hoodlums and punks below Fourteenth Street who attack or rob people in Stuyvesant Town. On the other hand, people south of Fourteenth Street do not know their neighbors to the north. They are not welcome to play on the streets or playgrounds of Stuyvesant Town because it is private property watched by uniformed guards. Fourteenth Street is sometimes called the Barrier.

In 1940 about 15,000 people lived in those blocks. Most of them were poor. In 1943, under a new state law and by contract with the city, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company agreed to buy the land from the city at a drastically depreciated price. The city was willing to bear the loss on this in return for anticipated gains in property taxes later on. The bulldozers moved in, and thousands of families were evacuated. Hardly any of them were rehoused in the new buildings that were completed between 1947 and 1949.

Metropolitan Life made Stuyvesant Town middle class and white, reflecting a strong impulse to create a suburban community in Manhattan, a non-city city. In keeping with the mood of the 1940s, it openly discriminated against Negroes until pressure from the city council led Metropolitan

Life to admit three Negro families in 1950. An ordinance passed by the city council the following year made discrimination in such projects illegal. However, according to the 1960 census — a decade after Stuyvesant Town agreed to integrate — only 47 persons from a total population of 22,405 were Negroes, barely two tenths of one percent. If one includes the 16 Puerto Ricans, that would raise the integration percentage to almost three tenths of one percent, three Negroes and Puerto Ricans out of every thousand residents!

Several things happened with the creation of Stuyvesant Town. First, thousands of people, most of them poor, had to move off the property. The cancer of slums spread elsewhere. Second, the new housing units were not only economically stratified but racially restrictive as well. Even more is at stake, however, for injustice has a way of reaching out in all directions. Consider the matter of education.

Since the latter part of 1963, when long overdue pressure for quality and integrated schools in New York suggested the possibility of exchanging more children in both directions across Fourteenth Street, a furor was created by parents in Stuyvesant Town and elsewhere above Fourteenth Street. In public meetings many residents spoke self-righteously of conditions below Fourteenth Street, defending indignantly the sanctity of the neighborhood school. If a project like Stuyvesant Town systematically excludes people, and if the residents of that project exclude themselves from responsibility toward the misery of neighbors whose community they have invaded, is it fair to blame the excluded ones for conditions that are characteristic of crowded ghettos? Or to be surprised that Negroes and Puerto Ricans and others are desperate for a break in this ugly pattern? One may ask also what price Stuyvesant Town residents ultimately pay in moral currency for living in a middle-class ghetto. What we see happening in Stuyvesant Town is precisely the same flight from reality represented by most suburban communities.

Unlike the area below Fourteenth Street, Stuyvesant Town is to be reckoned with politically. In terms of financial resources, organization, and ability to articulate their desires, residents of Stuyvesant Town carry a disproportionately strong voice in the decision-making process, as effective blocking of any school pairing demonstrated.

ON THE eastern edge of Precinct Nine is a large strip of low-income public housing (Jacob Riis and Lillian Wald projects) with a population total of approximately 15,000. This figure includes about an equal number of Negro, Puerto Rican, and

Caucasian tenants. Rents range from \$11 to \$18 a room per month in these two projects, with the rent based on income, number of dependents in a family, and other factors. The Jacob Riis and Lillian Wald projects in some respects also represent a form of discrimination against the poor, although such projects were obviously conceived and are operated for the benefit of low-income families.

For many, public housing represents their only live option for decent housing, and critics of public housing should not forget that. At the present time there is a backlog of 120,000 applicants for public housing in the city of New York. Only 10 percent of the applicants make it in any given year. Some do not apply because they cannot afford even the lowest rents in public housing, and some cannot qualify because of such factors as illegitimate children or incidence of crime in the family.

In some respects public housing is sick. It is sick primarily because it dumps low-income families into one economically (and often racially) segregated pile. There is nothing intrinsically bad about poor people living together. It is bad, however, when they are systematically excluded from living with others, and when 15,000 people are legally penalized by constantly draining off their most economically successful families and their leadership. This happens because to qualify for public housing, one must not earn more than a specified income (depending upon family size, and so forth). Thus the most stable and helpful members of such developments — precisely those who are best situated to help it achieve some sense of community — are continually being evicted.

The most obvious result of this situation in public housing is that the slums tend to invade these projects. Tenants have to take the onus with the bonus, for such projects become stigmatized, and residents are often made to feel not quite human for living there. Demoralization sets in.

There is a less obvious result of public housing's policy of evicting leadership. Politically the poor are robbed of some of their strongest spokesmen and best organizers. When they leave, these aspiring and successful residents in public housing cannot be expected to retain their sympathy for the suffering they once knew; and even if they do, they are usually too far away to do much about it. One outcome of this is that the poor, kept in isolation and with only a whisper of a political voice, can easily be bypassed when public policy is made.

Isolated in ghettos of poverty, abandoned by yesterday's poor who now live separate lives in new middle-class ghettos, the very poor find themselves outside the mainstream of concern. Like Samson, they have been shorn of their strength and left to tread the mill.

Often we do not allow them even that dignity.

The Bee Tree

A Story

by Jesse Hill Ford



A Tennessean whose short stories were first published in the pages of the ATLANTIC, Jesse Hill Ford is the author of the novel THE LIBERATION OF LORD BYRON JONES, which was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection last summer. Mr. Ford spent the autumn months as a fellow at Wesleyan's Center for Advanced Studies in Connecticut.

SHE fished often. He knew so at once. From the very way she stood, legs together, relaxed. The white gravel lip of the lakeshore curved about the green water of the shallow inlet. She was fishing the stumps with a slender six-foot cane pole, her whole graceful body alert, her head held very still.

She raised the pole. It curved and then straightened. She had caught a bream. She knelt, removed the hook, and put the fish on the stringer at her feet. A white stone held the stringer in place against the shore. She put a worm on the hook, stood up, and with a practiced thrust of the pole dropped her line in beside the dark shadow of a submerged stump. The cork seemed to hover an instant on the green surface before it bobbed twice and swooped down again. This time she missed. She knelt and got another worm from the rusty can.

He eased the chain saw to earth and leaned his well-worn double-bitted ax against it. The lake stretched still and flat and far beyond her, caught by the midmorning calm of June. The Kentucky fishermen had long since run their lines and nets and had returned to camp. The Tennessee guides and their pale-skinned bass fishermen had come in fast metal boats and cast plugs at the stumps before sunrise, as soon as the mist was off the water. None of them would return now until dusk, when the big fish would begin slashing through schools of shad that dappled the surface after sundown. Thus, but for the woman he would have the shore all to

himself. But for her he could begin the work he had come here to do. The bees, mindless of him, made a traffic in and out of the thick oak tree standing a few yards to his right in the shadow of the woods. On his left, in the meadow, green weeds swayed beneath the weight of grasshoppers.

In his mind he saw that but for her he would have felled the tree by now. The split white fragrant halves would have been laid open to the dark core. By now the wild honey would have been collected in lard stands. He would have carried the two five-gallon cans, his ax, and the gasoline power saw miles through the steep cool woods to his truck, parked just outside the game preserve.

She moved the stone, raised the heavy, wiggling stringer from the water, and walked slowly along the gravel shore to a place opposite the next stump. For the first time he saw her handsome face. She didn't look to be quite thirty. Her brown hair was shoulder-length. She stooped and anchored the stringer with another stone. She straightened up and began fishing again. He sighed and sat down, in a dull way mindful of her straight, slender legs and of a tugging, awkward loneliness which the sight of her inspired in him.

He didn't talk to women often, living to himself as he did, working when he found work, but even then doing only so much of it as would keep him going. Otherwise *they* would come after a man to pay taxes — *them*; they were his enemy, the gov-

ernment. They laid boundaries in the woods where neither men nor dogs would be allowed. They set seasons on what could be hunted when, and where.

It came to him that she must be one of their women. *They* — who had everything, controlled everything, owned everything, and set closed season on everything but a poaching man like himself.

At the souvenir stand on the highway wild honey brought fifty cents a pound, no questions asked. The souvenir merchant put the honey up in little jars that sold quickly at a dollar each. The demand was endless.

EASING to his feet, he slipped quietly along the edge of the meadow and climbed a knoll covered by sapling pines. From the rise he could see the shore for a long way down to the left. There was no boat, so she must have walked. She was three miles from Baker's. Baker's boat dock had motel rooms and a restaurant. She had come all this way alone, without so much as a dog for company. She must be passing her time while the man, her rich little husband, slept away the hot daylight hours back at the motel, waiting for the bass to start striking again, waiting for dusk.

Satisfied there was no boat, sure that she was alone, he went boldly down to the gravel and walked slowly in her direction, along the white pebbly shore. He felt little thrills of excitement. Once he was sure that she must have seen him he went more slowly still, pausing to frown at submerged stumps, pretending he didn't see her and thus getting only a few steps away before she finally moved.

Seen close she was prettier than he had suspected from afar. "Have you lost something?" she said.

"Me?" He cleared his throat trying to rid his voice of a slightly strangled sound.

"The way you looked at the water," she said. The sound of her words was Northern — Yankee.

"Oh, that. Looking for fish is all."

"Seen any?"

"Oh, some." He smiled. "You up at Baker's?"

"Yeah," she said. "Good old Baker's."

"I didn't see no boat," he explained.

"I walked," she said. "You want to hand me that can?"

He picked up the can and got a worm. "Here," he said. "I'll bait it for you."

"Well, that's what I call service." She passed him her line. He threaded the worm on her little bream hook. He wiped his fingers on his trousers. "Thanks," she said. "You're from around here, I guess."

"All my life," he said. "Just about."

"Well, don't sound so happy about it. Don't you like it here?"

"I guess so," he said. "It's all right."

"You guess so." She glanced at him, looking sideways. She was smiling.

He couldn't look for more than an instant at her sly brown eyes. Her beauty somehow embarrassed him. She was easy, used to men and not a bit shy and afraid. Her cheeks were sunburned, two pale red spots beneath her eyes.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, I guess," he said. He had a sudden urge to tell her things. "I was in Georgia once in the army. That wasn't too hot," he said.

"I'll bet," she said. "So you were once a little soldier in a little uniform. Poor thing."

"Down in Georgia, that country is all flat," he said. "Are you staying at Baker's with just your husband, or did you bring along your kids?"

She didn't turn her head. "Well, listen at that," she said. "I don't have any kids, and I'm not married — not anymore. My husband was killed."

"Oh." He couldn't think what to say next.

"Baker's my daddy-in-law. I live at the dock and waitress at the café."

"Then you married Lon, that was killed over yonder," he said. It began coming clear for him. "Where was it?"

"I married Lon," she said, nodding slowly. "It was Vietnam. You got another worm? Something's trying to steal all my bait."

"They'll do that sometimes," he said. He got a worm and baited her hook again. He squatted down. He sat on one heel and picked up a few bits of pale rough gravel. Tiny brown spiders went searching among the stones nearest the water, appearing and disappearing. He chunked gravel at them. "Yeah, I knew Lon," he said.

Now that the connection was established he was sure he could go ahead and tell her. He could say: *Look, I got a bee tree staked out up the bank yonder behind you.* Being she was Lon's kin and working at Baker's, it was bound to be all right to tell her. Then he'd be safe to go ahead and cut the tree.

"I moved here in March," she was saying. "My home was in Illinois, above Chicago. Aurora. Ever hear of it?"

"No, I suppose not," he said.

"Tennesseans are all the same," she said. "Down here nobody is sure. You always reckon and suppose and guess and think so. Cagery as sin. I could close my eyes when you talk and hear Lon speaking. Lon never was sure of anything either."

It made him uncomfortable, hearing her speak so of the dead. Any notion he might have had before, any little dream of getting fresh with her, went out of him. Only the lump of the notion remained where the notion once had been, something wedged deep in the roof of his throat, a thing no amount of swallowing would remove. Slowly he got to his feet.

"Look," he began. "Look here a minute."

"What?" Her eyes were gazing straight into his.

"Up the ridge yonder." He pointed with his thumb. "I'm fixing to cut a bee tree."

"But you can't! That's in the preserve, isn't it?"

"That's why I'm telling you," he said. "If it wasn't in the preserve, I wouldn't have to tell you."

"But if they catch you — are you crazy or something? You want a five-thousand-dollar fine? Three years in the pen?"

"They won't catch me," he said. "They might phone the airport for a plane if they heard the chain saw — that is, if they do hear it. By that time if they was to hear it, it will already be too late. Nothing only somebody saying they seen me when I done it, only that could cause me trouble. That's why I had to make sure."

"And here I was thinking it was my big brown eyes. Tell me, just what are you trying to prove?"

"Huh?" he said.

"Trespassing on federal property, cutting a tree, risking your fool neck for wild honey. Doesn't it bother you to go taking what isn't yours? Stealing?"

"It's mine as much as theirs," he said. "It's more mine than theirs!"

"Whose?"

"Them," he said. "The Law. Who are they to tell us?"

"Meaning I'm one of us, I suppose."

He sighed. "If they came this way, well, they might ask you if you seen or heard anybody. I'll give you time to get on away from here before I start cutting."

"Otherwise I could stay here and fish, and when they came hunting you — if they came — I could lie to them," she said. "Is that it?"

He frowned. "That's not what I told you."

"But that's what you meant, isn't it?" She took in her line and turned the pole, winding in line and cork. "You know," she said, "in a way I kind of like you?"

He couldn't fathom what she meant. "Are you still going to cut the tree?" she asked.

"I sure am," he said. He turned quickly away in a rush of trembling anger. Her expression had mocked him. Just as suddenly he stopped still in his tracks. She was close beside him. She stood looking up intently into his face. "What do you think *you're* doing?" he said.

"Going with you," she said. "I'm going to watch you steal the government's honey. Then if they ask me about it, I can swear you did it. You're going to have a witness."

"Oh," he said. "Coming in where you ain't asked! Nosing in other folk's business!" Before he knew what he was doing he had taken both her arms and was shaking her as he would shake a man, but then, suddenly, not shaking her quite

so hard but gently, and more gently still, not at all sure of himself. At last he was merely holding her by the arms without knowing what he must do next.

She leaned into him, her eyes closed. She trembled against him. Clumsily he put his arms about her. "I'm — I'm awful sorry," he said. "I never meant to scare the daylights out of you!" Her arms held him. She was clinging to him. Her eyes opened. Her soft lips trembled.

"I'm awful sorry," he began.

"Who's scared?" She smiled up at him. Then he was kissing her.

"Not so fast!" she said after a moment. "Don't get ideas! You'll think I'm —" She didn't finish what she was going to say, but offered her mouth again.

He had never dared imagine that any woman so beautiful would even look at him; he was filled with a frightening awe. She was playing a trick of some kind, he decided. He kissed her, very gently this time, and pushed her firmly away from him.

"Where are you going?" she asked. He reached the edge of the meadow and looked back. "Still after wild honey?"

"You ain't my kind. You ain't one of us," he said.

She came after him. "How can I prove —"

"You can't," he said, "because you ain't."

He was skirting the edge of the meadow. The grasshoppers went leaping and flying away, scattering in front of his heavy shoes. She was running beside him.

He stopped and picked up his hat from beside the chain saw and put it on his head. Then he unfolded the cheesecloth and draped it over the hat.

"You look like a bride," she said. She was laughing. "A bride in her veil!"

Through the cheesecloth the image of her was softer, like something seen in the early hours of morning when mist rises and lingers in wet green mountain meadows. He tucked the cheesecloth veil into his shirt collar and buttoned the collar tight about it. He took the thick cotton work gloves from his hip pocket and put them on.

"You don't mean you're going to let me watch!" she cried.

"You'll get stung if you don't be careful," he warned. And then, "No, it's a free country here. I don't fault anybody if they want to watch. Not a woman nor nobody else."

"Not even me," she said. "Not even a foreigner?"

He knelt to oil the saw.

"I see it!" she said. She had found the tree. "To think I'd ever see wild bees living in a wild tree. Oh!"

He looked up. She ran a few steps into the meadow. Her hands brushed furiously at her light brown hair.

"They go for your head. Now maybe you'll heed somebody."

"But I was only looking," she said. "They flew into my hair."

"Lucky you wasn't stung," he said.

"But I was." She came and showed him her hand. He rubbed the red swollen welt between her finger and thumb. "It hurts. I wasn't going to hurt them."

He laughed. "You thought about their honey. Do that, and they try to sting you. Think about something else, and they leave you alone."

"Why that's true — I was thinking about honey."

"Sure," he said. "They've got a mind that can read yours. Never mind their honey, and then you'll have it."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"George," he said, and picked up the saw. "Get way back now and sit down or stand still as a stump."

HE HAD a glimpse of her standing very still at the edge of the meadow, and a glimpse of wild flowers, and on beyond he saw a shimmering reflection from the water. He pulled the starter cord twice. The saw sputtered. It quickened and whined. He touched the edge of the chain to the tree. Damp sawdust grew little horns at his feet.

The bees almost covered him. Fiercely they came at first, but as he paused to brush them off they came on more lazily, until at last they seemed to be nuzzling after him. Now and again a stinger found his flesh. He put down the saw, shut the little engine off, and took up the ax. The rhythm of what he was about entered him so that he hardly felt the occasional numbing fire of the stings. Fat chips leaned from the wood at one stroke and flew away at another. He put the ax aside and started the saw again.

Beyond in the meadow, he saw the woman still watching him, pale yellow flowers at her feet, sunlight lingering in her soft hair. A little breeze had risen from the lake, rippling the blue-green surface, stirring the pale-blue dress about her legs. The chain saw shrieked one final gouging bite. One last muttering slash, and the tree shook. He drew the saw quickly back and silenced it.

The tree gave a moan and then, as always happened, its heart cracked and it lay gracefully, gracefully down. In his life nothing else came to earth like a great tree. It was as though man himself came down with it, so beautifully did it die. This one went leaning out toward the sunlit meadow. It went settling then, in a spray, a splash of bark and leaves.

He started the saw again and cut quickly down

into the ruptured, oozing honeycomb. Taking his lard stands and his tin dipper and his knife, he set to work collecting the stuff, pausing now and then to hold his breath and listen for sound beyond the bees. There was no plane. So they would not have heard the saw's howling. Small chance they would have anyway unless one of them happened to be outdoors this way, coming from the station upriver. The bees troubled over him still. A few died in the honey. He scraped them away, put lids on the lard stands, and finally stepped aside to rest.

"Rest" consisted of cutting a hickory pole and taking seine twine and firmly binding the big lard cans, one to each end of the stout, thick pole. This he would balance over his wide shoulders.

Carefully he toted everything to the meadow — saw, ax, knife, oil can, seine twine, and finally the full cargo of honey, taking his loot far beyond the ranging of the angry bees, taking everything a good distance before he was ready to remove the hat, fold away the cheesecloth, and stuff the sticky gloves in his pocket.

"That's done," he said aloud, but to himself. His habit was to talk that way, to discuss with himself what he would do next.

"So it is," said the woman, behind him.

He turned, half-amazed. He had all but forgotten she was in the world. He stood looking at her, a great, slow barrel of a man about to load himself like a beast of burden for a far steep walk through the woods. "Now you seen how it's done," he said. "I have to get moving."

He looked down at the full stringer of fish she held, and the fish still wiggling, still dripping wet. Now why, thought he, had she fetched her fish?

He bent down and put his broad shoulder under the hickory pole. Still bent that way he gathered things up in his arms, taking thought how each must be placed and balanced, how it must be held. "Now this," he said aloud to himself, "and this."

"You're all different," she said.

Loaded at last, he straightened slowly up. "Eh?" he said.

"Changed. When you work you're not the same."

"I must be going," he said. So many things were on his mind.

"I want to come too," she said, pole in one hand, fish in the other.

"Oh?" He paused to consider. "All right," he said. "You bring the ax." He dropped it. When she bent to take it up, he had a glimpse of soft pale skin at the back of her neck where her hair fell aside. She straightened and somehow put the ax across her shoulder with the cane pole. "Come along," he said in his gruff voice. "It ain't far."

Together they set off through the woods.

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

THE STATE OF THE GOP

Whether to rebuild in order to win the White House again or succumb to the role of a permanent minority in the national government — that is the real question facing the Republican Party today, although not many Republicans will admit it. The party's dilemma is deeper and more complex than is suggested by those who see only a collision of "extremist" and "liberal" Republicans. Even a revival of Republican fortunes in the 1966 congressional and state elections will not still the ambivalence that beats beneath the surface of the party. Three seasoned political reporters, with a deft assist from the pen of the painter and caricaturist David Levine, tell why in the following pages. In the first article, David S. Broder, national political correspondent in the Washington bureau of the New York TIMES, explains the contradictory ambitions of the party leadership.

The Struggle for Power

BY DAVID S. BRODER

IT is odd, sometimes, how an event will trigger the memory of an almost forgotten earlier occurrence. One day last August, I received a brochure announcing the opening of the Washington office of F. Clifton White and Associates, Inc. Clif White is the brilliant and articulate New Yorker who invented and directed the Draft Goldwater movement, one of the most impressive feats of political management in our era.

Now, the brochure said, he had formed a public affairs consulting firm that would offer "on a nationwide basis, an in-depth program designed to generate maximum support for the client's political and governmental objectives in connection with its corporate goals." In short, a superlobby.

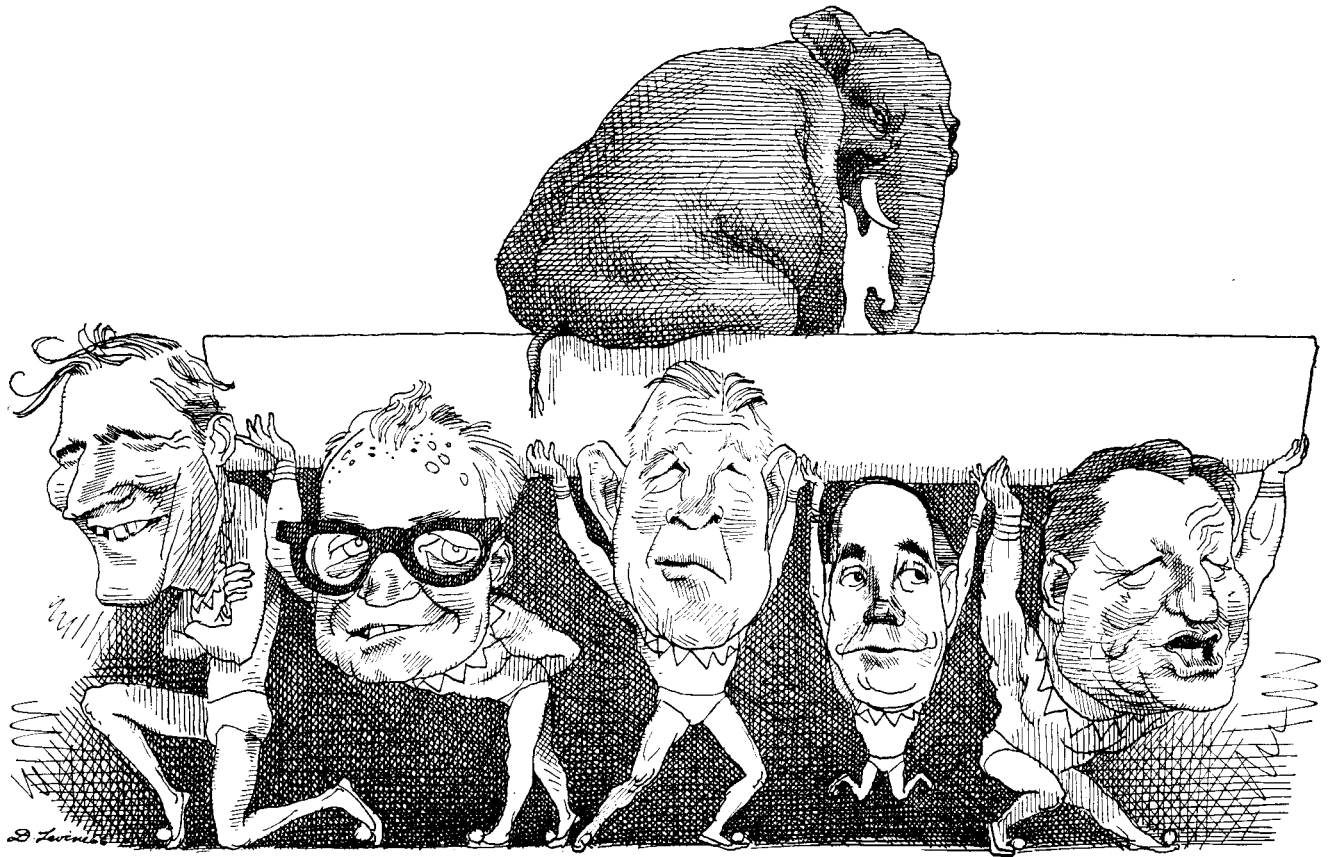
As I read this, my mind was jogged backward more than a year to the week of White's triumph, the Goldwater nomination in San Francisco. In the booming confusion of the St. Francis Hotel, I had been talking to Alexander M. Lankler, a Washington lawyer who had worked for Nelson Rockefeller's nomination. We had been debating the Republican future — after the drubbing for Goldwater which both of us believed to be inevitable. I said it might be well to let the conservatives get it out of their system; after the debacle, I thought, the proprietors of the defeat would have no choice but to confess the bankruptcy of their dream.

Lankler shook his head and said, "You're wrong. No matter how badly mauled the party is, they will still want to control it. It may not be much, you see, but it's still bigger, more effective, and more salable than any other lobby they can get hold of."

Odd notion, I thought, to confuse a political party, which exists to elect men to office, with a lobby, which tries to exert influence on behalf of its clients. Odder still to suggest that a national party would abandon its responsibility for the affairs of state and its chief goal, winning the presidency, and instead transform itself into a superlobby, serving its clientele by marketing influence. But now, a year later, here was the chief organizer of the Goldwater drive setting up his own superlobby.

I began to reflect on some of the things I had seen as a reporter covering the Goldwater phenomenon — seen but not probed. White had been a pioneer in the corporate public affairs field before he nurtured the Goldwater drive. Many of his major associates in the movement were from the same background — men like Charles Barr of Standard Oil of Indiana, Tyrone Gillespie of Dow Chemical, and William McFadzean of Archer-Daniels-Midland.

They had been helped by the thousands of Goldwater volunteers. But equally significant were



their allies among the semipermanent Republican cadre in Congress. These congressional Republicans miscalculated political realities to their own peril: out of fifty-four Representatives who signed a statement in the spring of 1964 saying, "We are convinced that the nomination of Senator Barry Goldwater will result in substantial increases in Republican membership in both houses of Congress," twenty-one were not re-elected.

Finally, White had the help of the most influential Republican of them all, Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, who at a critical juncture rejected Governor William Scranton's plea for help from the Illinois delegation and agreed, instead, to make the speech that nominated Goldwater.

It appears that Lankler was right when he said that the struggle would continue, and right when he said that the men who had put over Goldwater would try to use the party as a superlobby. What light does this cast on the party's future? What does it tell us about the nature of its internal divisions? The more I thought about it, the more I began to suspect that the real struggle within the Republican Party is more basic than the much publicized differences between liberals and conservatives.

The real struggle is between, on one hand, the relatively few men who are still trying to expand the party's base to the point where it can again

compete effectively for the presidency and, on the other hand, the many Republican officials and office-holders who have long since resigned themselves to a minority role — and do not really desire to have it change. It is a struggle, to put it in the bluntest terms, between the few who want to see the Republican Party again exercise *responsibility* for the affairs of cities, states, and nation and the many who are quite content to market its *influence* to its financial clients.

The first group includes most of those few Republicans who now hold positions of executive responsibility: mayors like John Lindsay of New York and Theodore McKeldin of Baltimore; county officials like Marlow Cook of Jefferson County, Kentucky; and governors like Scranton, George Romney of Michigan, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Dan Evans of Washington, Robert Smylie of Idaho, and John Chafee of Rhode Island.

Their natural allies are the Republican state chairmen, because state chairmen don't stay in office long and they want a victory to show for their efforts. They are also helped by a certain number of politicians, like Robert Merriam of Chicago and George Lodge of Massachusetts, who had a taste of power in the Eisenhower era and are young enough to want more of it; and by an increasing number

of young lawyers and eggheads, like those in the Ripon Society, who happen to be interested in public issues and are stubborn enough to think their own party can contribute to their resolution.

The "Republican Responsibles," if I may call them that, are anything but monolithic in their ideology; indeed, some of their members, like Governor Evans, a civil engineer, are determinedly nonideological. What they share is a common courage about using the tools of government to solve the problems confronting their states and cities; a pragmatic willingness to grapple with people's concerns, not to flee from them; and, most important of all, a willingness — in fact, an ambition — to take *responsibility* for public needs.

Their typical figure, perhaps, is Governor Romney, not because he is necessarily the smartest, ablest, or strongest of the group, but because he exemplifies their drive for personal power and responsibility, a drive that will probably make him this group's representative in the battle for the 1968 nomination.

THE INFLUENTIALS

On the other side, there are what might be called the "Republican Influentials." This group includes some of the party's chief financial clients, including those organized by White in the 1964 campaign. It also includes most of the members of the Republican National Committee, who are, on the average, older and richer than the state chairmen and less subject to removal for failure to bring victory. But the great strength of the Republican Influentials comes from the Congress and the state legislatures, with Republican lawmakers from safe districts who return election after election, with enhanced seniority, regardless of who is elected President or governor. Despite the ravages of 1964, dozens of them remain. Men like James Utt of California, Les Arends of Illinois, and William Bates of Massachusetts in the House; Frank Carlson, Karl Mundt, and Wallace Bennett in the Senate.

The Influentials, too, are not altogether united in their ideology. But their relative political immunity inclines them to prefer the status quo to abrupt changes, and their longevity in office promotes a cozy relationship with the interest groups that surround state legislatures and Congress, just as it increases the value of their favors to the lobbyists. Finally, as creatures of the legislative branch, these men have a natural jealousy of the executive, which, together with the other factors already mentioned, generally pits them against the positive, pragmatic use of governmental authority to deal with public problems.

What this group prizes, and what it basically can offer its clientele, is influence, not respon-

sibility. The Republican Influentials would rather amend a bill — or block it — than pass it. If a governor or President from their party is elected, their joy, if any, will be muted by the realization that they may be forced, in the name of party unity, to support legislation they would prefer to oppose. Many of them in Congress were frankly miserable during the Eisenhower years, just as many Republicans in the state legislatures are unhappy under Republican governors now.

Even more fundamentally, many of the Republican Influentials have ceased to believe that their



party will ever be anything but the opposition during their lifetime. The will to win a party victory has been drained from them. Many of them gave up the struggle when their hero, Robert Taft, was denied the nomination in 1952. Goldwater may have given them a flicker of life, but his crushing defeat just strengthened their belief that the kind of Republican Party they feel comfortable with will never be the majority.

There are numerous Republican Influentials, but the archetype is Senator Dirksen. We will talk more about him in just a moment, but first some notice must be taken of a third group, whose members occupy an interesting sort of middle ground

between the Responsibles and the Influentials. I think here of the young activists in the House of Representatives, men like Gerald Ford of Michigan, Melvin Laird of Wisconsin, and Charles E. Goodell of New York.

These men, because they are young and ambitious, are spiritually kin to the governors and state chairmen who are dissatisfied with the status quo. Gerry Ford, like Charlie Halleck before him, hankers for a vice presidential nomination, and Laird would like to be Speaker of a Republican House.



But their freedom of action is limited by their congressional colleagues; they are subject to the pressures and temptations of the influence politics of Capitol Hill. When the young activists tried to put up a Republican plan for medical care for the aged, they were balked because many of their colleagues were under contrary instructions from the AMA. When they have tried to force a foreign policy issue with the Administration, the cosy relationship of Dirksen and some other Senate Republicans with Lyndon Johnson has interfered.

I hope I have cited enough examples to indicate my view that the split between the Republican Responsibles and the Republican Influentials is

not wholly one of governors versus Congress, or liberals versus conservatives. Mark Hatfield can be as responsible a Republican in the Senate, for which he is running now, as he has been as governor. Conversely, Ronald Reagan does not automatically become a Responsible by seeking the governorship. No one, I venture, can safely judge what the gentleman-actor will turn out to be politically. But as a general rule, I think, governors have to be more responsible and can exert greater benefit for their party than senators.

Thus, it was a matter of regret that good men like Thomas Kuchel of California and Clifford P. Case of New Jersey chose to stay in the relative comfort of a minority role in the Senate rather than run for the governorships in their home states. Similarly, it is unfortunate for the party, I think, that Charles Percy was maneuvered into running for the Senate, rather than waiting for another crack at the Illinois governorship. But there are exceptions to every rule: Mel Laird, a congressman and a conservative, is a Responsible in my book because he judges ideas by their potential for damaging the Democrats and boosting the Republicans, not by their popularity among the lobbyists. And on the other hand, Governor James A. Rhodes of Ohio, despite his great personal popularity, has not exerted himself significantly to build public support for the Republican Party in Ohio or the country.

TWO IN THE MIDDLE

Besides the House leaders there are two other prominent Republicans-in-the-middle: Richard M. Nixon and Ray C. Bliss, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Nixon is an equivocal figure, successful in every race he has made for legislative office, beaten both times that he ran for a post with executive responsibility. Because he still wants to be President, his political instincts tell him he must support the group trying to expand the party's base. But he has no base himself, except among his old friends in the status quo congressional ranks, for whom he can still perform some campaigning and fund-raising chores. The irony of Nixon's position is that if he runs again for the nomination, as he clearly would like to do, he will probably have the support of the very men who care least whether a Republican is elected President and be opposed by the governors, the mayors, and the intellectuals who really think the presidency can be won with the right candidate and policies, and can do the most to make that possible.

Bliss is in a somewhat different position. His entire commitment as a professional politician is to win the big one — the presidency. His instinct as well as purpose is to expand the base. But his

timidity — particularly his deference toward Dirksen as the leader of the congressional hierarchy — makes him draw back from the very fights that would point the party toward its presidential objective and away from the influence politics of the permanent Republican minority on Capitol Hill.

One reason for Bliss's caution is the relative weakness of the Republican Responsibles in the intraparty battles. There are seventeen Republican governors, most of them from small states. Of the handful of potentially powerful allies, Scranton is leaving office this year, Rockefeller is in a desperate fight for re-election, and Rhodes of Ohio is no friend of Bliss's.

Nor are the state chairmen any tower of strength to Bliss. An astonishing percentage have not yet been through their first election. They don't intimidate anyone.

By contrast, the Republican Influentials led by Dirksen are, though reduced in numbers, secure in their posts. Anyone who survived 1964 is likely to survive anything, and they have shown no disposition to yield command of party policy making. Moreover, they are in control of their own financial resources, a point of considerable significance. In April, 1964, the National Republican Senatorial Committee raised over \$400,000 at a single testimonial dinner for Dirksen. In February, 1965, they duplicated their success. The lobbyists who bought their \$500-a-plate tickets were buying access to the Influentials — and specifically to Dirksen, the most influential Republican of them all.

Now, influence politics is not restricted to the Republicans. It occurred on the Democratic side under Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson during the Eisenhower years, when Bobby Baker, among other duties, was a liaison man between the lobbyists and the National Democratic Senatorial Committee. The crucial difference is this: The Democrats have never fallen so far out of power that they have been tempted to abandon their pursuit of the presidency; but Republicans have been so divorced from the responsibility of executive power for such an extended period that many in their party have resigned themselves to the easy course of influence politics.

A NO-WIN POLICY?

Is this unduly harsh on Dirksen and his colleagues? I am certain many of my journalistic colleagues will think so, for in the bloodless conformity of Lyndon Johnson's Washington, Everett Dirksen shines forth as the most delightful, most quotable free spirit still functioning. He also happens to be about the hardest-working man on Capitol Hill and the most skilled legislator. On

occasions in recent years — as with the civil rights bills and the test-ban treaty — he has lent his great talents to projects of major national interest. But his tremendous influence, I am forced to say, is inimical to his party's welfare.

His motives in the test-ban and civil rights episodes, for example, may have been as pure as the day is long. But undeniably, when Dirksen shelves "influence politics" for one of his dramatic embraces of "responsibility," he deposits certain "money in the bank" at the White House, for the President must always be alert to opportunities for trading with the opposition. At least in part because of Dirksen's support for the Administration on major foreign policy and legislative issues, the White House has carefully pulled its punches in several other fights in which Dirksen has staked out forthright anti-Administration stands. Thus, for a man of Dirksen's abilities, does "responsibility" buy "influence."

Dirksen's overt interventions into Republican presidential politics have been misguided, from his finger-wagging admonition to nominate Robert Taft instead of Dwight Eisenhower in 1952 to his velvet-voiced pleading for Barry Goldwater at the convention of 1964.

A deliberate no-win policy? I do not know. But it is, I think, unarguable that Dirksen's political influence has risen steadily as the position of the Republican Party has declined. He leads thirty-one other Republican senators today, two fewer than the already depleted group he took command of in 1959; but he is more quoted by the press and more courted by the White House than ever he was when General Eisenhower was President. Is it his deepest desire to see another Republican in the presidency?

Dirksen's desires would be a mere matter of academic interest were it not for the fact that he is setting priorities for Republican policy making today. Who was it, if not Dirksen, who decided that the Senate Republicans would fight a knock-down battle against repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act. Not, you can be sure, Ray Bliss, who saw disaster overtake the Republican Party in Ohio in 1958 when pressure from business contributors forced GOP candidates for governor and senator to endorse a right-to-work referendum in the state. Not the governors of Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, the largest jurisdictions now under Republican administration.

The right-to-work issue is a perfect example of the basic opposition between the Republican Influentials and the Republican Responsibles. The whole question is more than a little phony. The demonstrable effect of union shop agreements in thirty-one states, or their ban in nineteen others, on the quality of labor relations in the states is

much less than the symbolic importance of right-to-work to certain labor and business executives.

The labor leaders, whose attitude toward the Democratic Party is nearly as selfish and short-sighted as some businessmen's attitude toward the Republicans, have pressured incessantly for the repeal of 14(b). But President Johnson put a low priority on the project, delayed it until the rest of his 1965 domestic program was passed, and then contrived to say the absolute minimum about the issue. Dirksen, on the other hand, made the retention of 14(b) almost his top objective and organized two filibusters on the subject. The reason, I suggest, is that Dirksen is playing influence politics, while Johnson now is playing the politics of party responsibility.

If the Republicans were to deal responsibly with labor policy, they would not have to drop their opposition to repeal of Section 14(b). But instead of giving top priority to a phony issue, they would concentrate instead on proposing answers to some labor problems that actually might win their party some votes. Why not a Republican Party plan for avoiding crippling strikes in public service industries, such as newspapers and transit systems? There are votes in that issue; in 14(b) the only rewards are cash from contributors and the continued enmity of organized labor.

THE SUBURBAN VOTER

The battle over apportionment shows even more clearly the undeclared civil war between the Republican Influentials and the Republican Responsibles. A political party simply cannot fight the population trends and hope to survive. Republicans have every reason to welcome the flight from farm and city to the suburbs; they should thrive in the suburbs if they can thrive anywhere. How they came to be opposed to judicial rulings recognizing the rights of the suburban voter is almost incomprehensible.

A bit of history is useful. On June 16, 1964, the day after the Supreme Court handed down its one-man, one-vote ruling, William E. Miller, then Republican national chairman and later vice presidential candidate, was asked to comment. Mr. Miller is, Lord knows, anything but an automatic defender of the Court and anything but a liberal. But his comment was: "This [decision] is in the national interest and in the Republican Party's interest."

Miller was talking on the basis of a carefully documented study by the national committee's research division on the political consequences of malapportionment. Andrew Hacker, the political scientist who has made the most painstaking study of the subject, later came to the same conclusion:

"Republicans would be well-advised to work for the equalization of districts; they can only profit by such a move." Both the Hacker study and that done by the Republican National Committee staff concentrated on congressional districts. But the same major point also applies to state legislative districts. The areas of most rapid recent growth, the areas most underrepresented in the legislatures, are the suburbs and smaller cities, where Republicans should be able to run their best races.

Just ten days after Miller had accurately stated the Republican Party position on one-man, one-vote, Dirksen and Representative Halleck, then the House Republican leader, issued a statement saying they would take the lead in an effort to overturn the Court decision. "We Republicans," it said, "believe the historic geographic-population-legislative balance which has protected minority rights and interests for 175 years, should be maintained."

That was the start of what has become the celebrated Dirksen amendment, the most publicized issue of the most publicized Republican of them all. Whatever the constitutional merits of the argument, the Dirksen amendment fight has become a classic battle of economic interests.

Until the 1964 decision, conservative business and farm groups could depend on the malapportioned legislatures — and particularly their state senates — for their leverage against the urban and suburban majorities. So long as they could elect (or successfully influence) even one third of the state senators, they could, under many state constitutions, exercise a veto power over inimical provisions of tax codes, cut the budgets of regulatory agencies, or block appointments of unfriendly administrators. It is this veto power, this tool of the Influentials, which they are striving to preserve through the Dirksen amendment.

The groups that are fighting the battle include employers who want to hold down unemployment compensation benefits; truckers who want lenient load limits; insurance companies and private utilities who think that the best regulation is the least regulation; farmers who want no minimum wage for agricultural workers; and every business with a stake in state taxation.

These groups have no special interest in the Republican Party or its future. They have done business with anyone from either party who would help block progressive legislation and strict regulation. But through Senator Dirksen, they have identified the Republican Party with their last-ditch fight against the effects of population change.

All this, ironically, has happened at a time when Bliss and the other Republican Responsibles are focusing their efforts on the metropolitan areas. Last June, at the first meeting of the Republican

National Committee after he became chairman, Bliss arranged for William O. Cowger, then mayor of Louisville, to speak. Cowger was blunt: "Today, over 70 percent of Americans live and work within the urban areas of our country. By 1980, according to the census bureau figures, we will be 90 percent urbanized. These are cold, hard facts that should be known to every Republican politician. Yet we find many who would fight against more legislative representation for the urban areas. They support plans that they feel will favor traditional rural Republican sections. Just how shortsighted can we really be?"

In November, 1965, just four months after his speech, Cowger proved again the validity of his argument. Barred from seeking another term, he managed the campaign that elected a Republican successor as mayor and re-elected Marlow Cook to the chief executive post in Jefferson County (Louisville and suburbs) by the biggest margin in history. The election was remarkable for many things, including a near-even split among Negroes, who had gone 97 percent Democratic a year before. But one of the major talking points for Kenneth A. Schmied, Cowger's Republican successor, was the fact that he was the man who filed the lawsuit that forced the reapportionment of the Kentucky legislature. As a result of that reapportionment, metropolitan Louisville went from fifteen seats to twenty-three seats in the state house and senate. Twenty of those seats were contested in 1965; Republicans won eighteen of them.

The Louisville-Jefferson County victory is one that Bliss has cited as a guidepost on the path to future Republican successes. But Cowger, despite dozens of speeches, letters, and private pleas, has not yet begun to budge the Republican Party from its disastrous marriage to the Dirksen amendment. It has been endorsed at least twice in official statements since the 1964 platform.

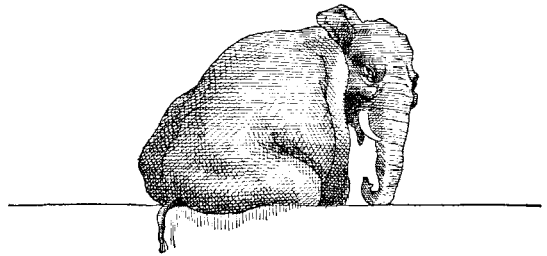
Will the Republicans ever learn? Will the Cowgers, the Blisses, the Romneys, the Evanses, and the Scrantons — who want to win and have proved they can win — will they have the courage and the backing required to assert their voice in Republican policy decisions? Will the men who can make Republicanism make sense in the biggest cities and biggest states start making it credible to the nation?

I do not know the answer, but I think I know where it will be found. Not among the Influentials in Congress, who define national Republican doctrine today in the conscious perpetuation of a party that has lost its significance to all but the handful of lobbyists and interest groups who find it useful for their purposes. That Republican Party is a party of perpetual opposition. It is an Avis which is not trying harder.

To find a Republican Party with signs of vitality, with hope of future success, you must leave Washington and go to the states and cities with Republican governors and mayors. There, Republican Responsibles are broadening public support for their party, not by old slogans, but by daily innovation in seeking solutions to the people's problems.

One sign of their success is their own remarkable political strength: with one or two exceptions, the incumbent Republican governors look almost unbeatable this year; several of them have only token opposition. A wise political party would recognize these men for what they are: the only base on which a new party, a Responsible party, can be built. But the Republicans have not yet done so.

To one observer who has been watching the internal Republican battle for five years now, the choice is clear: It is responsibility or sure extinction. I am rooting for the Responsibles, but I am not betting on them.



For nearly three years, Walter Pincus has been investigating for the Washington STAR the records and other more obscure facets of the way the two political parties raise and distribute campaign funds. He grew up in New York, attended Yale, has spent nine years in Washington as a reporter and Senate Foreign Affairs Committee investigator, and now is editor of "Potomac," the Washington Post's Sunday magazine.

The Fight Over Money

BY WALTER PINCUS

AS THE 1966 campaign year began, the Republican Party was divided financially as well as politically. For years, the fiscally minded GOP has sought to maintain an orderly system of unified fund raising. On the national level, a Republican National Finance Committee attempts to operate as the sole money-raising arm of the party. In turn, it distributes gathered funds to the party's three national political action groups—the Republican National Committee, the National Republican Congressional Committee (which supports House campaigns), and the National Republican Senatorial Committee (which provides money to Senate candidates).

In theory it is a good system. In practice, however, it has failed to work since 1961, when the Republicans gave up the White House and the finance committee could no longer successfully tap the broad financial constituency of the presidency. Since that time, each political action committee has been forced to develop its own financing from varying sources.

Complicating its necessity to raise funds are the myriad campaign-fund laws, state and federal, aimed at controlling abuses but filled with tempting loopholes. Almost all these statutes, particularly the federal ones, were passed in response to the public clamor which followed revelations of scandalous fund-raising practices. As desirable as they may be in principle, in practice these laws have little relevancy to today's fund-raising realities and result only in almost universal evasion and embarrassment on the part of the candidates.

Federal law, for example, limits a candidate for the House to spending \$5000, one seeking a Senate seat to \$25,000. Since costs of such races these days, though varying widely from state to state, average out to \$40,000 for the House and \$200,000 for the Senate, candidates are forced to establish several campaign committees and then swear to a statement in their own personal filing that they exercise no control over these other groups.

Similar types of laws apply to the Republican and Democratic parties, which, as national political committees, are limited each year to raising and spending only \$3 million. In a presidential year, when outlays directed from Washington can go as high as \$16 million—the 1964 Goldwater total—a fistful of separate committees must be formed on paper but are run as a single unit in violation of federal statute.

This multiplicity of committees supporting single candidates or parties serves to facilitate evasion of another statute, one which attempts to limit to \$5000 the amount any individual can contribute in a calendar year. By giving that amount to each of several committees—the professional big givers make it \$3000 and avoid filing a gift-tax report—an individual can easily contribute well above the statutory limit.

Business and labor officials who serve as professional campaign fund raisers have over a period of time developed a variety of ways to hide contributions which may be troublesome to recipients. The simplest technique is to give cash, always useful in campaigns and almost untraceable. For

the more cautious, there is the loophole in the federal statute that permits a fund-raising committee to operate in Washington, D.C., supplying money to a candidate in one of the fifty states without having to file a report of its activities.

GOLDWATER MONEY

The one triumph of the Republican Party in 1964 amid its catastrophic political defeat was its incredible success in raising money for the Goldwater campaign. Never, it has been said, have so many given so much for a candidate who garnered so few votes. All told, some 650,000 individuals contributed to Barry Goldwater, with an estimated 560,000 of them sending in contributions of \$100 or less. Direct-mail and television appeals, two techniques hitherto unused for mass fund raising in a campaign, were responsible for the outpouring of small donations that rose to a peak on election eve. In response to one half-hour appeal and several shorter appeals by John Wayne and Ronald Reagan, more than \$2 million was collected within five days before the election.

The Goldwater fund experience was rooted in the diverse paths taken by Republican money raisers from 1961 to 1964. Mass direct-mail appeals were developed by the national committee in 1962 after Representative William E. Miller became chairman. A friend suggested to William Warner, Miller's top assistant, that he try some letter solicitations for \$10 sustaining members, using lists patterned to GOP issues. In the midst of a sharp stock price drop — the so-called "Kennedy market" after the steel price rollback — Warner purchased two mailing lists (for \$2000 apiece) with 65,000 names from East Coast investment advisory firms and began what was to develop into the first successful campaign by a major party for small contributions.

The first years were slow, and mailings were costly. But clever purchasing of lists enabled the Republicans not only to keep solvent at the national committee but also to build up their own name file of sustaining members. Gradually, more and bigger lists were used. For \$10,000 they got the Hilton Hotels' Carte Blanche cardholders. The Diners' Club list was tested with good results (at a cost of \$4000), but when an official of the concern raised objections, it was withdrawn. American Express refused outright to sell its cardholder list to a political party.

In 1962, the national committee received some \$700,000 through the direct-mail program. In 1963, this rose to \$1.1 million, and by the time of the convention in mid-1964, \$1,029,000 had already come into the national committee from \$10 sustaining-fund appeals.

That the Goldwater campaign would build on this success was inevitable. Direct-mail fund raising came to the Draft Goldwater preconvention effort in the person of Frank Kovac, a dedicated professional fund raiser who left the Republican National Finance Committee to go with the Arizona senator. Kovac tailored the Goldwater mailing effort to specific groups — doctors, small businessmen, even ethnic groups — to whom the conservative Arizonan had a strong appeal. A single mailing to a list of American Medical Association members — obtained free from a drug company — drew several hundred thousand dollars.

The paradox of Goldwater was that he was as appealing to the big givers as to the small. During the Eisenhower Administration, the Republicans had developed a special category for \$1000 donors called Republican Associates. After the 1960 election — when membership stood at 1700 — the Associates began to drop off. Not even the "confidential letters" from party leaders such as Senator Everett Dirksen (analyzing Senate prospects), Chairman Miller (viewing the political horizons), or Senator Kenneth Keating (giving inside dope at the height of the Cuban missile crisis) could put life into the group. But a \$1000-a-plate congressional dinner honoring Goldwater in 1963 was a sellout, providing enough funds to run the Senate GOP campaign group through 1964 and still leave a sizable chunk for the House committee.

Thus the Goldwater preconvention effort picked up a second side to complement Kovac's active direct-mail operation. Spearheaded by two New Yorkers, Jeremiah Milbank, Jr., and William Middendorf II, who still serves as national committee treasurer, a nationwide solicitation of wealthy conservatives, primarily through telephone blitzes at key moments, brought in a major part of the \$5.5 million spent in winning the nomination.

It was by chance, during the opening days of the Republican convention, that the newest, and perhaps most important, Goldwater fund-raising technique was developed. Radio newscaster Fulton Lewis, Jr., broadcast an item to his listeners one evening that more funds were needed to assure adequate financing for the senator's nomination effort. The response to that radio story was enormous. One day after the nomination, a Goldwater finance aide sat in a Mark Hopkins Hotel suite in San Francisco and pointed out a drawer stuffed with hundreds of letters, each bearing a check or some bills. "And there are more like this flooding Washington," he said in pleased amazement.

During the fall campaign, some 15 million pieces of direct mail were sent out. One Washington mailer turned out 2 million letters six weeks running. The response in the end was a record-breaking 380,000 donations totaling \$5.8 million.

Every major Goldwater television program had tacked onto it a taped appeal for funds by actor Raymond Massey or Goldwater's national chairman, Dean Burch. These appeals began to bring in so much money that new committees had to be established to receive the funds so that the \$3 million limitation would not be exceeded. Within the Goldwater camp, competition developed over which committee the viewers would be asked to send their contributions to. The eleventh-hour Reagan appeal, which drew more than \$100,000 even after Goldwater had lost, directed funds into a California-based committee despite some objections from Washington Republicans.

FUND RAISING, 1965

By April, 1965, the Republican Party had resumed its pre-Goldwater financial posture. The old system of centralized fund raising was set aside, and each committee worked at raising its own funds.

The Senate committee, with one \$500-a-plate dinner honoring the increasingly influential Dirksen, drew 800 guests and cleared about \$380,000, enough to pay for the group's entire operation for the year. Success of the affair was attributed to the healthy solicitation effort directed at Washington lobbyists, trade representatives, and corporation officials who recognized the Minority Leader's strong influence over legislation. Cigarette, drug, trucking, banking, airline, and insurance were but a few of the industries whose officials paid honor to Dirksen. GOP luminaries and traditional party donors were in the minority.

The House committee by April already had begun an aggressive direct-mail effort with the help of William Warner, who three years earlier had initiated the national committee's program. In addition, the House committee also opened an ambitious drive for \$1000 Boosters, with the promise that all funds collected would be placed in a

separate fund for use by Republican candidates who challenged Democratic incumbents in fifty marginal districts. Though none of the members of the two GOP Hill committees enjoyed spending time at fund raising, their relative success gave them a sense of independence from party leaders "downtown."

This further undermined the two weakest spots in Republican financing, the national committee itself and its finance committee. With the resignation of former General Electric president Ralph J. Cordiner, who served as finance chairman during the Goldwater campaign, fund-raising activities all but ceased. Kovac had remained as director of the national committee's finances and was at work organizing lists from among the 650,000 Goldwater contributors. Of the nearly \$1 million surplus remaining from the campaign, the national committee controlled little more than \$300,000 in its own account.

This then was the financial picture when Ray Bliss became chairman of the national committee. A tough professional, Bliss believes in organization politics. In Ohio, he built his political base upon centralized fund raising, in which he not only coordinated and controlled all solicitations but also gov-

erned distribution of the proceeds. "His brick-by-brick rebuilding of the party," an aide says, "has got to be cemented together with money."

When he came to Washington, Bliss made it clear that money was among the first problems he would tackle. In June he selected General Lucius D. Clay to lead the fight to re-establish the traditional centralized GOP fund-raising pattern. Clay's first unification move was to take as his executive director C. Langhorne Washburn, a New Yorker who had run the congressional Booster program from its inception.

The last six months of 1965 saw the first begin-



nings of the Clay-Bliss financial effort. A hasty appeal to big donors, signed by Clay, drew some 200 checks of \$1000 or more, primarily from the Eastern establishment group that sat out the 1964 election. In October a nationwide series of \$100-a-plate dinners honoring General Eisenhower on his seventy-fifth birthday were held, but proved barely profitable for Clay's organization. The presidential name that in 1956 had drawn \$4 million in a similar affair — half of which went to the national committee — last year netted little more than \$200,000. By the year's end, it was the direct-mail effort with over \$1 million in \$10 donations that kept Bliss's committee solvent.

At an executive committee meeting of Clay's finance group last December in Washington's Mayflower Hotel, the three GOP political committee chairmen dutifully presented their 1966 budgets. In the Eisenhower years, this meeting of the party's top money men was significant. Last December, however, it lasted just a half day. Before it was over, there was both a victory and a defeat for the Clay-Bliss unified fund-raising approach. The congressional committee chairman, Representative Bob Wilson, agreed to merge the solicitation for \$1000 Booster members with the national committee's request for \$1000 Republican Associates. However, Senator Thruston Morton, chairman of the Senate committee, made it clear that despite Clay's appeal, his group was going ahead with plans for a February \$500-a-plate dinner, similar to last year's successful one.

The Senate committee even drew on the national committee's list of prospective donors; Clay was so angered that when he sent out his first 1966 letter to his list of 8700 potential \$1000 contributors, he took a swipe at the Senate group by apologizing for the fact that contributors were being bothered by more than one request to give to the party.

Bliss and Clay control both the national committee and the finance committee. The finance committee, however, is expected to have its hands full just raising enough money to pay the costs of the expanded activities planned by Bliss for the national committee in 1966. A preliminary goal of \$3.8 million has been set to cover expenses for new advertising, research, and minorities programs, but to achieve such a goal is difficult. One GOP aide said recently, "The only story [Bliss] has to raise money is that it will support [Republican] House and Senate races, and the Hill committees will already be tapping those givers themselves."

COMPETITION FROM CONGRESS

The House committee this year is sending appeals to a list of 300,000 who contributed to the 1964 Goldwater campaign but who refused to give last

year to the Republican National Committee. Since the House group has a more conservative reputation and can point to specific legislative issues that appeal to such givers, its officials believe this solicitation will bring a good return. In addition, renewals from last year's donors combined with receipts from assorted interest groups — such as almost \$10,000 in checks from trucking firm owners around the country, and bulk contributions from the American Medical Association's political arm, AMPAC — make it almost certain that the \$1.8 million operating budget will be covered without assistance from Clay's fund-raising group.

With that amount, the House group can offer \$2000 to each GOP incumbent to cover public relations expenses — printing or radio and television tape costs — and another \$1500 or more for organizational funds to be used back home. In addition, the committee employs speech and press-release writers along with campaign fieldworkers. The fieldworkers double as campaign advisers to candidates and reporters to Washington on the needs and prospects within individual states.

Though Clay's group has assumed responsibility for Booster fund raising, distribution of those funds, which already total \$600,000 and are expected to top at least \$1 million during this year, remains within the organization. No other single reservoir of funds carries the political potential of the Booster money. Allegiances can be obtained and cemented with such funds, as GOP leaders, including Bliss, well realize. The promise of \$10,000 or more for a campaign fund can be decisive in persuading someone to run against a Democratic incumbent. And for the Republican who made such funds available, there is the later repayment in political support if the recipient turns out to be a winner.

Chairman Wilson, Minority Leader Gerald Ford, and Representative Melvin Laird, all of whom have worked hard promoting the Boosters in more than sixty meetings around the country, stand to gain the most from the Booster operation. Even if not one Booster candidate wins, these three will have made invaluable national contacts which will obviously be useful in the future.

Through a newly organized research committee, House Republicans again are putting together an ad book, called a "Congressional Almanac." Imitating the Democrats for the second year in a row, the House GOP leaders hope to clear enough corporate money to support expanded operations of their research division, which assists GOP members during the congressional session. The choice between attacking the ethics of the 1965 Democratic book — a highly questionable procedure — or producing one of their own was decided on the ground that the money was more useful than making an issue of the book.

The GOP Senate committee operates in a somewhat different fashion from that of the House, reflecting the informality of its chairman, Senator Morton, and its director, Vic Johnson, the sage old Bob Taft hand. They concentrate on providing money to candidates. Each Republican Senate candidate receives \$5000. In addition, incumbents up for re-election get an air charge card, and depending on how much money is available, the committee pays for production of radio and television tapes. Operating expenses for this year, pegged at \$482,000, will almost all come from the \$500-a-plate dinner.

The committee has also become a favorite with interest groups who want to channel funds into specific Senate races without causing embarrassment for the recipients. For example, in 1964, checks from several top Proctor & Gamble executives — adding up to \$1000 — arrived at committee headquarters earmarked for Robert Taft, Jr.'s Ohio campaign. The committee deposited the checks and sent one of its own on to Taft to be reported as a contribution from Washington rather than from the P & G officials. Later in 1964, another group of P & G checks arrived — totaling \$500, with each individual check just half the amount of the first batch — for distribution in the same manner.

Senate Committee Director Johnson and his House counterpart, Jack Mills, both serve another important influential function that goes beyond the money they handle directly. Often during a campaign year they are consulted by prospective donors seeking candidates who most need money. Years ago, "before income taxes took it all," the white-haired Johnson reminisced recently, he would spend a day or two with some of the country's wealthiest men, going down lists of Republican candidates and making suggestions about where \$50,000 or more in contributions should be spread.

Though Goldwater himself no longer appears as a major national political force, his name still means money for those associated with him in the conservative wing of the party. For example, former Goldwater fund raiser Frank Kovac worked in the New York City mayoralty race last year and gathered more than \$250,000 for William F. Buckley, using Goldwater contributors across the nation.

The Citizens for Goldwater group in Washington, with some \$200,000 still remaining from 1964, has promised to distribute funds to conservative candidates this fall. Last year, \$5000 was sent to South Carolina's Democrat-turned-Republican Albert Watson, and another \$5000 went to Senator Tower. The group's determination to support its own was illustrated by the \$10,000 sent to former

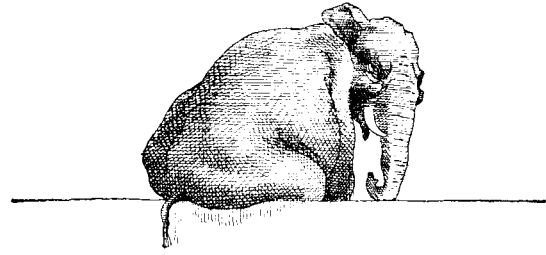
Citizens aide Thomas Van Sickle to support his successful race for Young Republican president last year.

Most of the California Goldwater surplus money has been used up in a so far unsuccessful effort to produce a conservative documentary film for nationwide telecasting that would satisfy Republican leaders. Almost \$100,000, however, went not for production costs, but rather in monthly fees to PR Counsellors, Incorporated, a Los Angeles firm headed by Robert Raisveck, the man who produced the Reagan film which raised most of the money in the first place. No better reasons could be found for eliminating the artificial legal limitations on national committee fund raising than the manner in which the Goldwater surplus funds have been arbitrarily used by these unofficial party committees.

The flow of small contributors apparently no longer is just a conservative GOP phenomenon. John Lindsay, with a limited mailing program, drew some 9000 contributors to his costly \$2.5 million mayoralty campaign. He also was successful tapping significant big contributors for the bulk of his funds. A personal letter from Lindsay's clever campaign director, now deputy mayor, Robert Price, to the top members of the 1964 Republicans for Johnson committees drew a strong response and \$1000 or more from such lost Republicans as Henry Ford II.

Rather than unity, however, campaign funding may actually cause serious new splits in 1966. Already Clay has privately hinted he may resign if the Capitol Hill committees persist in their individual fund-raising programs. And though the Booster solicitation has gone to Clay, the prospect remains that friction could develop if Bliss attempts to influence distribution of the accumulated funds.

A congressional year, one GOP aide summed up recently, is no time to expect a rebuilding of centralized party fund raising. "What's your bait?" he asked. "Slogans like Republicanism and the free enterprise system aren't going to elect men as different as Curtis of Nebraska and Hatfield of Oregon. Our best bet is Dirksen and 14(b). That's the fat cat's issue. We'll get our money for an issue and a candidate — not for some cause." Now that 14(b), the fight to preserve state right-to-work laws, has been won, Hill Republicans have turned to legislation delaying the impact of the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote reapportionment decision as their bait for campaign funds. Reapportionment is a strong issue, not with the wealthy few who give \$3000 or more, but with the thousands of small businessmen and manufacturers who can afford \$1000 to keep things as they are.



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The Unhappy Warriors

BY TOM WICKER

THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON, fifty-three, has never really stopped running. It seems he is always with us — with the powder on the five o'clock shadow, the folksy stories, the faint ring of calculation in his words, the halo about his head.

We know him so well, after all these years, all those dramas — the Checkers speech, the vituperous campaign of '52, the "dump Nixon" farce staged by Harold Stassen in '56, the First Debate in '60, the bruising loss to Pat Brown in '62, the frantic "stop Goldwater" efforts of '64. He seems almost like a figure from another time, "finished" more often than any other man in American politics, often derided, frequently hated.

Yet the incredible fact is that this stubborn, yearning man, plunging on in the loneliness of the long-distance runner, somehow is out there in front of the pack again. Two years ahead of the event, he is the most likely Republican presidential nominee for 1968.

His assets are considerable. He is the only large figure in the party who is at least acceptable to the Goldwater conservatives and who could still be swallowed — though with some difficulty — by the moderates and liberals. The Republicans could offer no other candidate, save the hapless Rockefeller, with so much experience in government, in international affairs, and in national politics.

Moreover, the indefatigable Nixon has been putting other Republicans, of all persuasions, in

his debt for years now by traveling to their states, speaking at their rallies, helping to raise funds for their campaigns. The remains of the old Nixon party that he controlled so firmly in 1960 are still to be found here and there in the county and city organizations.

With the exception of Goldwater and Rockefeller, Nixon is the best-known active Republican in the country; he needs no "buildup," no exposure. He can simply keep right on running as he has been doing for years, stepping up the pace to campaign levels when the time comes. But that is also his liability. Few politicians have so many enemies so ready to rise in wrath at their mere appearance; the late Sam Rayburn is said to have approved Lyndon Johnson as the vice presidential nominee in 1960 only after he was convinced that with LBJ on the ticket John Kennedy could defeat "the man who called me a traitor."

The Nixon image, it is true, changes with the wind; but however it blows, the man within keeps signaling that he is always there. He did not, for instance, *have* to advocate the firing of an admitted Marxist from the Rutgers University faculty when he campaigned for Wayne Dumont, Jr., in New Jersey in 1965 — but he did, and every old Nixon hater instantly heard echoes of his campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California in 1950.

At sniffing the wind, Nixon has no peer; he attacked inflationary possibilities in the Johnson Administration's economic program before almost anyone else did. He has long advocated more

serious bombardment in Vietnam and now is in good position to deplore the long casualty lists that will result from bloody jungle warfare against the Viet Cong. On the other hand, a peace movement would work against him.

Nixon's biggest weakness over the years has been a tendency to play too obviously upon the hopes, fears, and prejudices of the voters, and to shift his ground too rapidly and clumsily; that is why the Tricky Dick label has stuck to him for more than a decade of hard running. Now he has to stay acceptable to the Goldwaterites without too sharply arousing old antagonisms among liberals and moderates, and whether he can do that without convincing both sides that he is just a con man is probably the biggest obstacle between him and another nomination.

THE OLD IMPRESARIO

Everett McKinley Dirksen, seventy, of Illinois is the Republican Party's showiest old impresario, its most unclassifiable man, and one of its rare characters of charm and originality. With his thinning, tousled gray hair, his soothing basso profundo, and his wit and frequent impiety, he is almost a caricature of the windy politician — and intends to be. "The oil can," he likes to say, "is mightier than the sword." And so it frequently is, in his hands.

There is nothing empty about oily Ol' Ev except some of his oratory. Shrewd, experienced, worldly where lesser men are merely cynical, he could well echo Uncle Joe Cannon: "I have seen it all before. Rain don't always follow the thunder."

It is hard to place Dirksen in the Republican scheme of things. He is too politically sensitive to buck Presidents too loudly or too often. One day he seems arch-conservative; the next he is leading Senate Republicans in support of a civil rights bill or the nuclear-test-ban treaty. Indeed, in his centuries as a Republican, he has been on all sides of the fence; an informal check is said to have disclosed that in sixteen years in the House he had changed his position on foreign policy sixty-two times, on military policy thirty-one times, and on farm programs seventy times. The figures may be apocryphal, but the inference is accurate.

Only two things are really sure about Dirksen. He is a power in his party because of his power in the Senate and his influence outside it. And he can smell a likely winner or a surging issue from afar; when he agreed to put Goldwater's name in nomination in 1964, every political observer in the country knew the game was over.

For the Republicans, he is both an asset and a liability — asset because of his shrewd leadership on such issues as civil rights; liability because,

prominent as he is on the front pages, he projects a Republicanism of old men, outdated ideas, and perpetual negatives. He is by no means always outdated or negative, but the memory of his denunciation of Tom Dewey at the 1952 convention is enduring. A caricature of "the politician" he may be; but he also is a caricature of "a Republican," and while that suits his own devious purposes, it does not always suit his party's.

GLADIATOR OF THE EAST



John Vliet Lindsay, forty-four, is handsome, personable, a member of a "new generation of Americans," with an Ivy League education and an appearance that does not obliterate the common touch. But his campaign for mayor of New York was more dogged and plugging than inspired.

Nevertheless, Lindsay *was* elected, and victory is everything in American politics. He *has* shown political imagination — in the very fact, for instance, that he recognized the mayoralty as an opportunity and leaped for it; and in such inspirations as his return to Harlem the day after his election to demonstrate that his interest in that area and its people was enduring.

Lindsay has glamour too, and as the object of primary attention in the center of the publishing and television industries, he is guaranteed fantastic "exposure" in the months to come. He may also have more than a little bit of luck, which is indispensable in politics. It is hard to see, for instance, how his handling of the great transit strike was particularly deft or praiseworthy. Yet in the strike as seldom in his campaign he captured the imagination of the great city as he struggled against the odds and the mess he had inherited.

A crisis to wrestle with, after all, is always profitable political drama, so long as the hero is not ignominiously pinned to the mat. And because of the crisis of the cities, Lindsay does have opportunity, if he can capitalize upon it.

Anyone who can make headway against the enormous problems engulfing American cities is bound to look like a politician with some of the most necessary answers to the challenges of the time. Moreover, the problem of the cities is in many ways a Negro problem — to provide Negroes with jobs, education, a decent life, and some form of integration into urban society — and Lindsay demonstrated in his campaign the ability to win Negro support. There could be no greater asset in Re-

publican national politics at the moment than a record of cutting into Democratic majorities among the minority groups.

Thus Lindsay might well find himself injected into national politics in 1968, most likely as a vice presidential nominee. A Romney-Lindsay ticket would have its attractions, for instance, linking two major states and two dynamic and relatively fresh candidates. Since both men have been somewhat critical of the Vietnamese war, this might conceivably develop into a sort of Republican "peace ticket."

For Lindsay, 1968 is probably too early, however, except for the national exposure and experience he would gain. Most politicians think his best course is to be an excellent mayor, which is more easily said than done, and to wait for 1972. One flaw in that reasoning is that it might easily be the problems of the city that overwhelm Lindsay, rather than he them; and another is that the unaccountable pressures of political life might thrust him straight into a race against Robert F. Kennedy for the Senate in 1970. Who needs that?



ALL-AMERICAN BOY

George Wilken Romney, fifty-eight, is what Richard Nixon has tried so unsuccessfully to be, the all-American boy. Handsome, vigorous, at once clean-cut and roughhewn, Romney made good in business, piled up a fortune, married a beautiful woman, reared an attractive family, and at the peak of what most men would have called success, turned to politics and was elected governor of Michigan.

The robust Romney has proved a dynamo on the speaker's platform and at the factory gates; he brings to politics a sort of pounding evangelism that can make a simple homily on the duties of a citizen sound like a call to arms, and the appearance of that bluff honesty that makes Americans think he is what they so strangely want a politician to be — "above politics."

Romney has had a good if not spectacular reign at Lansing, but in the Republican Party at large he is widely regarded, in the worst sense, as "another Eisenhower" — disdainful of "party politics," basically an independent, suspiciously eager to talk about "citizen participation" and "nonpartisan approaches." This view of him was substantiated when he repudiated Goldwater in 1964 and ran on his own; in fact, in both Romney campaigns,

the casual voter would not have learned from his speeches and literature that he was a Republican at all.

Goldwaterites probably never will forgive him for turning his back on their hero in 1964; his Mormon religion is not universally popular, and his church's conservative stand on the racial issue will be used against him; and he displayed both indecisiveness and ineptitude in his own last-minute "stop Goldwater" efforts.

Romney can be strangely fuzzy, despite his forthright manner. At a disastrous news conference at the Governors' Conference in Minneapolis last year, where the national political press was eagerly sizing him up, Romney (a) charged that the United States was losing to Communism all over the world, but was unable to say, or make anyone understand, why he thought so and what ought to be done about it, and (b) made a statement on legislative reapportionment that was so opaque as to leave everyone in doubt of everything but the fact that he had ducked the issue.

Romney has taken an advanced position on civil rights, and scored in his best, impassioned style when he addressed the Republican convention of 1964 on that subject. Otherwise, what is known of his views on national and international affairs makes him look much like what he is — a Big Businessman without much experience outside the executive suite.

Nevertheless, an impressive re-election victory next fall in the major state of Michigan will reinforce his vote-getting record, capture a lot of headlines, and give Romney a logical reason to seek the presidential nomination. He does not have the aura of the loser and the demagogue, which clings to Nixon; but the big question is whether he has the political knowledge, instinct, and nerve to translate his assets into a winning, nationwide delegate drive.



THE HAMLET OF HARRISBURG

William Warren Scranton, forty-eight, is the enigma of the Republican Party, the Hamlet of Harrisburg and all that, a man who appears to have more presidential qualities and less will to exploit them than any of his potential rivals.

Scranton had a brilliant political career until 1964. Lean, young, attractive, without a trace of political bombast, he won a term in Congress by winning in a Pennsylvania district in 1960 at the

same time that John Kennedy was carrying it in the presidential election. In 1962, he ran a hard-hitting and well-managed campaign to defeat the favored mayor of Philadelphia, Richardson Dilworth, for one of the most important governorships in the country.

He looked like a natural, at that point, either for President or Vice President, and he was rumored to be "Eisenhower's boy." But throughout 1964, like other moderates, he waited for Goldwater to collapse, or for Eisenhower to intervene, or for something, anything, to happen. When nothing did, Scranton leaped into the race too late, with too little chance, and not only lost but looked ludicrous doing it.

Later, he manfully campaigned for the Goldwater-Miller ticket, true to a Republican tradition that runs as deep in him and his family as their bloodlines. His late entry, his fumbling campaign, and his ultimate support for Goldwater, however, made him look like anything but the man of resolution, judgment, and skill people want in the White House.

At the Governors' Conference last year, Scranton seized upon Governor Rockefeller's announcement that he was withdrawing from presidential contention to say laconically that he wasn't much interested either. Later in the year, he called reporters to Harrisburg to announce that he was going to take an active role in Republican politics outside the state, but nothing much has happened.

Inevitably, the impression has grown that Scranton doesn't want to be President, can't make up his mind to risk a try for it, or both. Nevertheless, he has been an effective governor in a big, complex state, a governor with enough courage, for instance, to propose and push through a 5 percent sales tax. His speech in Baltimore announcing his presidential candidacy in 1964 was as incisive and hard-hitting as any made in the campaign.

Scranton has some knowledge of foreign affairs from a hitch in Eisenhower's State Department, has as much executive experience as any other Republican, and is conceded to be one of the most able men in his party. Against Dilworth — not Goldwater — he looked like a tough campaigner in the forthright, no-nonsense manner of John Kennedy. He does suffer from a somewhat insipid television personality.

Thus, there are still those who count Bill Scranton the best hope of the Republican Party. His biggest handicap is that when he leaves the governorship at the end of this year, he will have no visible political base except whatever control he is able to retain over the Pennsylvania Republican Party. What exasperates most Republicans is their persistent hunch that the patrician Scranton simply does not want to fight for the nomination.

POSITIVE THINKER

Gerald Rudolph Ford, fifty-two, is most of the things Ev Dirksen is not. He is bluff, hearty, straightforward, a former football star who never really got over it, rather consistently conservative, almost never to be found in quixotic battles, no great shakes as an orator, and about as colorful as his hometown of Grand Rapids.

Ford's leadership career has been mixed; first, he helped Charlie Halleck throw out Joe Martin; then he helped throw out Charlie Halleck and became House Minority Leader himself. The suspicion lingers in Washington, however, that the éminence grise at his elbow is Representative Melvin Laird of Wisconsin, the deceptively bland architect of the 1964 Republican platform. Nevertheless, Ford has the title and the public position.

In his first year as leader, Ford, with Laird's help, laid down what he called the "constructive Republican alternatives policy" (which alphabet-minded Democrats quickly shortened to CRAP). The idea was to put forward Republican alternatives to President Johnson's war on poverty, the school bill, and so forth, but the troubles became legion: the alternatives were not always constructive, too many Republicans deserted to the Democrats, and Ford's troops were outnumbered anyway.

On the vital subject of the Vietnamese war, the Ford-Laird leadership has undergone a metamorphosis. Last year, they consistently took the line that Johnson should press a harder military policy but with air power rather than man power; they also harped on the idea of a naval blockade of North Vietnam. Now they are drawing back from urging any Republican policy, while still demanding either military or diplomatic "success." Their current belief is that Johnson is stumbling into deep political trouble by pursuing a limited war, and they want to be in a position to exploit it without being frozen into a single policy.

Moreover, Ford and Laird were among the first to seize on the "guns or butter" question, opting for guns, and they now are in a solid position to oppose Mr. Johnson's request for the restoration of some excise taxes and press for a cutback in domestic programs instead, and to exploit any tendency toward inflation in the economy.

Ford has shown an intelligent awareness of some of his leadership problems. He is twisting and turning to find means — such as the Republican reply to the State of the Union message — to thrust Republican views through the President's domination of the headlines and into the public eye. He is pushing hard for more and better Republican staff work in the important committees, and he has brought in some able assistants — Dr. William

Prendergast, for instance, as the House Republicans' research director. Above all, he realizes that his forces cannot be merely negative and sterile.

PARTY PRO

Ray Charles Bliss, fifty-eight, the Republican national chairman, may be in the peculiar position of having less disposable power than he did when he was the respected party chairman in the strong Republican state of Ohio. The national committee is torn between factions and leaders, but Bliss is not helpless. A chain-smoking Midwestern businessman who thinks solely in terms of political professionalism, he works diligently to stay out of the headlines and makes a good show of having no ideology and no interest whatever in issues. Privately, he probably leans to the conservative view, but he is too old a hand to see victory — the aim of every good professional — anywhere in Goldwater country.

On the contrary, the hardworking Bliss, an inarticulate but perceptive man, is the party's foremost evangel of the Big City Strategy — the notion that Republican hopes must be pinned on winning not all but enough of the urban vote, along with the usual "downstate" Republican harvest, to swing the big industrial states out of the Democratic Party. Lindsay's performance in New York shows that it can be done; and in Pennsylvania, for instance, a Republican like Senator Hugh Scott can win only by taking a big share, about 40 percent, of the Philadelphia vote.

To that end, the Bliss formula is organize, organize, and then organize some more. To do so takes money, a matter not lost upon the national chairman; one of his triumphs has been the recruitment of General Lucius D. Clay to take charge of Republican fund raising.

Besides organizing the cities and raising money, Bliss has fought without much success against the proliferation of the para-Republican groups — the Free Society Association on the right, for instance, or Republicans for Progress on the left — that are the inevitable result of bitter Republican factionalism. He is trying to provide better research and public relations services for candidates and local parties, and he hopes to influence the choice of attractive young candidates, rather than the staid old businessmen, corporation lawyers, and party functionaries for whom the Republicans all too often have asked people to vote.

In one of his rare ventures into the press, Bliss leaked word last year that he was the key man in Lindsay's decision to run in New York; Lindsay, desperately shying from the Republican label in that Democratic city, deprecated the notion. Bliss,

nonetheless, was one of the first to send him ecstatic congratulations on his victory.

No national chairman of either party has much influence on the choice of a nominee. Bliss *can* provide, and has made a start toward, a more efficient, soundly oriented party structure. Bridging the ideological gap probably is beyond his reach.



POLAR ELEPHANTS



The Republican Party, burdened with heroes from Abraham Lincoln to George Humphrey, with such flaming ideas as balancing the budget and such myths as rugged individualism and free enterprise, scarcely needs more shades to haunt it. Nevertheless, that is precisely what it has in Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller.

It does not really matter much that neither, as living, breathing, able-bodied males, each fifty-seven years old, any longer has much chance at the presidency or exerts any decisive leadership in the party. It matters even less that Goldwater is not nearly so Far Right as many of his fervid followers, or as, say, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina; or that Rockefeller is not so "liberal" as Senator Jacob K. Javits and many others.

What does matter is that after 1964 the mere name Goldwater makes liberals shudder. It also stirs up the most dreadful of Republican memories, the Landslide, the worst defeat ever absorbed by a presidential candidate and a major party. One of the most inept campaigners since Primo Carnera, with a draw about equal to the old St. Louis Browns', the real Barry shattered his own party.

The name Rockefeller awakens its own awful throbbings in other Republican breasts. Wasn't it Rockefeller whose slanderous primary campaigns greased the way for Barry's defeat in 1964? The real Rocky lost the presidential nomination twice, and is still the heavy in a divorce and remarriage, reckoned as worse political liabilities than close friendship with Mao Tse-tung.

Nevertheless, the polar extremes of the Republican Party today, the symbolic figures on its right and left, the myths on the opposite banks of the continuing gap in the middle of the party are the legends of Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. It is between the ideas they have come to represent that the party's other leaders must operate and mediate, and while those ideas persist — never mind what happens to the flesh — the Republican split remains a dramatic fact.

TALKING MYSELF TO SLEEP AT ONE MORE HILTON

by John Ciardi

I have a country but no town.
Home ran away from me. My trees
ripped up their white roots and lay down.
Bulldozers cut my lawn. All these
are data toward some sentiment
like money: God knows where it went.

There was a house as sure as time,
sure as my father's name and grave,
sure as trees for me to climb,
sure as behave and misbehave,
sure as lamb stew, sure as sin,
as warts, as games, as a scraped shin.

There was a house, a chicken run,
a garden, guilt, a rocking chair.
I had six dogs and every one
was killed in traffic. I knew where
their graves were once. Now I'm not sure.
Roses used them for manure.

There was a house early and late.
One day there came an overpass.
It snatched the stew right off my plate.
It snatched the plate. A whiff of gas
blew up the house like a freak wind.
I wonder if I really mind.

My father died. My father's house
fell out of any real estate.
My dogs lie buried where time was
when time still flowed, where now a slate
stiff river flows, called Exit Nine.
Why should I mind? It isn't mine.

I have the way I think I live.
The doors of my expense account
open like arms when I arrive.
There is no cloud I cannot mount
and sip good bourbon as I ride.
My father's house is Hilton-wide.

What are old dog bones? Were my trees
still standing, would I really care?
What's the right name for this disease
of wishing they might still be there
if I went back, though I will not
and never meant to? — Smash the pot,

knock in the windows, blow the doors.
I am not and mean not to be
what I was once. I have two shores
five hours apart, soon to be three.
And home is anywhere between.
Sure as the airport limousine,

sure as credit, sure as a drink,
as the best steak you ever had,
as thinking — when there's time to think —
it's good enough. At least not bad.
Better than dog bones and lamb stew.
It does. Or it will have to do.



ERICH LEINSDORF

Sound Versus Fury

The Boston Symphony's conductor, long a conductor of opera at the New York Mel, talks in this second of two articles about opera's built-in conflicts — between singing and acting, between egos and talents — and the fascinating problems these create for performers, conductors, directors, and opera-goers.

IN OPERA performance the worlds of theater and music meet, and our constant fascination with opera may be due to the tension between these two worlds, which in my opinion are irreconcilable. Where vocal opulence and the overpowering passion of great singing dominate, dramatic action usually takes second place, and where drama is stressed, singing ranks second. Rarely are the dramatic and musical elements in balance.

What are the differences between a totally successful symphony and a perfect opera? A symphony is composed throughout on one level of intensity; an opera has high points or "set pieces" which often determine the success or failure of the work. A set piece is an aria, a duet, ensemble, chorus, or any other combination of voices and instruments which in classical scores has a well-defined beginning and ending. These highlights are used for dramatic climaxes: a declaration of love in "*Celeste Aïda*"; a conflict between two clashing protagonists in the *Forza* duet; a moment of repose before further strife, as in the sextet in *Lucia*.

Wagner used not only arias and duets (which in opera correspond to the soliloquy and the dialogue in theater), but ensembles. We find them in the early scores, like *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and as late as *Meistersinger* in the famous finale of Act I and the quintet of Act III. Even in *Götterdäm-*

merung, Act II, there is a chorus scene and a fine trio. In a successful operatic work highlights are indispensable; and I believe that one reason for the lack of popularity of *Rheingold* and *Falstaff*, in spite of their remarkable scores, is the absence of set pieces.

The passages between the set pieces are used as musical fill-in for the action between climaxes. This connective material can be in the form of spoken dialogue or recitative. Spoken dialogue is used in many German operas — *Seraglio*, *The Magic Flute*, *Fidelio*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, the works of Lortzing — and in some French operas, intended for the Opéra-Comique. The Italians always use recitative.

Mozart used secco recitative in his three Italian operas, *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan Tutte*. This proved to be the very finest musical solution, and neither Verdi, Wagner, nor Puccini ever equaled it. In operas where the orchestra plays constantly, there is no way of concealing the thinness of the musical fabric in those scenes which advance the action between inspired music pieces.

How great a solution the secco recitative was has been confirmed by Stravinsky, who adopted it for *The Rake's Progress*. The music of the secco recitative may be insignificant in itself, yet it is sufficient in pitch and organization so that the spectator is

not forced to switch his entire receptivity. There is no feeling that the music has stopped. It prattles on attractively with rapidly sung text and some supporting chords from a clavier, allowing, as we see in Mozart, for the greatest variety — sometimes intermixed with accompanying recitative, sometimes ending in a cadence, and sometimes leading into the next number without any break. The secco recitative permits the words to be as clearly understood as if they were spoken, and yet avoids spoken dialogue, which has proved unsatisfactory to the performer as well as from the standpoint of the opera's unity.

Singers hate spoken dialogue. Projection of the singing voice differs greatly from that of the speaking voice. When singers speak onstage for any length of time, they usually get hoarse and are unable to sing. This may partly explain why the Italians never tolerated dialogue in their operas. But beyond the discomfort of the performer, there are aesthetic reasons that show dialogue to be the least satisfactory way of propelling the action. The constant stopping and starting of the music makes it impossible for an act to build steadily toward a climax. It is like a flight punctuated by several intermediate stops. "The performance never got off the ground" is a phrase which often applies when, after three or four minutes of aria or duet, the music stops and singers switch from singing to speaking. The orchestra is silent, while the audience must shift its receptive antennae; even a theater's acoustics rarely favor both music and speech, since their requirements are exactly opposite.

I believe that the use of spoken dialogue is one of the reasons why *Seraglio* and *The Magic Flute* are not as popular as *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*; that it has affected *Fidelio*; and that it explains why the original *Carmen* was not as great a success as the later version with recitative.

Blame and curses galore have been heaped on Guiraud, who composed the *Carmen* recitatives after Bizet's death, yet the opera in its original run in Paris was not successful. It had forty-eight performances but did not fill the house; after four or five performances, it was almost taken off. All this changed in Vienna in 1875, when the work attained an absolute triumph. The change is attributed to various disconnected events, such as the composer's death after a scandal, but never to the basic artistic reason that a work of such passionate intensity may have been hampered by spoken dialogue in the original. For decades now *Carmen* has enthralled audiences young and old, naïve and sophisticated; by 1940 it had been given 2200 times in Paris, 500 times in Brussels, translated into Japanese, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Flemish, Croatian, Bulgarian, and several more languages. By now the work has

been loved and admired for a long time, and perhaps we should try the original version again, although the dialogue form was restored in two German cities in 1928 and 1938, in Vienna in 1937, and shelved later in favor of the version with recitative.

OPERA-SINGING is probably the most hazardous of all careers; those who choose it must alternate between hours of strenuous, exacting, spotlighted work and periods of complete rest. Only the exceptional, sturdy, careful, and healthy types last.

Most tenors are short. Most dramatic sopranos are tall and full. To match a couple passionately in love — Radames and Aïda, Riccardo and Amelia, Tosca and Cavaradossi, Siegfried and Brünnhilde, Walther and Eva — with such diverse physiques will defy the efforts of a De Sica or a Tyrone Guthrie. Germany has always been production-minded, while Italy and America have stressed musical values first. The works of Verdi and Wagner need grand and beautiful dramatic voices, and thus they are being cast in America and Italy. But the present lord of Bayreuth, Wieland Wagner, the composer's grandson, has placed his lot with the dramatic side, and so casts his German productions with fine actors and stresses their physical appearance.

Of course, it can be disastrous to cast solely for vocal standards, as seems to have been the case with the first performance of *Traviata* in Venice on March 6, 1853. Verdi's laconic report of that failure of his work is celebrated: "*La Traviata* last night a fiasco. Is it my fault or the singers'? Time will show." What happened was that the prima donna was so rotund and bovine that no audience could possibly imagine her as La Dame aux Camélias.

Since I was a teen-ager I have known singers of all varieties, calibers, and backgrounds, and I am still intrigued by their problems. Their unique position in the musical profession stems from physical endowments: a larynx and vocal chords capable of performing in extreme ranges. When it so happens that this physical capability is found in a person who also possesses musical and dramatic talents, we get such great singing actors and actresses as Ezio Pinza, Lotte Lehmann, Maria Jeritza, and Erik Schmedes. But these are rare. While the ballet dancer can be trained from earliest childhood, thus spreading professional preparation over many years and allowing enough time for simultaneous general learning, the singer cannot even begin to train professionally until physically adult and past vocal mutation.

The selection of singers is ultimately determined so much by the presence of sheer vocal magnetism, quite independent of other artistic faculties, that the

teaching of singing has been and still is a puzzle. It has been my experience that nobody can predict how well a voice coach will do with a pupil. Singers keep going to coaches for their entire careers, since it is impossible to control the correct emission of one's own voice. Yet singing is the only performing art where untutored, uncultured, and even unmusical people can obtain a high degree of international recognition, great financial reward, and enthusiastic support just as long as they possess a certain type of audience appeal.

One of my most cherished experiences was my encounter, approximately thirty years ago, with one of the greatest singing actors of that day, Mariano Stabile, a consummate artist, who knew his roles to perfection. He was not endowed with an outstandingly beautiful voice, but he did not need it for the character roles he played. He once asked me to help him prepare a new piece; imagine my surprise when I found that he could not read music and had never learned it. Yet many singers of great potential have come from the lower middle class. The reasons are simple: higher types of education instill in early youth a kind of controlled behavior, or what one likes to call repressions, not conducive to performing ecstatic music for paying audiences. Indeed, some of the best singers are to be found in underdeveloped countries and underprivileged groups.

In my youth, the Vienna Opera could not have functioned with a first-rate roster if it were not for the Balkan nationals, some of whom were still half-savage in manner, appearance, and general behavior. Some stars who come from lowly origins and arrive young on a dazzling summit find themselves overeating, overdrinking, and overspending. They deteriorate and quickly lose the abilities that brought them success. They disappear as they came, with the rapidity of a comet.

But we must remember that opera appeals largely to the senses. When a voice "does something" to people, response and reward assume fabulous proportions. Musicians, stage directors, and managers are stumped, unable to reconcile the total personality of some subnormal half savage with the adulation of the crowd. But in our mass culture it is understandable that an enthusiastic and curious public does not particularly care if a Corelli is ludicrously costumed in a style long out of date; nor does his acting matter as long as he sings. He knows and the audience knows that he has a "something" which other tenors have not, which tends to make things at times maddeningly difficult, at times very funny, but never dull.

Few successful opera singers can transfer their magic to the concert platform. Neither Pinza nor Jeritz was a recitalist of note, although Lotte Lehmann was as gifted for lieder as for opera. Most

opera singers need the grand costumes of past periods, the makeup, and the gestures traditionally associated with operatic emphasis.

THE recruiting of opera singers is different from most talent-scouting. Novices are expected to know several roles within their voice range. This requires early judgment from teachers and coaches, because a soprano is not necessarily able to sing all soprano roles. You might put a variant on Gertrude Stein, saying, "A soprano is not a soprano is not a soprano." There is the light soprano who can sing the Page in *The Masked Ball* but not Violetta in *La Traviata*; there is the lyric who sings Mimi but somehow cannot manage the Countess in *Figaro*, which she ought to be able to do by the rules of the book. Equally real is the soprano who does a fine Countess only to be sadly miscast as Mimi. There is the dramatic soprano who can sing Tosca but not Turandot. And so it goes. Some roles are sung by sopranos and mezzo-sopranos: Octavian, Cherubino, Santuzza, Brangäne. To recognize in the voice of a nineteen-year-old or twenty-year-old what type of role is suitable and which operas should be prepared demands extraordinary astuteness.

One of the more common failings is to permit or encourage the early study of dramatically demanding roles. The young voice — and by young I mean between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five — should not be permitted to sing any role on the heavy side of the repertory. What heaviness signifies is frequently misunderstood. Most singers believe that an abundance of high notes means a heavy role; what really matters is how much middle-range singing is asked for and how heavy the texture of the accompanying instrumentation is. Since most singers and singing teachers never see a full orchestral score, they judge from the piano version, and there the biggest errors are committed.

In their egotism and dreams of big parts, novices are frequently led to try audition material not suited to their voices. Six or seven years ago a soprano called me prior to an audition for the Met. I was at that time music consultant to the general manager, and I knew that we were looking rather desperately for a young singer who could understudy Elsa in *Lohengrin* for the next season. The young soprano had sung Elsa in some German opera houses, so I advised her to select her first offering from *Lohengrin*. She replied that she would have thought "*Pace, pace*" from *La Forza del Destino* might be better. I was horror-struck, and explained to her that the Metropolitan, with a Tebaldi, a Stella, a Milanov (Leontyne Price was not yet with the Met), was no place to try out with a Verdi.

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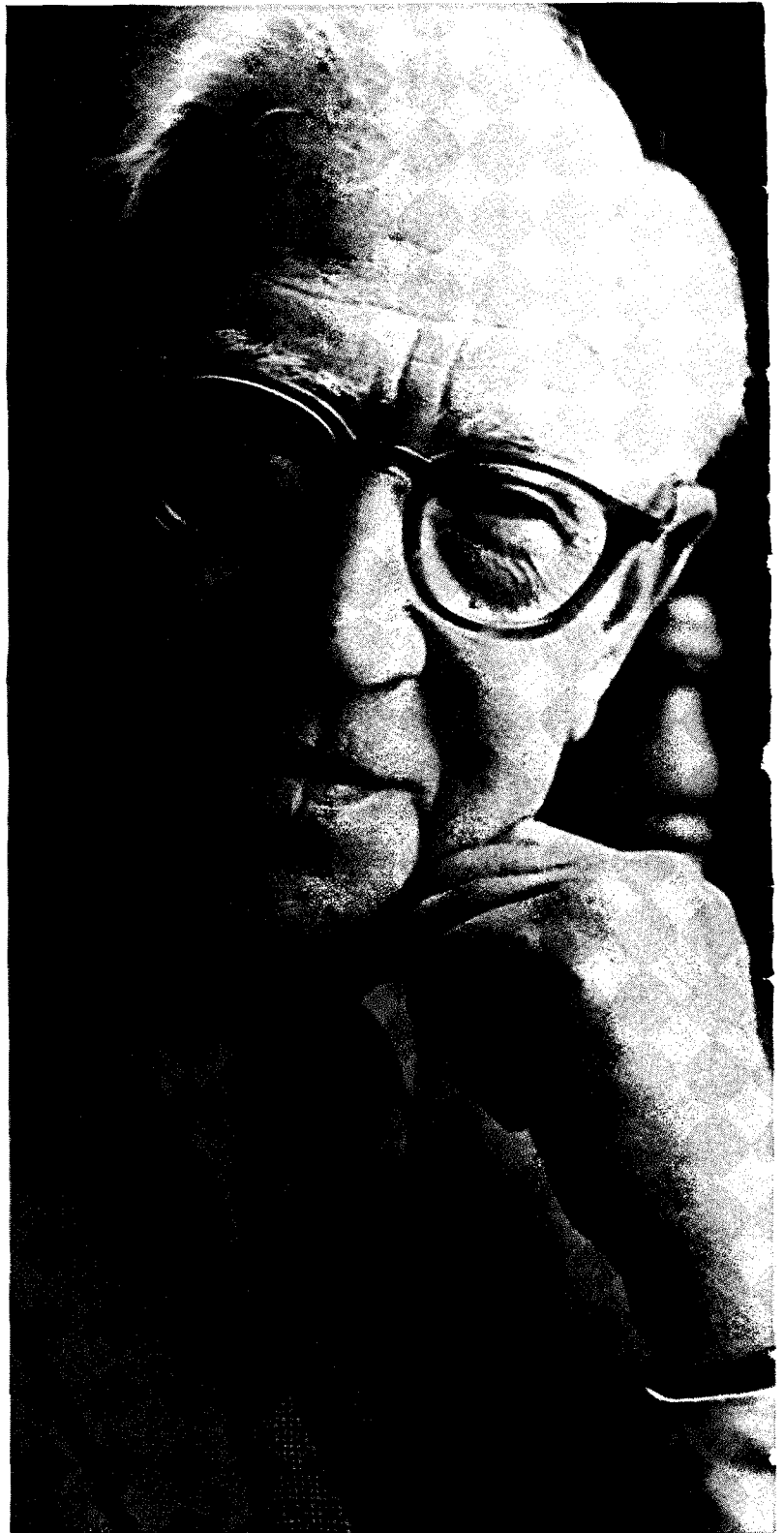
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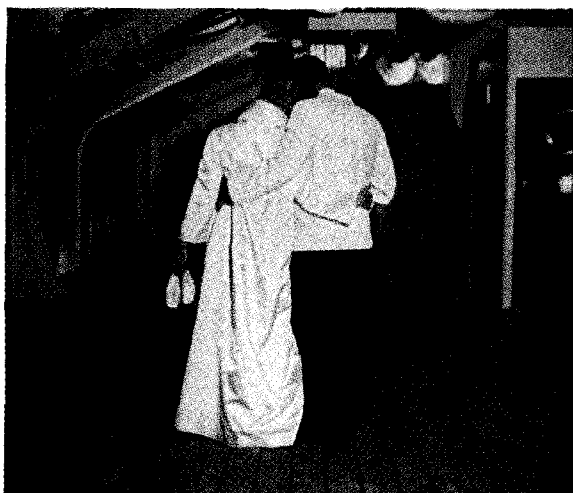
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exactly patient audition judges were sitting in the vast, empty auditorium after the long rehearsals had ended. The lady entered, and as usual, Mr. Bing, after a greeting, asked, "And what will you sing first, Miss W——?", to which she replied, "I would like to sing '*Pace, pace*' from *La Forza*." Thus ended her dreams of singing with the Met.

Some candidates barely get through their debuts before retiring to a more sympathetic occupation. A sad story of hopes unfulfilled happened years ago in San Francisco. The Bohemian Grove is an illustrious club where at a certain social event a member of San Francisco's police force sang in a splendid heavy tenor voice. Some of the Bohemians who were present that evening were opera patrons. They urged the then general director of the San Francisco Opera, the late Gaetano Merola, to take this young man under his wing and agreed to collect the means to pay for his training. Maestro Merola sent the policeman to Milan for six months' intensive study, meanwhile scheduling his debut as Canio for the next opera season in the fall.

That year I went to San Francisco as guest conductor, and upon my arrival in late August found the usually genial and well-balanced Merola much harassed and worried, mainly over his new tenor, who had returned from six months in Milan as unprepared for Canio as when he had left California. He was evidently so ecstatic at being without his wife and many children that his Milanese studies were devoted to the sampling of the cuisine, the cellar, and the purchasable pulchritude. The voice and music coaches had seen little of him, and now Merola was taking him through the role every day. Worst of all, the patrons and sponsors couldn't be told the truth.

Came the dress rehearsal, and expectation as well as curiosity ran high. The little troupe entered the stage with Canio on the cart beating the drum, the fellow nervous as a cat. On his third drumbeat, the tense power of the police-trained muscles got the better of him, and the drumstick with Canio's arm went through both drumheads, creating an uproar among the several hundred invited onlookers. The rest of that event was so disastrous that a second, emergency dress rehearsal had to be scheduled.

Somehow the fellow was shepherded through a pretty dreadful debut; he constantly sang flat, and couldn't act even in rudimentary fashion. The natural beauty and strength of the voice just were not to be channeled or trained. By the following Easter he was back on his motorcycle.

performance. All music, with the exception of the recital, is played in ensemble, and can achieve excellence only when individuals are made into a team. Working together means phrasing in unanimity; it requires identical principles of interpretation, a constant give and take, lead and follow, and refinements which together make for a sensitive and truly polished performance. Words should be pronounced identically, attacks and releases should be uniform, ideas of rubato, dynamics, or general delivery should all be coordinated. These demands can be met only if sufficient rehearsals are held. In opera, there must be not only musical rehearsals but dramatic rehearsals as well. Costuming, movement, interpretation, interplay of characters, placement of lights can be developed and perfected only in many days of rehearsal. But singers who are in international demand might have performances scheduled on three different days of a single week in cities 3000 miles away from each other. These singing stars will not stay long enough with any opera company, either in Europe or America, to allow development of an ensemble with great voices.

No one dreams anymore of such a permanent ensemble, but even the temporary ensemble has become a fantasy. Companies that function on the principles of overall style and perfect performance have to content themselves with good, but not great singers who won't be asked to the international opera houses, and with good conductors who are content to remain at one post. Even stage directors of international caliber are willing to supervise only the opening phases of a production; they then go elsewhere and leave to second-string managers the task of refresher rehearsals and the preparation of understudies.

While these second-string managers may have the entire production book and every diagram sketch in their heads, they can never muster the authority of the original production director.

How to keep all the elements of a new opera production together beyond five or seven performances is well-nigh insoluble, and I am convinced that the solution does not lie merely in large sums of money. The pressure of appearing all over the world compels great singers to accept engagements everywhere and yet to dwell nowhere. The American public would fare much better if it cared less about international singing stars. Our general mentality in the United States, however, favors the outstanding "name." We'd rather tell our card partners or golf companions that we've heard Callas than discuss in depth a work or a performance that has a cast of unknowns.

The importance of good ensemble playing can be seen from a letter written in 1935 by Wilhelm Furtwängler to Felix Weingartner, then director of the Vienna Opera.

AIR travel has had a tremendous impact upon operatic productions everywhere, and it shows in

When an opera freshly prepared by one conductor has to be led by a substitute just to keep the repertory going, there is no real objection to that system as long as the deputy has heard all rehearsals, knows the tempi and the intentions, and feels the obligation to carry on the musical work in the same spirit, particularly if the original conductor comes back to his task again. Yet this is not the case when you take over *Tannhauser* which has been prepared by me. You cannot, will not, and may not, considering who you are, carry on my performance, but you will naturally replace it with your own, which indeed must be the reason why you want to conduct that production in the first place. Therefore it is absolutely impossible that the production alternately conducted by you and by me would be the same, because each of us would have to have new rehearsals on account of our different individual ways. That indeed must have been clear to you when you took over the opera, as it is in general completely unprecedented that the first director of an opera house takes over the conducting chores of a production which another has prepared. I ask you therefore not to count on me in the future as conductor of that *Tannhauser* in Vienna. [My translation.]

Recently I chatted with a well-known tenor who resides in Switzerland, has no permanent affiliation, but sings in every theater and with every company that invites him and can pay his fee. He reported statistics on his appearances over the past few years with the Vienna State Opera, which is considered one of the four or five top companies in the world. He had sung over a hundred performances in that house without having gone through a single orchestra rehearsal, which means that the only preparation for his performances was some run-through with piano accompaniment. He mentioned having sung *Otello* sixteen times under nine different conductors. It is fair to assume, considering the rarity of alternate tenors who might have sung *Otello*, that those nine conductors, or at least eight of the nine, never had an orchestra rehearsal for their own overall musical interpretation.

This musical shortchanging is paralleled even more glaringly by staging deficiencies. Lights are set in any production for automatic cues, but new members of the cast are rehearsed usually on rehearsal stages without lights or costumes or makeup. People of different stature, complexion, and temperament are fitted into an existing production with a minimum of preparation, and it is not at all rare to find a singer entering on the wrong side of the stage or missing the spot. An opera lasting two hours or more consists of thousands of details, which cannot be learned by even the most talented, facile singer in one, two, or three days of working

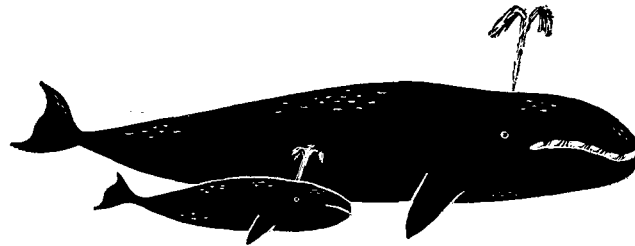
on substitute stages, often with partners who are unwilling to rehearse over and over again.

Conductors, also, even though they may have the greatest nostalgia for opera, are reluctant to tie themselves too closely to it. Thus we find that new productions are conducted for a handful of performances by a prominent conductor, who then turns the podium over to someone else to carry on the work. This is unfair to the idea of ensemble and unjust to the public. But the star system is here to stay because too many people in all countries are deeply addicted to it.

There is a lot to be said for the star system, especially as long as the yield of publicly successful contemporary works is as meager as it has been for the past few generations. And the opera house is indeed a permanent battleground between forces contending for control. In nineteenth-century Italy the individual impresario was the undisputed boss. Verdi and other successful composers then became the leaders in determining how a production was to be staged and rehearsed. Later, opera entered the age of singing stars. When the great personalities of a Mahler or a Toscanini took hold of a company, the former in Vienna between 1897 and 1907 and the latter at Milan's La Scala in 1920, singing stars did not ride as high as they do under more tractable directors.

The latest contender for command of the operatic stage is the producer or stage director; his biggest strides have been made, not unnaturally, in Germany, which possesses many theaters and the most modern technical apparatus but not the greatest vocalists. Staging first is the party line for the younger opera companies, eager to produce opera without the capricious and disruptive disturbance caused by singing stars. Some great stage directors have achieved unified productions with protagonists of stellar caliber without having to compromise. In the long run, however, it is fair to say that the great stage directors like Walter Felsenstein or great conductors like Toscanini have done their finest work with casts of nonstar singers.

The rarest of all theater experiences, however, is a production of a great opera where the contending elements have been fused into a homogeneous whole: great musical interpretation, great staging, great singing. Those of us who go to watch performances for the fortieth time do so for two reasons: to relive the thrilling experiences of our youth when we first encountered the beloved works, and to fulfill a dream of a perfect performance where all the elements of opera combine to make for a complete rendition.



AN EVICTION OF WHALES

by WESLEY MARX

The last major breeding ground of the great gray whale may soon be destroyed if Mexican salt harvesters and a New York financier have their way. Telling the story is Californian Wesley Marx, a free-lance journalist with a special interest in wildlife conservation and domestic politics.

BAJA CALIFORNIA dangles boldly from the southwestern extreme of the continental United States, a geological dagger that plunges into the Pacific and splits the ocean apart from the Gulf of California and northern Mexico. The Sebastian Vizcaino Desert covers the middle of this dagger (160 miles longer than the Italian boot) like rust. This desert helps make Baja California one of Mexico's least populated regions.

Yet the desert manages to host one small community, a prosperous one at that. Guerrero Negro is surrounded by the source of its prosperity, giant solar salt ponds that stretch out of sight like snow-covered prairies. The ocean is pumped into these ponds and baked into salt crystals by the desert sun. The yellow trucks of Exportadora de Sal haul the salt harvest to Guerrero Negro's largest structure, a lengthy salt conveyor belt set on a network of iron stilts. This conveyor belt feeds the salt harvest into the holds of ships that dock in the modest Guerrero Negro Harbor.

With the salt ponds extending farther into the

Vizcaino Desert and promising more prosperity, Guerrero Negro suddenly finds itself shackled by the very nature of its harbor. The shallow sand shoals prevent the entrance of large tankers that could more efficiently haul away the ever increasing salt harvest. An ocean lagoon and an offshore island now provide a most ambitious means of breaking this economic shackle. Protected deep waters off Cedros Island could accommodate supertankers with a draft of fifty feet. A fleet of plodding barges could transfer the salt harvest from Guerrero Negro Harbor to this prospective island anchorage, but Scammon Lagoon, about five miles to the south of Guerrero Negro, lies closer to Cedros. Exportadora de Sal now plans to dredge this convenient lagoon into a salt-barge channel. The lagoon-island harbor network will mean more prosperity for Guerrero Negro and the usurpation of one of the last major breeding grounds of the gray whale, which will face the threat of extinction not only through loss of life but also through loss of living space.

Scientists are not sure of all the reasons that attract the gray, a large whale species forty tons in weight and up to fifty feet in length, to Scammon, but they feel they know the main reasons. To begin with, the lagoon is of a size to accommodate the 2000 or so whales that come annually; a narrow ocean entrance expands into a body of water some 35 miles long and up to 11 miles wide and 120 feet deep. Instead of a lagoon, this vast and sol-

em body of water resembles a biblical sea that would merge with the sky except for a thin desert horizon. Yet the lagoon, despite its size, remains as placid as its counterpart in a municipal park. This is important to a pregnant whale, who must teach her one-ton baby to breathe and swim immediately upon birth. This task is hard enough in the lagoon; amidst the swells of the open ocean, it becomes quite formidable.

In addition to size and placidness, the lagoon offers the gray whale seclusion. Man-made intrusion has caused the gray to desert ancient breeding grounds. In Scammon, the grays have enjoyed a natural solitude protected by the lagoon's very remoteness and inaccessibility to man — at least up to the present.

The whales that enter this desert-flanked lagoon come all the way from their choice feeding grounds in the Arctic Ocean, a migration of some 6000 miles, or 12,000 miles round trip. Despite their massive bulk, restricted vision (whales can't even see their tails), impotent sense of smell, and finicky appetite, the gray whales succeed in making this magnificent migration year after year.

The migrating gray's ability to overcome such natural deficiencies testifies eloquently to his adaptive nature. Because his chief diet, small shrimplike amphipods, exists in pasture-sized clumps only in polar waters, the gray lives largely off his own blubber during the eight-month migration and breeding period. (This feat of consumptive metabolism becomes all the more impressive in a whale carrying a baby.) To make up for deficiencies in sight and smell, the gray utilizes a batlike sense of hearing and organic sonar (echo sounding) that enables him to "see" through sound and navigate the northern Pacific Ocean.

Whale hydrodynamics consists of an economy of motion. The huge bulk is streamlined into an elongated exclamation point with such friction-free features as recessed nipples and reproductive organs. The streamlined whale has his nostrils on the top of his head. As a result, he doesn't have to thrust his ponderous head out of the water to breathe. Explains Dr. Theodore Walker of Scripps Institution of Oceanography, "The whale comes up from the depths to breathe like a jet coming down to land, everything timed so that only the blowhole breaks through the surface." The whale's fan-shaped paddle, the flukes, drives this streamlined body at speeds of up to fifteen knots, a good pace for any large ship.

Equipped with a keen sense of hearing, superb hydrodynamics, and organic food storage, the Arctic-grazing grays head for their desert birthplace in mid-September, followed for a short time by white snowbirds that gorge on their leavings. The grays are a loose, straggling lot in migration, sep-

arated by miles of ocean and weeks of time. In the lead are the pregnant whales, setting a pace of about 100 miles a day. This informal procession passes through the Chukchi and Bering Seas before the cold waters stiffen to ice, loops around the Aleutian Islands, and trails along the coast of British Columbia. Occasionally some members of the procession pause to rub their barnacle-encrusted torsos against the anchor chains of a Canadian lightship.

By November, the procession passes within sight of Cape Flattery, a lonely Washington State headland. Countless blows, or "plumes," form rainbow prisms in the light of the ocean sun. Soon yachtsmen out of San Francisco can watch some whales exchange taps with their front stabilizer flippers. Since these exchanges occur between males and eligible females, they are regarded as love taps. The taps resound for miles.

By late December, this rainbow-plumed procession tightens up and passes in review off Point Loma, a San Diego headland, over a period of three weeks. About three hundred miles south of Point Loma, the lead pregnant whales come within echo sounding of submerged sandbars. Like phantom beaches, these submerged bars trip up the offshore swells and create a surf in the midst of the rolling blue sea. These bars guard the entrance to the placid lagoons of Baja California and tell the gray whales that they have reached their birthplace.

THE grays have three major breeding areas: San Ignacio Lagoon, the lagoon channels in Magdalena Bay, and Scammon Lagoon. Scammon attracts the largest number, approximately 2000. During January and February they are so profuse that their constant blows endow the lagoon with a built-in sprinkler system. If you venture into this whale lagoon in a boat, you find that the whales become navigational hazards. In the near distance, a glistening rubbery hull will rend the calm waters, spout a minor geyser of condensed breath, and slip silently back beneath the blue cover of the lagoon. And then, but fifteen yards away, without warning, a sonorous exhalation sounds, like the whoosh of a steam press, and a blowhole emerges spewing like a volcanic island. A cloud of vapor vanishes, exposing the two dark pits that mark the nostrils, and a long grayish-black hull crusted with knobby barnacles trails the submerging blowhole. You watch, rooted in amazement, as the mere backbone of a whale instantly cuts everything in the world down to size. And then, to the rear, a smaller blowhole emerges, spouts, and sounds. A newborn calf is following the lead of its mother.

Sometimes a whale's mighty forward torso will shoot out of the water like a metal pile and then

topple in an explosion of foam. This maneuver is called "breaching." Another whale will emerge from the lagoon depths in what is called a "spy hop" as casually as a cobra from a basket. His lower jaw unhinges like a drawbridge, and the desert sky becomes pinioned in his open jaws. Then the jaws close slowly on the sky, and the head sinks back beneath the water.

The terms that designate these impressive maneuvers are merely descriptive. Scientists do not claim to know what, if anything, is being accomplished. Some scientists speculate that the maneuvers are a form of male chauvinism since they occur repeatedly in one narrow neck of the lagoon. This particular neck of water, referred to by scientists as the Fornication Hole, is where whales mate. Here whale taps thunder, and whale heads collide affectionately. In the midst of the foreplay, the male's eight-foot penis emerges from its recessed pocket. The courting pair then merge close to the surface and begin revolving like a cumbersome lathe. Whales are polygamous, and a high level of activity is maintained in the mating area.

When an impregnated female returns to Scammon the following year, she passes through the Fornication Hole with a one-ton baby in her womb. She cruises into more spacious waters called the Nursery. Gulls, which congregate to feast on the afterbirth, indicate to human observers when the underwater birth has occurred. In a frenzied cloud of white feathers, a new mother will lift her head clear of the water. On top is the baby, some fifteen feet long. The mother's head submerges and re-emerges with the baby whale perched in the same place. The mother is teaching her newborn to breathe. Otherwise, two round-trip migrations, 24,000 miles in all, will go for naught. After a while, the calf will nestle close to its mother's underside near the surface. The recessed nipples form an airtight connection with the calf's mouth which shuts out the salt water. To expedite the feeding, the calf does not suck. The mother squirts a gallon or two of milk down the calf's throat.

After six weeks in the Nursery, the mother leaves Scammon, trailed by her calf, who will be weaned in the amphipod pastures of the Arctic Ocean. It will be the first of many migrations for this baby whale. How many is not known because scientists do not know how long whales live.

The gray's affinity for coastal waters, in particular a desert-flanked lagoon, is unique in whaledom. Other large whale species steer clear of coastal waters; upon leaving the freezing polar seas in the fall, they seek out island sanctuaries — the Azores, Malagasy, Melanesia, New Zealand — to breed in uninhabited inlets and atolls. Precisely because of its affinity for coastal waters, the gray now faces eviction from its breeding ground.

In the nineteenth century, Yankee whalers ventured into the open seas to track down the big blubber whales, following creatures faster and larger than their own ships through icy gales, dead calms, and uncharted waters. Then, in 1857, a captain aboard the whaling brig *Boston* stumbled upon something he never dared dream of, a lagoon packed with whales. Besides bestowing his name on the lagoon, Captain Charles Scammon commenced the "ducks in the pond" slaughter that made gray whaling uneconomical within five years. From a pre-whaling population of some 30,000, the grays had descended to "no more than a few dozen," according to one San Diego naturalist who missed their lordly procession off Point Loma in the 1930s.

In 1938, the International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling instituted a voluntary method of conservation quotas on whale kills. But the convention accorded the gray a special status in recognition of its plundered condition. "It is forbidden to take or kill gray whales except when the meat and products of such whales are to be used exclusively for local consumption by the aborigines."

With Scammon Lagoon off limits to whaling captains, the grays have brought their population level up to an estimated 6000. But the beneficent clause of the International Convention only protects the gray from commercial killing. It does not protect his vital living space, and thus the gray once again faces the threat of ultimate extinction.

IF SCAMMON LAGOON is uniquely tailored to the needs of the gray whale, the Vizcaino Desert is uniquely tailored to the requirements of a solar salt complex. These requirements are a surplus of cheap flatland, a scarcity of rainfall, access to saline-rich ocean water, and proximity to markets. In meeting the first three requirements, the Vizcaino Desert more than makes up for the lack of the last. As a result, Exportadora de Sal, less than seven years old, already exports to the world annually a million tons of glistening crystals that become industrial seasoning for fish curing, meat packing, hide tanning, rubber reclaiming, paper bleaching, oil refining, sewage sterilization, and weed eradication. Exportadora could become one of the world's largest salt manufacturers if supertankers in the 100,000-ton class could haul away the solar salt harvest. Such high-volume hauling would reduce Exportadora's long-distance transportation costs to world markets. And thus, construction on the ambitious lagoon-island harbor is scheduled to begin during 1966, in time to greet the gray whales in the 1967 breeding season. The solar salt ponds can then stretch even farther into the Vizcaino

Desert and, in time, encircle and perhaps penetrate the tidelands of Scammon Lagoon.

Exportadora, which spent \$16 million to construct the saltworks complex, will spend an additional \$20 million to realize the expansion plans. The prime obstacle to such ambitious plans ordinarily would be financing, but not in Exportadora's case. Exportadora is an affiliate of National Bulk Carriers, Incorporated, of the United States, which in turn is controlled by D. K. Ludwig of New York City. Besides owning outright the world's pioneer fleet of supertankers, Mr. Ludwig owns three deepwater dredges. Mr. Ludwig dredged the Orinoco River in Venezuela to accommodate his iron ore tankers. Recently, he wanted to dredge a twelve-mile channel through the Everglades country of Dade County, Florida. The dredged-up portion of Everglades, some 45 million cubic yards in all, would provide earth fill for the site of a petrochemical-harbor complex. But Mr. Ludwig could not obtain a zoning variance for such nature-moving. Wildlife groups and Miami tourist interests, rallied by resident author Philip Wylie, successfully protested that the price of the channel project would be the scenic beauty and abundant life of the Everglades.

Nobody in Guerrero Negro is protesting the possible price of the salt-barge channel and lagoon loading dock, perhaps because the community's homes, shops, and gypsum roads are owned by Exportadora, which built Guerrero Negro in conjunction with the solar salt facilities. But to scientists who faithfully trek to Scammon Lagoon each January to study the gray and document its valiant return from the "extinct and vanishing" category, the company plans are the beginning of the end.

Such a scientific premonition is based on the nature of the whale and a reading of past history. The whale's craving for seclusion, such as that offered by Scammon Lagoon, is no mere fetish. In "seeing" through sound, whales can be temporarily blinded by distracting noises, such as the hum of a ship's screws, the moan of harbor dredges, the clatter of loading docks. The grays demonstrated their low tolerance to the noisy activity of man a hundred years ago by deserting San Diego Bay as a breeding ground when San Diego was not much larger than Guerrero Negro and much less industrious. A hundred years later, Dr. Raymond Gilmore, conductor of a gray whale census for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, sees the whale's low tolerance to noise re-enacted in Magdalena Bay, where increasing fishing boat traffic causes the "gray whales to consort in numbers only in the inaccessible tributaries."

Other scientists who follow the gray whale, such as Dr. Walker of Scripps and Ford Wilke of Fish and Wildlife's marine mammal laboratory in

Seattle, voice similar concern over Exportadora's expansion plans. To these men, an eviction of whales from a barge-busy Scammon is quite possible, either over a gradual period of time or suddenly. Faced with a continuing takeover of its breeding lagoons in Baja California, the gray would have to find new coastal breeding grounds, compete with other whale species for island breeding grounds, or breed on the open ocean. The uncertainty of such adaptation intensifies scientific concern.

THE population recovery of the gray whale and its affinity for Scammon Lagoon give scientists an opportunity to study the largest of the living mammals in an almost unbelievable pondlike atmosphere. Their efforts to date have largely been confined to testing, and often discarding, techniques designed to overcome the whale's size and surprising sensitivity. Dr. Paul Dudley White, the noted heart specialist, thought it would be nice to record the heartbeat of a whale. He set off for Scammon Lagoon with an electronic harpoon, a harpoon crew, and a swift outboard. Unfortunately, Dr. White's harpoon crew drifted between a mother whale and her calf, and the mother nearly stove in the crew's boat with a flick of her flukes.

Scammon Lagoon also attracts acoustical physicists, armed with buoy hydrophones, who seek to record and identify whale sounds. It seems that the U.S. Navy cannot always tell a whale sound from a submarine sound, and this is not a good situation, either for the Navy or the whale. But the lagoon whales, whether or not they know they are being bugged, tend to remain silent in the vicinity of buoy hydrophones. "Submarines go silent when they are being spied upon," suggests Dr. Walker; "why not whales?"

Dr. Walker, who studies whale behavior, utilizes a rowboat topped with a plywood forecastle that looks as if it were recruited from the rental stock of a park pond. With the motion of the lagoon tidal current, Dr. Walker likes to creep up on a forty-five-foot-long whale until the whale's occasional blow virtually clouds in *Walker's Ark*. "Creeping a whale" gives Dr. Walker intimate glimpses of bull whales napping and cow whales nursing, but unnerves guest observers, including myself, who have seen whales pass beneath the *Ark* like a silent freight train.

As a scientific whale observatory, Scammon Lagoon could in time become the place where the whales reveal their innermost natural secrets to man. As a general whale observatory, Scammon Lagoon could become the place where the gray whale displays its grandeur to a world public. Already the gray is a major tourist attraction in an

area where the competition is pretty hectic, southern California. Each December, the National Park Service operates the world's pioneer whale observatory on strategic Point Loma. In addition, three San Diego sport-fishing firms operate "whale hunt" boats, which put passengers "practically out on the backs of whales," according to Dr. Walker. These passengers pay just to see the backs and blows of whales. Yet 300 miles to the south, they could be seeing whales breaching, spy hopping, sleeping, nursing, and mating, just from the shoreline.

As roads and modest tourist accommodations penetrate Baja California's scenic remoteness, Scammon Lagoon could achieve its potential as a world-famous whale observatory — *if* it were rigorously supervised. Governed properly, Scammon Lagoon might well function as both a salt-barge channel and a whale observatory. While scientists know that whales have a low tolerance for man-made activity, they do not yet know the threshold levels of this tolerance. If threshold levels could be established through a program of yearly monitoring at Scammon, regulations on barging activity might be formulated. That the gray whales occupy Scammon but two months of the year could facilitate acceptance of such regulations.

Unfortunately, the one body with the authority to implement such a program of preservation and realize Scammon Lagoon's potential as a whale observatory shows no interest in doing so. For when the government of Mexico thinks of Scammon Lagoon, it thinks of Exportadora de Sal, not whales. To a country striving to improve the lot of its people, Exportadora has colonized a previously barren region, installed an ocean harbor, created an important export commodity, made Mexico the third leading salt producer among the developing countries of Latin America, Africa, and Asia, and now promises to make Mexico a leading salt producer among developed nations as well.

Unlike Dade County, Florida, Mexico shows no inclination to interfere with the visions of Mr. Ludwig. Conservation in a developed nation is difficult enough to achieve; in a developing nation, it is an even more trying task. Just as it was in San Diego a century ago, the plight of the gray whales is totally obscured by immediate considerations of economic development.

Although it was a signatory to the International Convention that protects the grays, Mexico is seriously considering opening up whaling on the grays in the winter of 1967. In fact, last summer the Mexican Bureau of Fisheries asked for, and received, bids for a whaling station that would convert lagoon whales into oil and whale steaks. While inopportune from the viewpoint of the convention or conservation, such a prospective whaling station

would be quite opportune from the viewpoint of a quick financial killing. Two firms from a large whaling nation, Japan (also a signatory to the International Convention), are among the eager bidders to construct and operate the whaling station, even though the gray whale stocks are not of a size to assure a long commercial life for the station.

Mexico's economic ambition thus becomes joined with all the other forces that are bearing down on the gray whales of Scammon Lagoon with the intensity of a conspiracy — the worldwide industrial appetite for salt, the solar salt qualities of the Vizcaino Desert, the business acumen of D. K. Ludwig, the evolution of supertankers, the muscular technology of deepwater dredging, the weakness of whaling conservation. The main ally of the whales, inaccessibility, is quickly crumbling before these forces. Only man himself can provide the protection that inaccessibility once provided, and such protection is not forthcoming despite the very real benefits that would accrue to man. As long as this remains the case, the survival of the gray whale will be in doubt. Dr. Gilmore, who has watched the grays recover from one form of decimation, regretfully concludes, "The gray whale is a relict species in a shrinking environment."

That other large whales steer clear of coastal waters is no guarantee that man's industrious nature will bypass their island breeding grounds in a "shrinking environment." Smaller members of the marine mammal family also face the threat of extinction. The U.S. Navy utilizes San Miguel Island as a "danger zone" — that is, a punching bag for missile salvos. This small, isolated island off southern California happens to be a last major American haunt of the sea elephant, a two-ton edition of a seal. Like the gray whale, the sea elephant was once hunted to near extinction. Like the gray whale, the sea elephant recovered from the "vanishing" category through prohibitions on commercial killing. Like the gray whale, the sea elephant now faces eviction from a vital breeding ground.

The threat of such evictions will occur with increasing frequency until international forms of protection preserve the living space as well as the life of marine mammals. This is a large order. Because of the whale's oceanwide migration habits, such protection will require the cooperation of nations at all levels of economic development and conservation management. But without such organized foresight, whales will follow the buffalo, the mountain gorilla, and the bald eagle to extinction. It seems inconceivable, but so is the very existence of a whale — even when you see one emerge from the quiet waters of Scammon Lagoon in a gallant spy hop.

THE NEIGHBORS

An Atlantic “First”

by STEPHEN DIXON

Stephen Dixon is a twenty-nine-year-old New Yorker, currently a Creative Writing Fellow at Stanford University. A 1958 graduate of CCNY, Mr. Dixon is at work on a novel and a collection of short stories. This is his first major publication.

MR. Samuels — you in? It’s only me, so open up.”

Bert Samuels glanced up from the financial section of the *New York Times*. He leaned forward, carefully listening, as the singsong voice behind the thick door to his apartment still insisted it was his next-door neighbor, Anna Kornman.

“Mr. Samuels, I’m telling you, it isn’t the city or real estate people; it’s Anna Kornman.”

He stood up and placed his ear against the door. He had no doubt who it was, her ugly foreign voice being about as recognizable as any he’d ever known. It’s just that he thought she might not be alone, that she really might have those people she mentioned along with her.

“What do you want?” he asked. “And who is it I hear out there with you?”

“Hear? What do you hear? There’s nobody with me. And then I got some real important news to tell you.”

“So tell.”

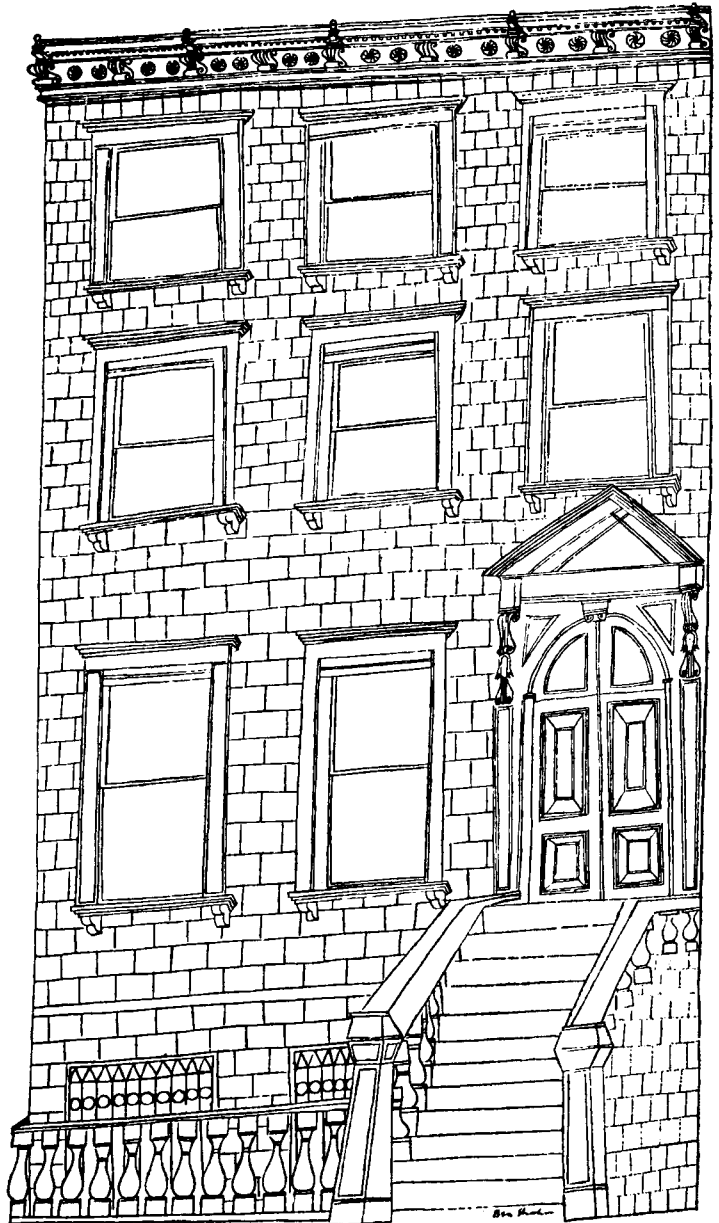
“Not behind the door I won’t. What do you take me for?”

“Sure the police aren’t waiting with you to grab me?”

“Grab you? Look, this is America, isn’t it?”

He opened the door, stuck his head into the hallway as Anna calmly walked in, and looked both ways. Satisfied she was alone, he slammed the door. A sheet of loose plaster, jarred by the impact, fell from the ceiling and splattered when it hit the floor.

Drawing by Ben Shahn, courtesy of Carpenter Art Galleries, Dartmouth College.



“Excuse me,” he said, looking up at the peeling strips of plaster and paint that still hung from the ceiling.

“Excuse you I should say. You think I was the Gestapo or something the way you act.”

“Just trying to be cautious.”

“Yeah, but to slam and look around like that I never saw before.”

“I know what I’m doing. And as for that cheap plastering job, well that’s just one more thing you got to expect from piker landlords.” He bent down, wriggled his shoulders till he heard one bone crack against the other, and shoveled the yellow-streaked pieces of ceiling into his palm and dumped it in a large unused ashtray on an end table. “Now tell me,” brushing his hands, “what’s this urgent thing you got to speak about, because I’m very busy.”

“You sit around here doing nothing all day and

you call that busy? Well, just remember I made this trip for your benefit."

"I'm sorry," he said wearily, anxious to know what she had to say. "Now what is it?"

"Nothing that important, seeing your attitude." She indignantly pushed back a thick curl of gray hair that had probably fallen over her forehead when she was pounding on his door, and which now bounced jerkily with each additional step into the living room.

"If it was nothing, you wouldn't've come. I know you, Anna."

"Well, I could've come just to talk to someone. It gets lonely here — I mean just you and me in this empty old building."

"Anytime you want to move, just say the word. The new owners'll gladly hand you a relocation fee of six hundred easy and cart you out like you was some princess."

"All I said was that this place still unnerves me some — especially those huge painted X's on all the windows of those tenants who left, like they were bars on an insane asylum. A shiver, a real shiver I get when I see them." She clenched her teeth and wrapped her long spindly arms around her flat chest, as though she were standing ankle-deep in snow. Then she sat, banged a cigarette pack against the flowery, fat arm of the couch, and pulled the first of the two cigarettes to pop out and stuck it in her mouth. After fingering futilely through her pockets for a match, she looked at Bert searchingly, the long cigarette dangling from her lips.

"Excuse me?" he said, noticing the trembling cigarette and her solicitous expression.

She pointed to the end of her cigarette and mumbled something through it.

"I don't smoke, but thank you."

"My God," and she removed the cigarette from her mouth, "you think living in the same building with you for thirty years I know you don't smoke? But matches you got for your stove, no?"

He nodded and handed her the box of matches he kept in the side pocket of the overcoat he had on. Then he looked away, not wanting to catch another glimpse of her cynical, grinning face.

"So you don't smoke, eh?" She vigorously struck a match against the black flint on the box. Then with one eye closed and the other half squinting down her nose at the flame she held at the tip of her cigarette, she drew in a satisfying first drag. Three puffs quickly followed, leaving her surrounded by dense twisting curls of smoke.

BERT waved his hand furiously before him, though he stood at least ten feet away from the

nearest arm of her smoke. "Now what is it you came to say?" he asked irritably.

"Give up you don't," she said, laughing large holes through the smoke in front of her.

He stared at her expressionlessly.

"Well, in the first place, those real estate people were here to see me yesterday."

"I know that."

"So to come I didn't have to at all, I see."

"Did I say I knew precisely why they came?" he asked, recalling how he had spit from his bedroom window to the building's front courtyard three flights below no more than a couple of seconds after the real estate men had entered the lobby. He wondered if either of them had seen the blob of saliva fall, or even heard it land with a smack against the concrete.

"Yeah, but you seem to know everything I say beforehand"; she turned her back to adjust some part of her clothing. "Who knows, maybe it's not that important to tell anyway."

What she means is that she probably had nothing new to say in the first place, Bert thought. Because for one thing, she knows too well he misses nothing going on outside, and particularly now, with everything being so quiet — even the radiators stopped knocking a month back when the landlords were permitted to turn the heat off to freeze them out — that the slightest noise outside moves him to his window. Four days ago it was a bunch of wild cats fighting. And a few hours after that, two drunks bickered over a pint of Thunderbird as they sat on the entrance steps. And just two mornings ago it was this policeman, bundled up in earmuffs and a warm, nicely tailored blue overcoat, running his nightstick against the courtyard's brick wall and looking for vagrants who might have moved into the unoccupied apartments for the night. And yesterday it was the three men that Anna referred to, the representatives of some big outfit that had bought the building from Mr. Shine and who wanted Anna and himself, now the only holdouts left, to move so they could raze the building and erect some high-class seventeen-story air-conditioned apartment house in its place. It was curious why they also hadn't come to see him as they'd done regularly for the past nine weeks. Probably gave up with his shrewd bulldog-like stand and were now preparing their final, higher settlement. He smiled, just at the possibility, hoping that they'd hurry before he was degradingly hauled away with pneumonia by some city ambulance.

He looked up at Anna, who was now conscientiously blowing smoke rings against the window-pane. Just look at her, he thought; still the same skinny wench she was thirty years ago, even though she's wearing three heavy sweaters and

God knows what else under that housecoat. And then, what does she think she's looking at anyway? Maybe five weeks ago — when they first started their resistance — there were still a few old hens left sunning themselves in the beach chairs along the courtyard walls, but now? — nothing. How he had hated those stupid, petty old bags, though he figured that without their constant gossiping to overhear, it would've been that much tougher to live alone for the last eight years since his Wanda died. And they turned out to be some form of enjoyment: this screaming down to them to keep quiet when he wanted to nap or watch television; and then occasionally he'd even sit with them below, telling old dirty jokes they never heard of and sometimes rubbing their ankles with his own, making them blush and laugh and maybe even excited. It was so like them to leave the building with only the standard two-hundred-dollar relocation fee they got, when if they listened to him they could've milked the landlords for much more than that. Look at him. Already he's worked those realty boys up to six hundred, and before he's through, he figures that Anna and he should make a thousand clear apiece — not even counting the maybe hundred fifty extra for the moving costs. After all, their reasons for staying were as good as the company's for tearing the place down, for it was still in good condition and getting decent rents; and then, what were the realtors planning to put up anyway? — for he had seen the architect's drawing of the proposed apartment house nailed to the empty brownstone building alongside his. A nice drawing they'll be putting up, with plenty of trees and pretty shrubbery around it painted in pastel greens and watery-blue shadows, but an apartment house it wasn't. Someone had to be blind not to see that this cheap white-tiled tombstone would be completely run-down and a hazard to the tenants in five years, but just let him try and argue this point, let him try and tell the city what he knows and has seen in other similar new buildings, and all they'll do is call him a crank and a crackpot like they do to all the poor people his age and maybe find some way of stopping his social security and locking him up for good. So he keeps still on this point, and also that he's holding out for all he can get. Instead, he simply claims that he's grown attached to his apartment, that he could never get another like it in the city for the same rent, and that he also has his civic rights, so no amount of money or persuasion will ever force him to leave.

HE TURNED to Anna; she had just sat down on the couch, asking if he were in some trance or

something, for he hadn't said a word to her in the last five minutes. Down to her last drag, she blew the smoke through her nostrils and snuffed out the cigarette in a tea-stained saucer she had been using as an ashtray. How this skinny, frightened-looking woman had stayed in the building and resisted the realtors as long as she had remained a mystery to him. She was obviously cleverer than she made herself out to be, and he knew she was out to profit from her stay as much as he was, but he still had to hand it to her for being so dogged — though for the life of him he'd never tell it to her face.

"You're too quiet," Anna said, noticing Bert leering at her; "anything wrong?"

"No."

"You think they'll come back today?"

"Depends what you told them yesterday."

"You ask that like I gave in or something. I mean, like I sold out."

"Just curious, that's all."

"Well, for one thing, I told them nothing. They just talked, and I'll tell you something: they were very gracious, very gracious indeed. Hats off on their laps and everything — you should've seen them."

"Nice clothes I know they got."

"Dandies like that in my living room I ask you." She smacked her lips respectfully. "Even being so polite to ask me if I'd mind them smoking."

"So what happen after?"

"Mind? I told them. I should mind? *Smoke all you like*, I said; *me*, I also smoke."

"I meant, what they say about getting you out?"

"You know: same old story. If I leave they'll give me bonuses to knock my eyes out."

"What are they giving now?" he asked placidly.

"I didn't ask. But they mentioned six, maybe six fifty. They weren't too definite."

"A thousand they'll give at least — but what's the difference? To me it wouldn't matter what they offered."

"Same thing I told them. I like the upper East Side, I said, and a place like this I couldn't get nowhere else, so horses it'll take to move me to Brooklyn."

"What they say to that?"

"First, that I'm your stooge — and which I'll tell you quite honestly I didn't like hearing such a lie. And two, that they'll have the city down on our necks before we know it — and with no promise that they'll give what they originally offered, since they said the city's very sympathetic to them, with half of their planned apartment house already rented out."

"This I can believe," Bert, smiling contemptuously. "All the city wants is the land taxes — that's all, nothing for the small man."

Shaking her head agreeingly, Anna pulled out another cigarette, tamped it on her thigh, and started sucking on it once it was in her mouth. Bert rose after she lit it, and walked to the window. He couldn't stand the stench of any tobacco, especially cigarettes. Anna then waved her hand through a small whirling cloud in front of her, and said, "Truthfully, Mr. Samuels, how long do you think we can hold out like this?"

"I don't know. Indefinitely maybe."

"I don't think I can do it for that long. I mean, it's almost December now, and soon it'll be much too cold with no heat, five sweaters and heaters or not."

"So give up then — go!" gesticulating his hands before him. He knew that his loud menacing voice and a demeaning wave of the hands were usually enough to reverse any of her skepticism.

"No need to get so excited."

"But it's obvious you're giving in. So just do it and be done with it I say."

"Be done with what? You out of your mind?"

"So don't then," his voice toning down.

"I'm not. For look, some rights I got also, no? Throw me out in the streets, who do they think they are? Build for us cheap you think they could do instead."

Rights me eye, he said to himself. But just ask her to tell the real reason she's staying, and she'd very innocently say: "Me? I should do that?" But if she'd only admit it once, he'd probably tell why he's staying also. It'd be good getting it off his chest to someone, and then united in mind and purpose like that they could probably drive the ante up to more than a thousand.

"Did they say anything about me?" he asked.

"A little. They said, 'You know him well?' and I said, 'Well? For thirty years I know him and very well. A nice man, quiet and friendly' — that's what I told them."

"Thanks."

"It's the truth. Then they went on about how you're all the trouble; how they think you're crazy and for my own safety I shouldn't be in the same building alone with you, and how they can't even speak to you anymore since you threw them out last time. Crazy, I said, you're not. And for you to throw them out I couldn't understand."

"They got me excited. Said I was holding out only for the money, which you could understand made me upset."

"That they told me also. Something like you'll get no more than you deserve. What did they offer if I may ask?"

"Doesn't matter," he said casually.

"How much though?"

"Same six hundred they offered a month ago."

"Moving costs excluded?"

"Maximum of a hundred fifteen extra, but if it costs less I can't keep the balance."

"Keep? Just watch me try and move for a hundred fifteen with all my furniture. 'Brooklyn,' I'll tell the mover, and he'll laugh in my face."

"They say anything else about me?"

"Nothing much. It was sort of like you wasn't living here in a way."

"Not living here?" he said excitedly. "Oh, I'm living here, and they know it well enough." He strutted angrily into the kitchen, poured some water into a kettle, and set it on the stove. Gas and electricity and water they still had, thank God, but only because he was smart enough to send a letter to some citizens' protective league, complaining to these stupid idealistic lawyers how he thought his inhuman landlords were about to shut everything off.

"You know what especially made me uneasy," she yelled out a second time when he didn't answer her, "was the way they blamed me for pushing back the demolition date. I mean *me*, I should do that?"

"Doesn't bother me none"; Bert returned to the living room and set his cup of tea on a table.

"Yeah, but yak-yak-yak they went on about the extra workers' cost and that from out of their own pockets it's coming."

"Don't believe a word they say."

"So from whose pockets does it come from — yours? mine? I don't like it."

"Forget it. Just tell yourself you're right."

"I tell, I tell, but what good does it do if my heart still goes out to them some? I know they're morally wrong, but like my late husband I always believed that business is business, you know? And here they already paid for the property — two buildings, no less — which must've cost them plenty the way this neighborhood's changing."

"Quadruple they'll get back, those cutthroats."

"Maybe. But in a way they've been fair to the other tenants — I mean, give in a little, Mr. Samuels."

"Give in, you ask me?" shaking his fist at her.

"I didn't mean it that way."

"You have the nerve to ask me to give in?" more excited.

"I told you that's not what I meant."

"Look, I know exactly what you meant. So if you're going to be talking like that, maybe then you better do it somewhere else."

"And somewhere else it'll be," standing up, her conciliatory smile folding conversely into a frown. She smashed her lit cigarette into the saucer and started for the door. "You should get your head examined if you think I'll stay in this room another minute with you."

"Now what I say?" trying to apologize, think-

ing that perhaps he had been a little too rough with her this time. He reached out for her arm, but she pulled away from him.

"Don't give me that innocent business again — please. For plenty I've taken from you — everything from watching you not offer me tea to your hurling insults."

"So I got excited. So everybody does once in a while."

"Crazy's more like it," clutching the doorknob. "And when you act like this, I don't know what else you might try, like those men said."

He stared at her lanky shaking frame and then began laughing derisively. "Look, you got your hand on the doorknob, so use it. Then take all you can steal from the landlords and get the hell out of here."

She muttered something under her breath and tried opening the door. Then, as Bert continued to harass her, she kicked the bottom of the door, unlocked it, and charged out.

ANNA did just as he expected her to do: she made a lot of angry noises in her apartment, slammed her front door shut a good fifteen minutes after she had slammed his, and walked noisily through the hallway and down the stairs. He ran to his bedroom window, waiting for her to storm out of the lobby, through the courtyard, and across the street, heading, he was convinced, to the drugstore two blocks away to phone the realty people. He raised two of the venetian blind slats with his fingers and peered through them just as Anna walked slowly out of the lobby and briefly glanced up at his window. She was carrying her mesh shopping bag, two small bags of garbage, and a bundle of old newspapers — but she wasn't fooling anybody. First thing she'll do when she's out of sight is get rid of all that bogus junk and run to the phone to haggle with one of the company lawyers. Later, when they can't agree to her final offer — which she's cunningly made much higher than what she expects — she'll tell them to come to her home, where they'll settle, knowing all the time the advantages of bargaining in the very apartment they so desperately want.

He remained at the window until she returned, a celery stalk and packaged white bread sticking out of the mesh bag laden with groceries. A costly trick to fool him, he thought, but nothing more. He waited behind his front door, listening till she was upstairs and in her apartment, and then returned to the window. He stayed there for more than two hours and was surprised, by the time his dinner hour rolled around, that the realty people hadn't shown up.

It wasn't until four days later that the three real estate representatives entered the building and climbed the cracked green linoleum steps leading to the third floor. Bert stood breathlessly by the door as they walked down the hallway, one of them, apparently wearing metal plates on the bottom of his shoes, clicking along like a tap dancer. They stopped in front of Mrs. Kornman's door and rang the bell. She let them in, and in an hour showed them out. Bert expected the men to ring his bell next, since after disposing of Mrs. Kornman they'd naturally think he could be dumped for the same price that very afternoon. But the men only repeated their good-byes to her in front of her door and shuffled more rapidly down the hallway than when they first arrived.

Bert rushed to the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of their expressions or movements, anything which might give him a vague idea of how they accepted her last offer, which would help him decide what his last offer should be before they ultimately forced him to leave. But all he saw were their secret, lineless faces — no smiles, no looks of disappointment — and the gray-creased tops of two of the men's hats, and the third man's black slicked-down skull, since this fellow was holding his tiny fedora and combing the hair above his ears. All three talked softly, moved swiftly, and carried briefcases under their arms. Then the hatless man stopped as the other two walked on, slid the six-inch comb into his coat's breast pocket, carefully placed the hat on his head, and grabbed his briefcase by its collapsible handle, letting it dangle at his side. He then ran to catch up with the others, who were waiting at the curb, and all three walked silently side by side, crossed the street, and headed downtown.

Bert waited hopefully for Anna to knock on his door — certain she was the type who'd eventually want to boast to him about how much she had shrewdly extorted from the company. But she never showed up, so three hours later, as he ambled through the hallway after buying the evening paper, hoping that she'd hear him and throw open her door, he rang her bell.

"Yes? Who is it?" after Bert rang a third and fourth time.

"It's me," he said, thinking, And who else could it be, you dirty liar.

"Who, please?"

"Bert Samuels, from next door. Remember me?"

"Just a moment."

"Just a moment?" he repeated softly. Why, she ought to be hung upside down by her toes, the dirty witch, he thought, picturing her waiting behind the door nonchalantly lighting up a cigarette or filing down her nails.

Anna opened the door, seeming to withdraw

her halting smile just as soon as she gave it. "Would you like to come in?" she said, "though why I should be so nice to you after your treatment the other day I don't know."

"No, thanks."

"Have it your own way." She flipped an unlit cigarette out of her hand, almost like a magician pulling a white bird from his sleeve, stuck it in her mouth, and unsuccessfully tried to light it with a table lighter. Smiling self-consciously at Bert, she placed the lighter and cigarette on a table and searched her housecoat for some matches.

Bert forced a smile. "Say, I saw those fellows leave before and wanted to know if they had anything new to say about me."

"You? Oh, nothing much. Why should they?"

"Now come off it. They must've said something."

"Just about me. They offered — you know: like they always offer."

"So come on; what happen?"

"What happen, what?"

"Why the money! the money! How much you finally take to leave?"

"You think I took?" her voice rising sharply. "Is that what you're driving at all this time?"

"Look, I'm nobody's fool. All along I knew you were holding out and using me just to get more cash."

"What, are you altogether insane?"

"Goddamnit, I saw you myself running to the drugstore to phone them. Thursday — right? Yeah, Thursday late," now more convinced of the date.

"To dump garbage and for my groceries I went for Thursday. Always Thursdays the groceries. Friday's too crowded, and Saturday's my holy day. I eat and throw my trash out, you know, no matter how some people live."

"Anna, I'm telling you, so why bother arguing? I didn't come here for that."

"Just what are you telling me? The first day since last week I speak to them is today, *today*; but did I expect them? I did not. They drop in from nowhere, no letter, just unannounced, and now I think I'm glad they did."

"Glad for the money you mean."

"Money?" she shrieked. "What's money to me? Plenty I got without theirs. To you maybe, to a stingy hoarding old man like yourself it's the world, but to me? Pride's more important, believe me. It's living here, you, always insulting me like I'm an animal, that'll make up my mind fast. So I tell you, Mr. Samuels, before I only got excited and maybe threatened, but now, don't tempt me into going."

"So you're leaving this week then, right?" speaking confidently.

"I wasn't leaving no time till you helped me decide this very moment. Now I'm going to pack and call them and say that anything they want to give me is good enough just as long as they take me away from this madhouse."

BERT didn't believe a word she said. All he wanted her to do was admit she sold out — just that simple satisfaction — and also to know the amount she sold out for, since besides using the figure for his own bargaining purposes it'd give him a perfect opportunity to tell her what a monkey they made out of her. But she had swiveled around, for a moment ignoring him and appearing to be deep in thought, and then said that she might as well start packing immediately, and she walked into the living room. Bert stood in the hallway, saying there were some other things he'd like to speak over with her before she left.

"I don't know what other things, but if you stay, please keep the front door open." She motioned him into a chair, and after flitting around the apartment for a few minutes, opening closets and drawers and pushing a couple of empty boxes into the middle of the floor, she started refolding some sweaters that had been meticulously stuffed inside the television console cabinet.

"Go right ahead," he said. "Just don't even think I'm here." He sat down, more confused than ever now, while Anna proceeded to construct a pile of sweaters two feet high. Then she went into the bedroom, emerging a minute later carrying the three sweaters she had had on underneath her poplin raincoat and housecoat, and added these to the pile.

"When they were here they said I could have a nice apartment in Brooklyn," she said, "— a building they got a big interest in. I think I'll take it temporarily. I mean with my bad leg acting up again it'd be a nuisance looking for a Manhattan place just now."

"Sure, sure."

"You still don't believe me? Well, anyway, Mrs. Scarlisi — you remember, from apartment 45? Well, she's there now, and they told me she likes the neighborhood very much. I think I'll call her later."

"Just stop with the talk and tell me how much you got, all right?"

"Got I didn't get. All they said was that it'd be a tidy sum if I decided to leave."

"How much a tidy sum?"

"Two hundred for moving, and I can keep what I don't spend, fair?"

"Sounds fair, but for the last holdouts they got good reasons for being big sports."

"Didn't I tell you last week they were fair people?" She walked into the bedroom and returned with a suitcase in one hand and a load of dresses draped over the other arm. She folded the dresses neatly and placed them in the suitcase.

"When did they say they'd be up to see me?"

"Like I said before, they really didn't mention you."

"Not even if I was ready to move or not?"

"Not even if you were still living here." She clasped the suitcase shut.

"Yeah, I'll bet. Anyway," just as she was about to protest, "what did you finally get for relocating?"

"For the last time: I signed nothing; they only offered."

"All right, all right, but try and tell me they gave you more than six hundred."

"They offered plenty more."

"Seven hundred?" he said more enthusiastically.

"Just a little less."

"A little less?" he screamed, then bursting into a forced laugh. "You took *less*?"

"Less they said they'll give, and for me it's plenty."

"Because you don't know better, you idiot, that's why. And then taking so little you ruined my chances of getting much more. For what you get: six seventy-five? Maybe eighty-five? Why a thousand clear without moving costs you should've gotten or a stupid fool like yourself I've never seen before."

Anna stood slightly frightened before the guffawing, waving figure facing her. She had never seen Bert Samuels laugh more than a few times, and then only faint, childlike, evil snickers to himself when she knew he was thinking the worst kinds of things about somebody or sometimes after he told one of his filthy jokes. When he broke into hysterics again, frantically jumping up and down like it was some mad Hasidic dance he was doing, and slapping his forehead and thighs, she ran into the bedroom with her suitcase and kicked the door shut behind her. A few minutes later, feeling she had regained her composure, she looked through the door's glass panels, hoping that he had taken her hint and left the apartment. But he was sitting on the couch, and he then began laughing such a hideous loud maniac's laugh that she had to cover her ears with her hands.

Bert promptly doubled up when he caught Anna in that position and then put his hand over his mouth and started chuckling like a defective outboard motor. He continued to laugh, point, and make noises as if something were uproariously funny, until Anna howled wildly herself and fell on her bed, burying her head beneath two heavy pillows.

About ten minutes later, his chest aching from

laughing so much, Bert sat upright on the couch and calmly waited for Anna to come out. He was going to apologize, say something about being unable to explain exactly what took hold of him before but he was definitely sorry. After pacifying her and rewinning her confidence, he'd very politely ask her to hold out against the landlords with him for just two weeks more. He'd say that after that time they'd be a cinch to get their thousand clear and the moving costs they offered her, plus a freshly painted three-room West Side apartment, a new stipulation he had just thought of. After all, he'd point out, didn't she owe him at least this extra stay in the building, for in a way it was actually she who made him so upset before when she misled him to believe she had signed the relocation contract. And then who knows? The real estate people might get so panicky after two weeks that the two of them could even pull in more than a thousand — maybe even eleven or twelve hundred, for it's all possible. He was convinced that the last figure would practically knock her right off her feet.

But the bedroom door shot open just as he was rehearsing this short speech to himself. Mrs. Kornman, lugging the old suitcase and dressed in a moth-eaten Persian lamb coat and with this veiled black hat pushed down on her forehead and concealing most of her face, fled by him before he could calm himself long enough to say anything. She hustled past the open front door, through the hallway, and hobbled down the stairs and out of the building. Bert ran to his room, darted for the window, and caught a glance of her trudging lopsidedly through the courtyard. But this time she didn't look back, though he had the venetian blinds fully drawn and was prepared to smile and wave and even plead benignly with her.

EVENING

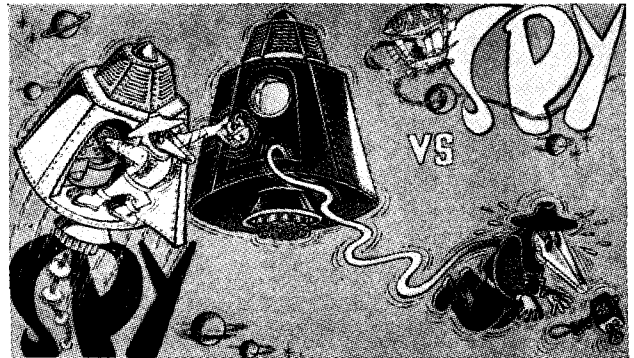
BY W. S. MERWIN

I am strange here and often I am still trying
To finish something as the light is going
Occasionally as just now I think I see
Off to one side someone passing at that time
Through the herded walls under the walnut trees
And I look up but it is only
Evening again the old hat without a head
How long will it be till he speaks when he passes

BOOKS and MEN *Born in Germany, raised in New York, and educated at Columbia, Max Frankel was New York TIMES correspondent in Moscow for three years, has worked in Eastern Europe and Cuba as a newsman, and is now the TIMES's diplomatic correspondent in Washington.*

My Spy Can Lick Your Spy

by MAX FRANKEL



THIS cold war of ours may yet turn out to be fun. Well, grisly intellectual fun, anyway. In less than a decade a good part of the war has already been transformed from an incendiary to a literary contest. Sublimation of this sort can do much to cure indignation.

The occasion for this premature celebration is the appearance of the "memoirs" of two Soviet spies, one theirs, one ours. The books are tedious but fascinating. The authors are unconvincing but certainly intriguing. "Books," in fact, is a little generous for what are really tirades of tantalizing tidbits. And "authors" is probably not the word for the spooky committees that mischievously compiled these collections of fact and fancy. Still, as literary experience, this new genre must be reckoned with. Plots more simple than Old Westerns have been infused with meanings more obscure than the New Poetry. The result leaves heroes, villains, authors, and readers alike to wonder who has done what unto whom.

Espionage is threatened today, as never before, by technology. The human spy, menaced like all artisans by obsolescence, must find new domains for research and new outlets for his reportorial talents. What could be better than books that simultaneously sublimate the old adventure, glorify the old vocation, and still confound the adversary?

This exchange of literary missiles can be traced directly to the Berlin swap of a certain Gordon Lonsdale for one Greville Wynne in 1964. Obviously, the partly public trials of each in Moscow and

London had failed to satisfy the new promotion requirements of their respective intelligence services and the outsized egos of the principal plotters.

Lonsdale, whose credentials from birth forward are still in dispute, had been the central figure in a ring spying upon British naval research. Six months after his return to Soviet custody, he made himself available to a British publisher and spy-adventure writer in East Berlin to dictate a memoir of sorts. Four months later, as a version of this memoir headed for newspaper publication, he demanded that the draft be changed, especially to remove some passages boasting of his successes as a lover. The protest was ignored, so Lonsdale now signaled a desire to publish a book whose contents he alone would control. When finally delivered in Moscow, this manuscript omitted the love scenes and 25,000 other words that Lonsdale is said to have composed, but it contained some entirely new sections, in an apparently new style, about alleged adventures in the United States. The result is called *Spy—Twenty Years in Soviet Secret Service—The Memoirs of Gordon Lonsdale*; it was published in Britain by Neville Spearman and in the United States by Hawthorne Books with, alas, an incredibly stingy and incoherent account of how it all came to be.

In the meantime, Greville Wynne, an itinerant British "businessman" who was tried in Moscow together with his Soviet contact, a "scientific worker" named Oleg Penkovskiy, rushed home to begin his memoir. But he was scooped by his exe-

Cartoon courtesy of MAD magazine; copyright © 1966 by E. C. Publications, Inc.

cuted associate; as soon as Wynne had been set free, there appeared through some mysterious channel the raw materials for a volume now published by Doubleday as *The Penkovskiy Papers*. Frank Gibney, the editor and rather liberal annotator of the book, is no more satisfying than the Lonsdale crew in relating the origin of *his* manuscript.

It seems that Penkovskiy, who was portrayed at his trial as a rank-and-file Soviet official whose acquaintances did not extend beyond a limited circle of "restaurant habitués, drunkards and philanderers," had conveniently composed a hasty but lengthy memoir refuting this insult to Western intelligence by telling who he really was: a colonel of Soviet intelligence merely posing as a bureaucratic contact with Western scientists and businessmen, the son-in-law, great-nephew, and confidant of three different Soviet generals, including the chief of the tactical missile forces, a pal to the chief of military intelligence in Moscow, the occasional guest at parties of Kremlin dignitaries, and the possessor of a good number of awards and secrets.

Miraculously, just at the time of his arrest in 1962, this memorable bundle is said to have been smuggled "in highly anonymous circumstances" to an Eastern European country and thence to Peter Deriabin, a defector from the Soviet security forces still living in hiding somewhere near New York. Mr. Gibney reports that Deriabin, in turn, "undertook the long preliminary work of translation and selection" before delivering the results to him as editor. The CIA has admitted checking the final product for "security" though not "accuracy"; Mr. Gibney "assumes" that the agency deleted some material. Britain's MI-6, the joint possessor of Penkovskiy while he lived and of the dead records of the case, must have had at least an equal interest in this literary project but has shrewdly evaded all connection with it thus far.

IN OUR ignorance, we can deal only with the persons of Penkovskiy and Lonsdale as here revealed, with the techniques of subversion by memoir as here devised, and with the consequences of such shameless attempts to foist a viperous and interne-cine warfare upon an innocent reading public. The dissembling assemblers of their memoirs may even have some sort of right to try anything that serves their sinister purposes. The publishers of this stuff can be excused only if their purpose was to furnish us with entertainment; a serious presentation without critical annotation is unacceptable.

Whatever ghostly fingers may have kneaded these manuscripts, residual traces of Penkovskiy and Lonsdale remain. I believe that Lonsdale composed a good portion of his book, and that Penkovskiy

at least *spoke* a good deal of what is now attributed to his memoir during three lengthy encounters with Western agents in London and Paris. Lonsdale was a carefully groomed spy, while Penkovskiy was only briefly a double agent, a disaffected defector who spied for the West for only sixteen months before his arrest. But among the traces of them as human beings, there is one striking resemblance: their insufferable arrogance.

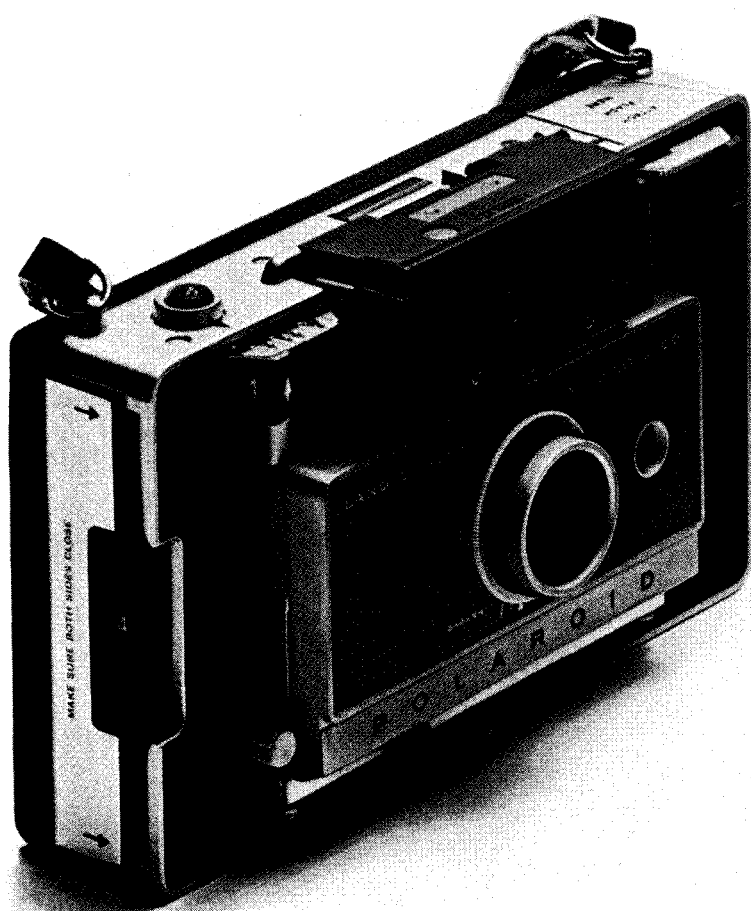
Each is confident that his espionage is single-handedly saving mankind from nuclear war. Each is delivering the secrets of a duped and suffering people to a disinterested and noble government bearing mankind's last hope of salvation. Each contends unconvincingly that the sheer fun of the game, the duplicity, adultery, and open-end expense accounts were incidental rewards and relaxations instead of part of the attraction to treachery.

Their self-revelations, now paraded before all the world by their partners in mischief, raise the uncomfortable thought that all too many members of this spy-and-counterspy fraternity are obsessed with a similarly self-serving and self-deceiving certainty that their lofty cause exempts them from most of the restraints imposed on ordinary men. In enjoying these books, it may be well to keep in mind that their purpose was to persuade us that our heroes' arrogance is the highest form of patriotism and that the crime of one spy and the treason of the other are in every way admirable.

Oleg Penkovskiy spent the first forty-two years of his life climbing to the upper level of the Soviet New Class, military and intelligence division. That is how he obtained a riverfront Moscow apartment, appointments to prestigious career academies, the chance to woo the daughters of generals and to consort with the wives of others, solid connections to obtain the privilege of every moment, from country homes to automobiles, and ultimately, the supreme gift of travel to the West to see what life can still promise and to load up on records, perfumes, fountain pens, wallets, and cognacs that could be shrewdly invested to rise yet another notch.

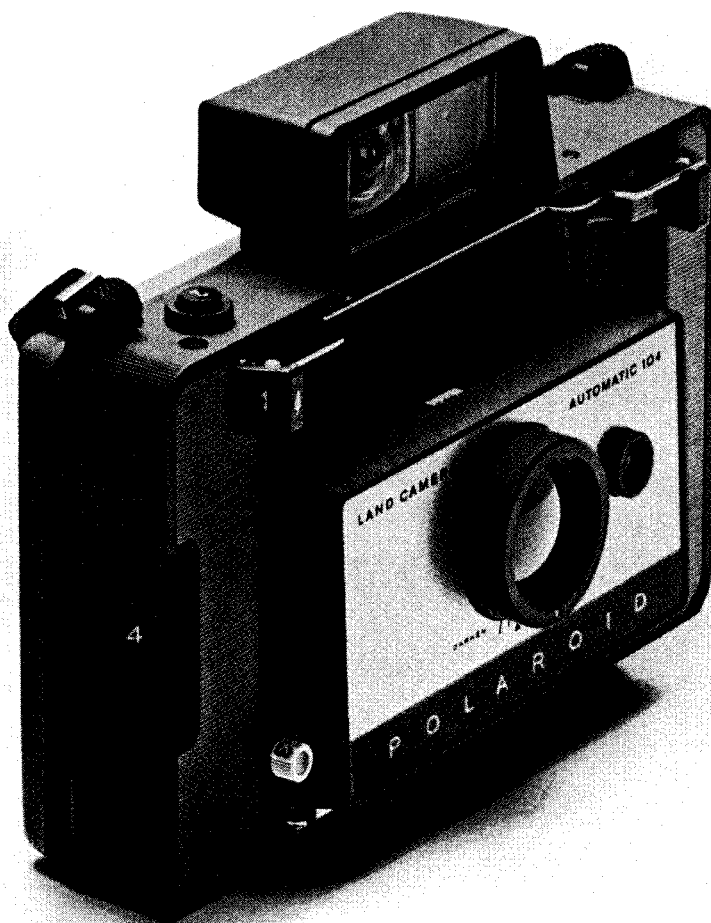
Then, in his last two years, Penkovskiy rebelled. An almost filial association since World War II with General, then Marshal, Sergey Varentsov had smoothed his path in a career that finally led to military espionage. Vain, social, intense, well-mannered, Penkovskiy enjoyed all the perquisites possible but never the freedom from petty bureaucracy and intramural warfare that he really desired. He was trapped in conflicts between the military (G.R.U.) and civilian (K.G.B.) intelligence services. He was trapped between army and Communist Party. Gradually he came to resent many of his immediate superiors, and then their superiors near the top of the hierarchy, and above all, the apparently coarse and spasmodic Nikita Khrush-

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Well?



The Quincy, against a background of the living room in the Hidden Valley, Calif. ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks West (she's Eve Arden).

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shchev. Somewhere here lay the seed of treason.

In his testimony to the West, of course, the seed has sprouted a weeping willow. Every contingency plan in the files of the military and intelligence services was a Khrushchevian plot for military adventure that was certain to end in a sudden, presumably preventive nuclear war. Everything in Moscow was sordid. Every Communist official was a debaucher. Penkovskiy had decided to save the Russian masses by working for the Western classes.

In this melodramatic year, Penkovskiy actually had three jobs. Besides working so assiduously for us, he remained a colonel in Soviet intelligence, nominally trying to recruit traveling salesmen like Wynne into spying for him, and he worked at his "cover" job in the foreign department of the State Committee for Coordination of Scientific Research, which involved steering Western visitors to innocent sights while stealing from them such industrial secrets as the formula for the glue by which Canadian firms affixed artificial fur to its cloth backing. It is hard to believe that a man so occupied and harried would take the time and the risk of composing a memoir that could only duplicate the information already given to Western agents.

Penkovskiy's spying is said to have started in April, 1961. By July 4, 1962, he was under surveillance, though he tried to pretend with Wynne that their relationship was tainted at worst by black-marketeering. He was arrested in October, and Wynne was seized in Budapest in November. They were tried in May, 1963, Wynne drawing a sentence of eight years but serving only one before he was traded for Lonsdale. Penkovskiy was said to have been shot almost immediately, but Wynne now contends that he died some other way later.

About Penkovskiy's importance as a spy, the Soviet prosecution granted virtually nothing, while perpetrators of his memoir claim much too much. From his good fairy, Marshal Varentsov, from the secret military libraries in Moscow, from his own experiences, and even from his casual acquaintances, Penkovskiy unquestionably gathered interesting information about weapons development, particularly about some missiles. He compromised a large number of Soviet agents (300 military attachés are said to have been recalled after his trial, and Marshal Varentsov was demoted with a reprimand for his misplaced trust and indiscretions). The gossip and rumors, especially about subsequently verified incidents of popular unrest and rioting, were usually interesting and sometimes helpful. Above all, the Western spooks must have prized the stuff about Eastern spooks, which, whatever its value to our diplomats and policy makers, must have been potent ammunition indeed for their private little war.

Independent sources suggest that Penkovskiy's

information, much of it quite technical, was very good for about a year but then went sour in the last months, probably because he had been discovered. But the facile and boastful claims on his behalf demonstrate that we are dealing here not only with rival documents of subterfuge but with a coincidental conspiracy of East and West to prove that the fate of all of us rides on their labors.

There is no point in bemoaning the necessity of spying, or celebrating the utility of it. Whenever five men band together for anything useful, one of them will sooner or later wonder why and desert, while a sixth one outside will begin to pry and encroach. As long as another five have banded together elsewhere, the value of both the spy and the traitor is beyond question. What gives pause in these memoirs is the evidence of the alacrity with which these giant modern intelligence agencies can equate their own interests with those of a nation, or even all humanity.

LONSDALE is an enthusiastic contributor to this myth. And his memoir is interesting only as the complement to Penkovskiy's. Lonsdale claims to have been born in Ontario in 1924 to a half-breed father and Finnish mother, who were driven by the Depression back toward Finland in 1932 but diverted en route to Poland. He says he left them in 1939 to join the anti-German underground, which he served in Germany under "Alec," who is our old friend Colonel Rudolf Abel. But much of this was boring, he brags, and it was followed by an even duller period of post-war duty in "military administration" in Germany. Life really began in 1950, he writes, when he claims to have been sent to the United States to perform assorted missions (for "Alec" again), where he stayed until 1954, when he resumed his status as Lonsdale in Canada and, once so documented, set sail for Britain. There he was caught and tried in 1961, serving three years of a twenty-five-year sentence.

The real Lonsdale child seems to have actually returned to Finland with his parents and to have been killed there, possibly in the war against the Soviet Union, so that his documents fell into Soviet hands. According to Rebecca West, one of the few remaining records of the real Lonsdale in Canada testifies to his circumcision at birth. And while Soviet intelligence may be forgiven such an oversight, it was a record that effectively pierced Lonsdale's masquerade on his first day in captivity.

Western intelligence contends that Lonsdale is really Konon T. Molody, the son of a prominent Soviet scientist, who was born in 1922 and sent at the age of eleven to live with an aunt in California. He then pretended he was her son. He is said to

have attended a private school at Berkeley, returning to the Soviet Union in 1938 to receive a commission in the Soviet Navy and special espionage training. Then comes a long blank in the record — which the fake Lonsdale fills in with his gleeful accounts of chasing Nazis in Germany and America — until he appears in Canada in 1954 to acquire the Lonsdale credentials for service in Britain.

There he paraded variously as a student and businessman, studying Chinese, renting jukeboxes, financing the production of a car lock, and buying a controlling interest in a firm that made bubble-gum machines. With his dark and plainly Russian good looks and the accented English of a foreigner taught by Americans (not Canadians, says Dame West), he “seemed to be wholly absorbed in starting up mediocre business deals, womanizing, and engaging in the minor social festivities for which he had a great gift” while organizing his little spy ring. Its principal members were Morris and Lona Cohen, described by the FBI as associates of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Colonel Abel, but now called Peter and Helen Kroger; Harry Houghton, a former naval officer who despite his record as a drunkard in sensitive foreign posts was engaged as a clerk at the Portland Underwater Weapons Establishment; and Miss Winifred Gee, a spinster in charge of documents at the establishment and the object of Houghton’s adulterous affections.

All were convicted of conspiracy, but Lonsdale maintains in his book, as he did at his trial, that the radio transmitters, the £7000 in cash, the false passports, and other incriminating materials strewn about the Krogers’ home had been secreted there by him without their knowledge.

He seems to be right in saying that he was betrayed by a Soviet defector and not by his own mistakes, but most of his other recollections amount to uninformative bravado. He struts through his interrogations as the shrewd agent surrounded by a “bunch of amateur” detectives and a police force bent on the “systematic robbery” of their prisoners.

“I do not propose to describe in any detail my experiences in the United States,” says Lonsdale with unusual accuracy, for he gives no detail to prove that he ever spied in America, if he did. But he adds: “I hope that many F.B.I. man-hours will be wasted in search of the identity I used in the United States. That they will be wasted I have little doubt because, however efficient the F.B.I. may be in pursuing gangsters and kidnappers they are out of their depth when trying to deal with a sophisticated intelligence network.”

No doubt many hours were so wasted. And with what relish the boys in Moscow must have composed those long and dull but professionally spiced passages to unnerve the CIA men in Langley, Virginia, and MI-5 and MI-6 in London!

Every fourth page, it seems, there is another bid to arouse Briton against American and, more important, British agent against American agent. But this playing upon real and fancied rivalries is, of course, a game designed for two or more spy networks.

The Penkovskiy papers make mountains of the friction between the Soviet military and civilian intelligence services. We know something of the havoc that Penkovskiy’s discovery caused among Soviet spies; his memoir is plainly intended to cause more, and to run up wasted hours in Moscow as well.

Perhaps the most entertaining of all the passages in these books comes to be a chapter of only incidental relevance to them. It is also the most clearly legitimate: a long training lecture by which Soviet agents are said to be instructed in the recruiting, caring, and feeding of American subagents. Penkovskiy is said to have smuggled this out to his Western contacts, and for unbelievably good measure, to have included it in his memoir. In any case, we do not often encounter a necessarily candid portrayal of America through Russian eyes, and this one tells us a good deal about the society in which the eyes were trained.

These passages represent Americans as energetic, enterprising, open and fun-loving, resourceful, industrious, and overwhelmingly interested in just one desire — to make more money. We are said to dress neatly and customarily to “change white shirts and socks daily.” We like to keep hands in pockets and chew gum.

In arranging secret meetings with us, agents are instructed to avoid imposing upon our sacred weekends, holidays, and family anniversaries. And to mind our fear of parks at night. We are said to listen to weather forecasts, so that if rain is predicted, the wise agent will carry umbrella or raincoat, but not rubbers.

To mix with us he must learn the intricacies of the New York subway, learn to play golf, remember to tip 10 (sic) percent at restaurants, and be careful in a bar to say not just “give me a glass of beer” but “Schlitz” or “Rheingold.”

Penkovskiy and his editors, of course, did not intend to amuse us with this lecture. They wanted to scare us with its message of the systematic recruiting of spies in our midst and with its lists of the targets and methods they pursue. I, for one, was more discouraged than frightened by the evidence that these fellows are settling down for a long haul, writing their manuals for the systematic training of their bureaucratic successors.

Alas, there will be more such books, and one of them soon may bring us another lecture from the spy manual, *The Preparation, Perpetration & Publication of the Memoir*.



THE PURPLE COW

by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

In this seventh of her articles on Scandinavia, Miss Adams, the literary editor of the ATLANTIC, recounts her experiences when she ventured above the Arctic Circle to view the midnight sun. She has just revisited Scandinavia at a time when the sun is somewhat slovenly.

ZIGZAGGED, rock-studded, fjord-slashed, the coast of Norway scrabbles 13,000 devious miles from Halden in the southeast to Kirkenes up beyond the North Cape. Counting by length and ignoring the rattail width of the country, nearly half of Norway lies above the Arctic Circle. It seemed positively improvident to loiter through such a territory in June without seeing the midnight sun, although the midnight sun, unlike circular rainbows and the dance of the lyrebird, is a natural phenomenon I have never seriously hankered to view.

An unpatriotic Norwegian encouraged my doubts. "The midnight sun? Nothing to it. Gets up in the sky, hangs around for a bit, and starts back again. Does just what it's supposed to do. Looks just the way you'd expect. And there's no need to go to the North Cape. You may see it anywhere above the Arctic Circle."

Considering his idiomatic fluency in English, I

Drawing by the author.

should have been warned by the word *may*, but I was not. The tourist office mentioned Stamsund in the Lofotens as a handy spot inside the Arctic Circle; a fishing town with a hotel whose manager spoke English, was resourceful about local transport, and liked alien visitors. And the name of this hotel? The office was mildly taken aback. They supposed it had one but had never really noticed, "because it's the only hotel there."

I thought it ridiculous to start for the Arctic without even the address of a renter of dog teams, but this was the local way. One boarded a plane, whirled north above clouds that resembled a layer of dirty soapsuds, and came down at Bodø.

Oslo had been all green and blue, the air sticky with the scent of lilacs. Bodø was brown and gray, its airport wedged into a flat spot chiseled out of the huddling bare hills; the town, treckless and nearly grassless, spread like a scatter of boxes along the harbor. (They were neat, new boxes, for everything in Bodø has been rebuilt, of necessity, since the Germans burned it flat.) The wind blew cold out of the northwest, carrying a whiplash rain and the harsh iodine smell of the sea. At the dock, the coastwise jitney was whistling imperiously and needlessly, for passengers had already clotted about the gangway and the rest of the Bodø population stood in the lee of warehouses, supervising the loading of freight.

Stamsund, on Vestvagøy at the south end of the Lofoten chain, is only a short run from Bodø. We bounced through the wind-swirled mist for four hours, evaded various large rocks, and slid into the smooth, narrow waters of Stamsund harbor. On the dock, the school band played a spirited welcoming march, for what or whom, nobody could tell me. The purser thought they might simply be rehearsing. At least, I think that's what he thought, but there is no guarantee that either question or answer was perfectly understood by both parties.

Perfect understanding or not, the purser was my last contact with the reliably bilingual tourist world. Up the gravel road from the dock — there is no paving in Stamsund — I found the one hotel in turmoil. The English-speaking manager was departing, rather in the manner of one carried off the field of battle. His hands shook. Clearly the place had been too much for him.

It did indeed look like a discouraging spot to run a hotel. The town begins on a spit of land between the large harbor and a smaller inlet where the fishing boats come in, and runs inland along the narrow slope between this inlet and a ridge of steep, rocky, soot-colored hills jutting up to the west. I estimated the number of buildings at fewer than 200, including the oil tanks out on the point, dock warehouses, cod-liver oil plant, fish-meal factory, freezing plant, grocery, general store, post office, town hall, garage, seaman's temperance lodging house with public cafeteria, hardware and ship supply outfit, a string of small board-and-batten houses for the use of fishermen temporarily in port, and a bookstore combined with the electrical shop. The bookstore carried marine charts, stationery, drawing materials, excellent art books on people like Picasso and Chagall, and a formidable assortment of reading matter in Norse, English, and French. The books ranged from *The Light That Failed* in translation to William Shirer's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, and the paperback department ran heavily to scholarly topics. No movie theater was to be seen in Stamsund, no television aerials, no bar, and very few people. The houses, small, square, and glossy with new paint, stood closely packed along the main, and for practical purposes, only, street. On a small round plateau at the far end of town, a church tower rose from a scraggle of treetops, the only trees in sight.

Back from the harbor and the town, a stripe of green circled the base of hills which rolled up, brown and empty, to dark, windworn crags that vanished into the low-hanging clouds. Silence enclosed Stamsund like a glass bell.

Reduced to my own invention by the flight of the hotel manager, I had lunch, beerless and baffled, at the cafeteria, which I did not recognize as a teetotal establishment. This was stupidity on my part.

I should have known when I was offered water that I was in a temperance house, for the worst defeat I suffered in Norway was over a glass of water in an Oslo restaurant. The Oslo waitress, eager to please if she could only grasp what was wanted, hovered anxiously while I tried the word water in every form I could think of and several that I concocted in the hope of hitting an approximately Norwegian noise. No result except a bottle of lemon pop. Pantomime and picture drawing worked no better. At last, the Norseman at the next table, who had been listening with silent but unmistakable mirth, intervened and set the waitress straight. Then he turned to me and said, "You know, she really understood what you were saying. The trouble was that she couldn't believe it."

OUTSIDE, the overcast was breaking up. Spots of sunlight moved across the hills, turning the brown to a soft gold shot with sparks of green, copper, rose, and deep violet. Evidently there was something up there besides discouraged grass. I collected the sketchbook from the hotel and started for the far side of the harbor, which looked quite uninhabited.

Within four minutes, I was out of town on a narrow road that looped along the inner edge of the beach, following every quirk of the shoreline. A rough seawall supported the road, broken in one spot by a complex of battered arrangements in concrete. They seemed to have been dug into the road on the water side, and into the hill inland, and despite recognizable stairways and door frames, were too small for any sane structure. Puzzled, I climbed on a broken wall which had once encircled some sort of window, and looked through the gap. I had a neatly comprehensive view of the harbor entrance and Stamsund dock. Gun emplacements. Very thoroughly demolished.

There is no middle to northern landscape. It is designed for the telescope or the microscope, with nothing between the immense background panorama of monochromatic rock and tundra and the infinitely detailed foreground full of midsize blossoms, stunted pebbles, dwarfish shells. The ground beside the road was crowded with infinitesimal dandelions, buttercups, Johnny-jump-ups, nameless wonders in the shape of white stars, magenta paintbrushes, Yale-blue bells. They flourished in a world four inches high.

Pursuing these plants, I worked my way up a slope toward a spatter of rose and blue patches which seemed to be five feet across. How big they really were I never learned, for the moss, soft as a feather bed under foot, was also treacherous. A sheet of it came loose from the underlying rock, and I skidded noisily backward into the roadside ditch.

A couple of ravens rose from the higher cliff, screaming disapproval. Their cries bounced back from the surrounding crags like a series of gunshots. Some sheep up the hill skittered off in a tinkle of bells. It was altogether a most unseemly racket, and attracted the owner of a bicycle lying beside the road.

This was a boy of fifteen or so, who came down the hillside with the assurance, if not the speed, of a chamois. He was carrying a sort of cross between a knapsack and a portfolio, and cheerfully admitted to botanizing, not entirely for pleasure. The Bodø Gymnasium, where he was a student, tends to science and was demanding 150 botanical specimens.

The island maintains only primary schools, so this boy was living in Bodø in partnership with several other youths. I gathered that they subsisted on their own cooking, and that the trip home to Stamsund was made as often as possible and had some of the aspects of a foraging expedition.

The young man was a gift of providence. He translated the local names of flowers into English, calling the one with flamboyant magenta clusters "midsummer flower" and the delicate white blossom, exactly like one that grows in New England woods, "forest star," although there has been no forest on Vestvagøy since the last glacier moved out. A neat black and white affair stumped him. The name was somehow untranslatable, but he made up for that by explaining that the actual flower was the black, fluffy center tuft; the greenish-white outer petals were mere wrappings.

I asked about the concrete structure and was told it had indeed been a German gun emplacement. "They had them everywhere," he said, and launched into an amiably ironic description of his elders. "They're all still bragging about what they did against the Germans. Maybe it's true. I wasn't born then." He added that peace and quiet, while desirable, tend to encourage boredom, and skipped from that to history and berserkers. "Those fellows that went into battle without armor and couldn't feel fear or pain. They did it on flea mushrooms." Did he mean fly amanita? "No — the red pointed caps with white spots. I believe they are different. Poisonous, of course. I think the old — well, we call them the old ones — knew a lot about plants — how to use them for medicine, you see. But they were very wild." The tone of voice betrayed guilty, admiring envy of the old ones.

This sheepish nostalgia for the wicked past, recent or remote, is not confined to the young. An otherwise sensible man, describing to me the outrages of the Nazi occupation, worked himself into a state of incongruous enthusiasm. It was exciting, he said; every day was full of surprise and suspense, everybody was passing news, snooping, maneuvering; just walking down the street was an adventure. Of course, he added hastily, the war was terrible.

God forbid that such a thing should ever happen again. But — and his eye lit with a wild blue fire — "I wouldn't give up the memory of it for anything."

The young botanist had missed the show. I left him shaking his head over history's lack of consideration and rambled on along the road to sketch some old sheds and a tipsy wharf. Down the bay, small islands came and went in the mist, lumps of angular rock like ruined castles, black against the gray-green water except when a stray shaft of sun struck both rock and water with peacock lights. The weather was definitely closing in, and by the time I finished sketching, the peaks across the inlet were blotted out by rags of cloud blown in from the invisible Atlantic. The air slapped against my face, wet and cold as a snowball, and the wind blew through my leather jacket as though it were so much gauze.

I walked back to town rather faster than I had left it. The hotel's new management regarded me with despair and spoke in soft, lilting, incomprehensible syllables. So I settled in the dining room and looked hungry, and the cook, a hangover from the old regime, stuck her head through the door, asking "Steak?" Starvation seemed unlikely while this cook remained on duty.

Defying the effects of steak and salt air, I stayed awake, yawning, until twelve o'clock. The light dimmed to the shadowless, tarnished silver radiance of a dull November afternoon. I sat by the window and read a book while everything else in Stamsund slept except the wind, which whimpered in the empty square and gnawed at the corners of the hotel. But the sky remained heavily clouded, and as for the midnight sun — I might as well have waited for a giraffe.

BREAKFAST in a Norwegian hotel consists of a vast assemblage of cereals, breads, crackers, pots of jam, stewed fruits, five kinds of herring, thick sausages, thin sausages, and cheese. There are three kinds of cheese, a white one, a yellow one, and a block like a very large cake of naphtha soap which I mentally christened, for want of the proper name, old goat. Unless the waitress is caught and told to desist, a freshly boiled egg appears automatically.

Fortified by the egg, a great deal of coffee, and avoidance of the old goat, I wandered through Stamsund, which was suddenly full of girls in bright dresses, children throwing balls, and bicycle riders chattering as they passed each other. The sun was unequivocally out, and the air was warm. At the north end of town, away from the harbor, thin streams ran diamond bright along the roadside, and fat yellow ducklings splashed in little blue ponds. It was a very fine summer day, and it lasted

almost five hours. During that time, Stamsund buzzed like a hive of happy bees. Then the wind shifted, and everybody ran for cover.

The town of Stamsund belongs almost entirely to the Johansen family. Mr. Erling Johansen, when I routed him out of his office over the bus station, proved to be a courtly gentleman of sixty or so, very willing to talk about the history of the place. The town, he told me, was virtually the creation of his father, who in 1901 acquired a small point of land on the harbor beside a fishing hamlet. Two houses and a dock about covered the inventory of the place. The senior Johansen, who must have been both imaginative and persuasive, then induced fishermen from all around the islands to bring their catch into Stamsund, and wheedled the coastal steamer line into making a stop there. As more and more fish were shipped through Stamsund, the town prospered and grew to its present size, which is, for the Lofotens, considerable. The Johansens introduced a fish-meal factory, a cod-liver oil plant, and ultimately, a freezing plant. The original small point of land was extended down the harbor, the fill being granite from a nearby mountain, which when cut away made room for new houses in the town. Mr. Johansen pointed out his brother's house, a building in simplified Palladian style, painted pistachio green and surrounded by a formal garden with clipped shrubs and white gravel paths, and explained that the spot where it sits, well into town, was once right on the beach.

We looked into the fish-meal factory, which smelt like a potato field in early spring, and then visited the five-story warehouse where stockfish — dried salt cod — is sorted into twenty grades, tied in bunches, and bagged for shipping. The best grade goes to Italy, but West Africa is a good customer for cod of slightly less distinction.

The warehouse consisted of enormous white-walled rooms with rows of columns supporting the acres of ceiling. Fish, dried to the color and very nearly to the texture of split firewood, lay stacked, literally like cordwood, in long, narrow walls. The ends of these ramparts were carefully rounded, and neat towers of fish circled the pillars. The grades of fish were sternly segregated, as were the grades of burlap used for bagging. West Africa may not get the best cod, but it gets a fine grade of burlap, re-used for all sorts of things, including garments.

The fish I was admiring were mostly from two seasons back, Mr. Johansen said. The last season had been very poor, producing no cod, but rather quantities of herring, which should have been down south between Bergen and Trondheim. Mr. Johansen spoke of these errant herring with resentment, a common attitude, I found, in Scandinavia, for the herring is an exasperating fish, always blundering about where it has no business to be.

Most of the buildings I was seeing were new. During the war, the British came in and blew up the cod-liver oil plant and everything else likely to give comfort to the Germans, and thirty-five young Stamsunders joined up and left with the commandos. Then the Gestapo appeared, fuming, and burnt five houses and took a number of leading citizens, including Mr. Johansen, off to prison. "What were you doing?" I asked, for he had just regretted that age had prevented him from running off with the British. Mr. Johansen grinned. "They were afraid of what we'd do next."

So the Stamsunders were hustled off to Tromsø, where captivity was lightened by a view out the prison window of the blasted remains of the *Tirpitz*. The electrical cable to Stamsund had been moved, with great trouble, for the future convenience of this ship. "But she never came," said Mr. Johansen, still tickled by the fact. "They got her up at Troms."

The freezing plant dock was around on the old side of town, on the inlet, where stone seawalls and green-black piers supported the whole length of the waterfront. Men were extracting fish from a net floating in the harbor, and a flock of sea gulls, wildly excited, screamed as they crisscrossed in the air or rocked on the edges of the net, stabbing at dying fish. Most of the fish were actively alive, and were dragged out of the water thrashing angrily and glittering like glass in the sun. They met a quick cutthroat death, and we followed the remains indoors to the filleting machine. It turned out that Mr. Johansen himself had never before seen this contraption in action. He was much amused by it, and we stood in a swelling pool of fins, bones, blood, livers, and guts while the machine seized fish after headless fish, sliced off the fillets with a single quick slash, and tossed the debris on the floor.

Despite the sloppy habits of the filleting machine, the whole place was immaculately clean and smelt of nothing but fresh salty air. It also contained quite a percentage of Stamsund's working population, a row of men and women in starched white caps and coveralls busy at a bench along the wall, where they were boning, trimming, and filleting fish by hand. The men did the filleting, and the girls handled the delicate job of removing excess bits of bone and skin. Hand-filleting, Mr. Johansen said, leaves less meat on the bones, but is slower. However the work is done, from live fish in the harbor to boxed fillet in the freezer takes about three hours.

"You know," remarked Mr. Johansen as we scuffed our shoes dry on the gravel outside the building, "the cod is a wonderful fish. Every bit of it is good for something."

Stockfish is salted and dried in the open air, on racks set up all over the district. Since I wanted to

see the racks and the district too, I rode the island bus. Mr. Johansen warned me that it would be a dull trip, but he was probably prejudiced by over-familiarity. It was not dull. The bus carried passengers, mail, and freight, and the young driver was, in his own mind, either steering a war galley before the wind or taking the Deadwood Stage through bandit country.

The island roads are narrow, winding, and rarely wide enough for two vehicles to pass abreast because vehicles, other than bicycles, are scarce on Vestvågøy. We met one truck on a hill turn, and much backing and twisting was required to cope with it. Our driver was not discouraged in the least. We set off again very briskly, throwing gravel on every turn, scooted through fog in the valleys, and leaped through low-blowing cloud on the hilltops. Dogs fled before us, and cattle goggled reproachfully from the fields.

These cattle were pastured on short jade-green grass in a succession of valleys sloping down toward the water. The green fields were broken by occasional stretches of plowed ground and, now and then, a peat bog. Houses were widely scattered, usually set well away from the road, and quite often equipped with a small dooryard garden under sheets of transparent plastic. One enterprising householder had espaliered a pair of apple trees against his south wall. These were the only fruit trees I saw. Indeed, by southern standards there are no trees on Vestvågøy, for the Lofoten version of such things is undersized birch and rowan. These pseudo-trees, although small, are frequently very handsome, their trunks and branches twisted into gnomish, improbable shapes by the eternal wind.

Fish-drying racks, mostly empty, were thick all along the route. They stuck up on the beach, in fields and farmyards, out of rock piles, seemingly set down wherever space happened to be available. The thin poles of which they were built showed black against the sky, but at close quarters had the gray-white, old-bone color of salt-worn wood, and rather suggested skeletons of unimaginable prehistoric monsters. Some of the racks stood twenty feet high, but regardless of height, the first row of fish always hung five feet off the ground (animals), and the whole affair was covered with netting (birds).

Evidently the peat bogs provided considerable fuel for the countryside. In the little three-house villages, the air tingled with the smell, half coal, half autumn leaves, of burning peat. The bus delivered a great deal of mail to these small towns, piles of packages, and loose items ranging from a bicycle that traveled lashed on the front bumper to a pail of liquid grease, which rode, without a cover, under the front passenger seat. It was delivered

without a drop spilled. On the return trip we picked up a ship's carpenter whose gear, including a large sack of potatoes, spread throughout the bus and drew comment from the passengers.

The carpenter was going to join a fishing craft, possibly to rebuild it at sea, but I proposed to sail prosaically on the *Rangvald Jarl* at half past eleven, with visions of the midnight sun seen through a rainbow of flying spray. Because the ship was due, the hotel had a rush of business which utterly demoralized the staff. A contingent of crisp young fellows from the Norwegian army ran up and down the stairs, hauling baggage. The fat little waitress, in a state of numb terror, hid in the kitchen while civilian guests in the lounge roared plaintively for food. The cook had left, carrying two suitcases. The manager leaned on the desk, looking pale.

In response to what looked like a minor Armageddon, I began to worry about the ship. Short of standing on the dock in the wind, which was now working up to gale force in my amateur opinion, how would I know when the *Rangvald Jarl* arrived? It was an idiotic apprehension; in small ports, everybody always knows when the boat comes in, and one need only follow the crowd. I began to badger the unfortunate manager with a question: does this ship whistle when she docks?

I had discovered in the course of two days of semi-communication that the manager, who refused to speak a word of English, did understand the stuff if things were repeated often enough and with a lucky choice of synonyms. So I went at the problem, prepared to be as stubborn as Ulysses Grant. Will the boat whistle? Blank. Will the boat make a noise? Blank. Will we hear the *Rangvald Jarl* come in? Blank.

Norwegians have a strange trick of laughing loudly without making any noise or visibly moving a muscle. As I pestered the manager, the Norwegian army quietly gathered behind me in the hall. They did not make a sound, and their faces, reflected in the mirror behind the desk, were solemn as a row of tombstones. But the air vibrated with suppressed convulsions.

Finally they could stand no more, and a polite voice said, over my shoulder, what sounded like, "Tooty ship ykoomin in?" Toot was the magic word. The manager nodded furiously and actually collapsed into English. "Yes. Ship toots."

No doubt she did, but the sound was whisked away to the south on the same rainy wind that churned up the harbor waters and rocked the *Rangvald Jarl* nervously against the mooring lines. The manager did his duty. He appeared in the doorway of the lounge, drew a long breath, and with obvious anguish, announced, "The ship is here." It was almost as satisfactory as seeing the midnight sun.

EUGÈNE IONESCO

BY CURTIS CATE

Eugène Ionesco, whose play RHINOCEROS was one of the sensations of the 1961 Broadway season, has been called the most original playwright since Pirandello. Recently he joined the repertory of "classic" French dramatists with his fourth three-act play, LA SOIF ET LA FAIM, staged by the Comédie Française. We have turned for this portrait to Curtis Cate, writer and critic who lives in Paris.



THERE are many stories about the strange kinship between the haphazard logic of Eugène Ionesco's life and the studied illogic of his art, but the one I like best is told by the French writer René de Obaldia. Ionesco had been invited to the Château de Cerisy, in Normandy, to take part in one of those pastoral reunions of intellectuals of which the French are so fond. Seven days had already been consumed in feverish arguments, dissertations, and hairsplitting dialectics when, at the last moment, Ionesco turned up, with the furtive look of a wayward tramp, trailing behind him, as his sole piece of luggage, an implausible Tyrolean rucksack. The hostess did her best to make the late arrival feel at home, but at dinner that evening he refused to touch a morsel and sat in mournful silence, his Grock-like face visibly harrowed by the prospect of the communication he was expected to deliver the following day to the assembled company of writers and critics. The next morning he failed to appear at breakfast, and Obaldia, when he went upstairs to see what was amiss, found him sprawled out on his bed, fully clothed, amid a welter of papers which he had spent the whole night scribbling on. By lunchtime his sleepless pallor had taken on a faintly greenish hue, and he remained as uncommunicative as ever, though he finally felt forced, out of sheer civility, to ask the lady seated next to him what was the fish which had been placed before them.

Drawing of Ionesco by Guy Diaz.

"*C'est du hâ,*" she answered dryly.

"*Ah, du hâ,*" echoed Ionesco, the fatuous phrase sticking in his throat like a fishbone, as though he were choking on one of those excruciating word-plays with which he has mined his plays.

By the time his speech was due Ionesco was in a state of near-panic. He could not find his text. He felt in his pockets, turned them inside out, extracted a wallet, a handkerchief, a necktie; he got up, examined the crevices of his armchair, rolled up his trouser legs, all to no avail. Someone was sent upstairs to his bedroom, the night table drawer was searched, the wardrobe ransacked. No sign of any papers. And then suddenly, like a hidden spring, the papers gushed forth from an overlooked inner pocket in such profusion that, escaping from Ionesco's hands, they flew all over the room, even fluttering under the chairs and the piano, where the playwright Arthur Adamov got down on his knees to retrieve them.

With the papers collected and sorted out, Ionesco could at last begin. He braced himself and began in a strangled voice:

"What I have to say is that I have absolutely nothing to say."

He never got beyond this sentence, like the hero of his own play, *Amédée*, who, when the curtain rises, has spent fifteen years writing the same play at the rate of one line a year. The hostess was so taken aback that she interrupted her knitting and

had Ionesco repeat this solemn enunciation several times. How curious, she exploded, how original to meet someone who had nothing at all to say! A critic rushed to the tongue-tied playwright's rescue with a brilliant improvisation on the nature of silence; some silences being sacred, others profane, Mallarmé's silences differing from Claudel's, and so on. This led to a lively free-for-all, which reached a crescendo when Adamov remarked to a German lady present: "*Ja, es ist ganz seltsam!*" ("Yes, it is very strange!") Only a little later was it noticed that the speaker was oddly silent. He had fallen asleep in his armchair, his lids seraphically closed and his pudgy little fingers still clutching the papers on his lap.

HUMOR, like poetry, springs from the unexpected and, more specifically, the incongruous juxtaposition of ideas. The incongruous, however, is not the same as the capricious, and if we look carefully at Ionesco's plays, it becomes apparent that the seeming madness of his world obeys an inner logic of its own, a logic as precise as that governing Lewis Carroll's looking-glass world or the pictorial metaphors of the cartoonist Saul Steinberg.

"The fabulous," Pasternak declared in *Doctor Zhivago*, "is never anything but the commonplace touched by the hand of genius." So close to the commonplace has Ionesco always stuck that there is not one of his plays which is not set in the immediate here and now. Whereas Montherlant has gone back to the Spanish *Siglo de Oro*, Sartre to the Thirty Years' War, Camus to Caligula, and Jean Anouilh to the twelfth-century Thomas à Becket, Ionesco alone has kept unswervingly to the modest rut of present-day bourgeois life.

Yet, within these confines, he has fashioned something uniquely rich and strange. From the gray silt bed of the commonplace he has dredged up a thousand new pearls. Here, as in the fairy-tale zoo of Marc Chagall or the luminous aquarium of Joan Miró, material objects are wondrously unchained from the leaden gravity of everyday realism. The grandfather clock strikes not twelve but twenty-nine times; the telephone rings, and the architect pulls the receiver out of his coat pocket; the bride, when unveiled, reveals two noses, only to be rejected by the hard-to-please bridegroom because she doesn't have three; a fifteen-year-old corpse grows by frightening jerks right across the living room stage; and a recalcitrant son lays eggs at his parents' behest.

Fifteen years ago, when Ionesco's first play, *La Cantatrice Chauve* (*The Bald Soprano*), was put on at the Left Bank theater of Les Noctambules, few

in the audience were aware that they were witnessing a radically new kind of theater. There were catcalls and boos. What did the author mean by writing a play in which no bald-headed singer appears, into which a fireman strays when there isn't the whiff of a fire, and in which the dialogue, from the first line to the last, seems bent on defying every canon of rational speech? The reception was so hostile that Ionesco had to be restrained by his friends from climbing onto the stage to defend his pilloried work.

What a change! When Jean-Louis Barrault unveiled *Le Rhinocéros* at the Théâtre de France in 1961, there were no tumultuous catcalls, but the applause was polite rather than sincere. The almost universal criticism was that this time the author had betrayed himself, had gone conservative. "Instead of achieving that 'Ionesco to the power of two' which we were dreaming of," *Le Monde's* theater critic wrote, "he has copied himself and even yielded to a kind of apologia, like Chaplin disfiguring his once brilliant pantomime with speeches." Ionesco was tried and found guilty of not being Ionescoan enough.

There is an odd irony in this, just as there is in the fact that it was precisely this play, assuredly far from his best, which established his popularity in England and the United States. Joseph Anthony could be forgiven for wanting to introduce a play to Broadway which Laurence Olivier and Orson Welles had already successfully offered to the theatergoers of Drury Lane. What was less pardonable was the transformation of a play which, at the most sanguine interpretation, is a tragicomedy into what one New York reviewer could describe as a "cleverly crazy" farce. The misunderstanding, which Ionesco himself terms a "catastrophe," stemmed, I suspect, from roughly the same causes which prompted the producers to jazz up Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* a few years ago to make it pleasing to the Manhattan public. The nightmarish universe of Kafka, the tortured world of Sartre, the listless limbo of Beckett may be palatable fare for campus intellectuals or off-Broadway aesthetes, but for the Broadway public the pill must be sugar-coated.

There is no denying that the deliberate illogicality of Ionesco's plays is typical of the revolt against form and symmetry which is characteristic of so much contemporary art, but it is a good deal more; for his quarrel from the beginning was not just with that deceptively logical Cartesian brand of thought which nostalgic Frenchmen still like to claim as a kind of national monopoly; it was, more specifically, a quarrel with the tendentious and ideologically oriented literature which enjoyed such a vogue in the early post-war years.

In 1950, when *La Cantatrice Chauve* was first put

on in Paris, the post-war existentialist tide was at full flood and the French literary marketplace was waist-deep in a porridge of ideological dialectics and metaphysical jargon. Jean-Paul Sartre, its high priest, had been riding the crest of the wave with *La Putain Respectueuse* (*The Respectful Prostitute*) and *Les Mains Sales* (*Dirty Hands* — inane translated into English as *Red Gloves*), two militantly didactic, antibourgeois plays.

It was at this point that Ionesco launched his *Bald Soprano*. A less socially committed play could hardly be imagined. It contained no political message, nor even the semblance of a plot. The hero and heroine, if such they can be called, are two staid citizens called Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose middle-class respectability is emphasized by their nationality — the English being the most stolidly “uncommitted” people in Europe — and by their residing in a London suburb. Their preoccupations, far from being existentially anguished, could not be more banal: Mrs. Smith, when the curtain rises, is knitting socks, and Mr. Smith has his nose buried in the evening paper.

Nothing could be more tranquil, more serene, more commonplace; yet before the next half hour is over, the rational universe has been stood on its head. The clock starts the confusion by striking seventeen strokes, whereupon Mrs. Smith remarks brightly: “Hah, it’s nine o’clock.” She follows this up with a stirring monologue on the corner grocer’s salad oil, which is better than that of the grocer just opposite, and a good deal better than that of the grocer down at the bottom of the hill. The conversation is full of exchanges like this:

MRS. SMITH. Yoghurt is excellent for the stomach, the kidneys, appendicitis, and apotheosis. So I’ve been told by Dr. Mackenzie-King, who takes care of our neighbors’, the Joneses’, children. He’s a good, trustworthy doctor. He never recommends medicines he hasn’t tried out himself. Before operating on Parker, he had his own liver operated on, though he wasn’t ill in the least.

MR. SMITH. Then how is it that the doctor pulled through, whereas Parker died?

MRS. SMITH. Because the operation was a success with the doctor, but a failure with Parker.

MR. SMITH. Then Mackenzie’s not a good doctor. The operation should have worked for both of them or both should have succumbed.

MRS. SMITH. Why?

MR. SMITH. A conscientious doctor should die with his patient if both can’t recover. The captain of a ship goes down with the ship. He doesn’t survive.

MRS. SMITH. You can’t compare a patient to a ship.

MR. SMITH. Why not? A ship has its breakdowns too; besides, your doctor is as sound as a tub, and that’s another reason why he should have perished with his patient like the captain and his ship.

MRS. SMITH. Ah! I hadn’t thought of it. . . . You may be right.

The conversation gets progressively zanier. A couple called the Martins turn up for a dinner which is never served, an intruding fireman is suddenly embraced by the maid, who recites an incendiary poem in his honor, and the play ends with the dialogue growing steadily more meaningless and monosyllabic, with the sentences, as though disintegrated by a kind of linguistic atom smasher, dissolving into senseless streams of words like “*Bazar, Balzac, Bazaine . . . bizarre, Beaux-Arts, baisers,*” in a crazy sequence echoing the “*hic, haec, hoc*” recitation of a Latin class.

LA CANTATRICE CHAUVE may one day be regarded as an event as revolutionary for the post-war French stage as Picasso’s *Demoiselles d’Avignon* was for painting in the early years of this century. If anything, it was more revolutionary, for this “anti-play,” as Ionesco dubbed it, set out to disarticulate all rational discourse into a senseless game of conversational scrabble. It was the first and last of a genre which was too self-defeating, too suicidal to be capable of reproduction.

It was with *Les Chaises* (*The Chairs*), written in 1951 and first staged the following year, that Ionesco really came into his own. Jean Anouilh did not hesitate to praise it as “better than Strindberg” and to place it alongside Marcel Aymé’s *Clérambard* and Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot* as one of the most interesting plays to have appeared since Pirandello’s *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. In *Les Chaises*, Ionesco transplanted his experimentation with contradictions, hitherto limited to the domain of language, to the realm of action. The main protagonists here, as in most Ionesco plays, are a married couple, in this case an elderly husband and wife, aged 95 and 94, who have been married for 75 years. The husband is a frustrated ex-cavalry corporal who has been reduced to the status of concierge in a house which, like some Maeterlinck castle, is surrounded by water. The Old Man and Old Woman (who are never named) are expecting some guests who have been invited to a lecture, at which the Old Man’s long-delayed “message” will finally be communicated to the world. The guests begin to turn up, announced by the offstage splashing of oars, but, strangely enough, they are both invisible and mute. Only the chairs they are to sit on are real, and only the remarks made by the Old Man and Old Woman are actually heard.

The invisible guests keep arriving, and to seat them the harassed Old Man and Old Woman have to drag in more and more chairs, the stage growing so cluttered that they are finally reduced to creeping along the sides of the room, like ushers moving

up crowded aisles, and to shouting at each other above the unheard tumult of an unseen audience. The grotesque impression is heightened by the unexpected arrival of the Emperor — obviously a belated wish fulfillment of the ex-corporal's adolescent dreams — whose solemn but invisible entrance is indicated by a sharp intensification of the klieg lights. The climax is reached when the long-awaited Speaker makes a real flesh-and-blood appearance, but he turns out to be a deaf-mute who vainly tries to communicate the Old Man's message through incomprehensible grunts.

Les Chaises marks one of the peaks of Ionesco's dramatic art. Just as Henry Moore in his sculpture has given the void plastic meaning and expression, so here Ionesco has used the invisible to suggest the gulf of human incommunicability, the dreamlike unreality of stifled aspirations, the vanity of pompous rhetoric.

LES CHAISES, and the plays which immediately follow it, betray a systematic effort to depict the frustrations and anguish of much of modern life. In *Victimes du Devoir* (*Victims of Duty*), the play in which Kafka's influence is most evident, the iron heartlessness of the modern bureaucratic police state is plastically symbolized by the loaf of bread which the police inspector draws from his briefcase and has the hero, Choubert, eat "to stop up the holes of the memory." Momentarily rescued by a friend called Nicholas d'Eu, who drops in and kills the inspector in a fit of rage, Choubert promptly succumbs to the new tyranny of his savior, who, seizing the loaf of bread, thrusts it back into the hapless Choubert's mouth. "We are all victims of duty," wails the wife, as the three begin intoning a frenzied, mind-numbing chant: "Swallow, chew! Swallow, chew! Swallow, chew!" which continues as the curtain falls.

Victimes du Devoir offers a new treatment of a classic theme. At the start of his inquisition, for example, the inspector has Choubert remove his belt, tie, and shoelaces, as though he were a jailbird, and Choubert, feeling immediate relief, thanks his "jailer" — in a conscious echo of Dostoevsky's thesis, as expounded in the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor, that the one thing men cannot endure is freedom. The play is in fact a restatement of one of the major themes in Pasternak's *Zhivago*. Here the karma-like cycle or implacable repetitiveness of events is symbolized by the perennial return of tyranny in human affairs. The revolutionary of one moment — whom Ionesco has paradoxically named Nicolas d'Eu (Nicolas II, as it is pronounced in French) — becomes the tyrant, the czar of the next.

In *Amédée, ou Comment s'en Débarrasser* (*Amédée, or How To Get Rid of It*) an anguishing predicament is again given plastic symbolization — this time by a corpse with which Amédée Buccinioni and his wife, Madeleine, have been condemned to live for the past fifteen years. The corpse is that of a man whom Amédée one day killed in a fit of jealousy; but the procrastinating husband has cringed from avowing the crime, which, like the portrait of Dorian Gray, has now visibly begun to fester. When the curtain rises, tiny mushrooms have sprung up in one corner of the living room, while the corpse has started a mysterious and disconcerting growth. By the beginning of the second act, the mushrooms have grown into giants and hideously multiplied, while the corpse's legs have started expanding at a furious pace, marked by visible and audible jerks, each sounding like the trump of doom. Soon the legs, pushing in from the neighboring room, stretch right across the living room floor. Driven to action out of sheer despair, the husband finally opens the window and drags out the corpse with the intention of dumping it into the Seine, whereupon the body miraculously loses substance and the trouser legs turn into an immensely long shroud. The husband's psychic liberation is consummated in a delightful piece of third-act vaudeville which takes place in a little square outside a café-brothel frequented by American GI's, and it ends with Amédée sailing up and away into the fireworks-spangled night on his kitelike shroud above the vain whistle-blowing and truncheon-waving of two irate gendarmes.

In *Amédée*, Ionesco successfully reversed the technique employed in *Les Chaises*; and whereas in the earlier play the intervening void was used to convey a feeling of incommunicability and frustration, here an ever more encumbering mass graphically symbolizes the stifling omnipresence of a love which has died.

Ionesco's is a symbolic universe in which the symbols are used to express the tragicomic nature of the human condition. His plays are allegories, and both the miniature dimensions of most of them and the stylized mode of speech which he has perfected for them place them closer to the conventions of the puppet stage than to the canons of contemporary dramatic realism.

Ionesco, indeed, has a right to be regarded as the existentialist playwright of our times, for his vision of the theater as a vehicle for expressing the sadness inherent in the human condition adheres more closely to the older and more authentic lineage of Unamuno's *Tragic Sense of Life* than do the Marx-distorted works of Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre, though ideologically a revolutionary, has always been a conservative in questions of form, and his

plays have never got beyond the staid canons of bourgeois realism; it is Ionesco, ideologically a conservative, who has been the real revolutionary of the contemporary stage. His contempt for Sartre, who is his particular *bête noire*, is so withering, indeed, that one day in Rio de Janeiro he dumbfounded the Brazilian journalists who pestered him with the inevitable question, "What do you think of Jean-Paul Sartre?" by answering with a perfectly straight face, "Who? Jean-Paul Sartre? Jean-Paul Sartre? Never heard of him."

"No society has been able to abolish human sorrow, no political system can free us from the sadness of living, or the fear of death, or our thirst for the absolute," Ionesco wrote some years ago. "It is the human condition which governs the social, not the other way around." Ionesco's antididacticism, as opposed to Sartre's didacticism, is thus impregnated with a humanistic message of its own, and in this scheme of things it is Society, with a capital *s*, the ever more invasive leviathan of modern collective life, which is the villain, and the individual, with a small *i*, who is the victim.

The two plays in which this message is most clearly conveyed are *Tueur sans gages* (*The Killer*) and *Rhinoceros*. Both share the same hero, Bérenger, the prototype of the twentieth century's "little man," and the same theme, contemporary man's pathetic submission to the seemingly irresistible weight of collective tyranny and dread.

Of the two the first, though it has failed to acquire the immense international fame of the second, is doubtless the greater play. It is Ionesco's most ambitious, and some (including the author) would be willing to say his finest, effort. Kenneth Tynan, who is not particularly sympathetic to Ionesco's ideas, ranks the central part of *The Killer* alongside Aristophanes and Molière as a masterpiece of tragicomedy.

It can be argued that here, as in others of his plays, Ionesco succeeded only too well, the sheer exuberance of his comic invention serving to mask the grimness of the predicament he was seeking to portray. *Tueur à gages* in French means a hired or paid assassin, but the "*Tueur sans gages*" of Ionesco is an unpaid assassin, a seemingly motiveless murderer, endlessly repeating what André Gide liked to call the gratuitous crime. His anonymity is at the root of the terror he inspires, a terror so great that it has emptied the *Cité Radieuse*, which, as the curtain rises, an architect is proudly showing off to Bérenger.

This Radiant City — which the audience never sees except in its imagination, in keeping with Keats's conviction that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" — is conjured up before Bérenger's marveling eyes in all its magic carpet splendor: neat, clean streets lined

with flowers which, though it never rains, are always miraculously in bloom; radiant houses beneath a sun which is never obscured by a cloud.

The title bequeathed on this paradisiacal housing development — *Cité Radieuse* — is an ironical reference to the concrete behemoth of an apartment building which Le Corbusier built after the war in Marseilles; but the irony, as so often with Ionesco, is only a mask for the deeper truth he is suggesting. For if the Radiant City seems so lifeless, it is because it is too perfect, too minutely and comprehensively planned. The gleaming hull is there, but it is empty: the life within has fled.

When *The Killer* was first put on in 1959 at the Seven Arts Theater in New York, this deeper meaning escaped the reviewers, who do not seem to have realized that the Radiant City symbolizes the futuristic utopianism of this century's ideologies, like Hitler's *Neue Ordnung* or the "Workers' Paradise" of the Marxists. Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* dismissed the play as a mere "satire on the impotence of a technological civilization," and Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune* announced in a weary voice that he was tired of Ionesco's "schoolboy outrages that have brought him, willy-nilly, to attention."

In *The Rhinoceros* the tyrannical spread of a totalitarian cast of mind is symbolized by the gradual metamorphosis of the inhabitants of a peaceful provincial community into stampeding rhinoceroses. Ionesco first toyed with the idea of using sheep as the symbol of this transformation, but they struck him as too mild for the kind of terrifying quadruped he had in mind; for this play symbolically re-enacts the appalling transmutations he himself witnessed in Rumania from 1934 to 1938, when acquaintances who only yesterday had seemed the sanest of men were converted, through the black magic of a fanatical ideology, into monsters with one-track minds.

WHILE *Rhinoceros* is the only one of Ionesco's plays which owes an obvious debt to the land of his fathers, all his plays betray a perhaps not altogether conscious atavism in at least one respect — their obsession with the theme of tyranny. Rumania is a land which has seldom known any other kind of rule, from the tyranny of the Turks in the past to the tyranny of the Red Army and its lingering commissars today. The Rumanian's reaction to this perennial situation has been the traditional response of softer, weaker, and more civilized peoples the world over, an attitude of helpless submission. This is precisely the response offered by Ionesco's victimized protagonist in virtually every one of his plays. For the brow-

beaten student in *The Lesson* there is no escape from the tyranny of facts and figures, just as in *The Bald Soprano* and *The Chairs* there is no escaping the tyranny of domestic tedium; no escaping the tyranny of family pressure in *Jack, or The Submission*, nor the tyranny of collective conformity in *The Killer* and *Rhinoceros*; no way out of the furniture-clogged trap woven around the hero of *The New Tenant*, a brilliant one-act allegory on the tyranny of contemporary spacelessness.

The pattern could easily be extended to include Ionesco's three most recent plays. In *Le Piéton de l'Air* (*The Airborne Pedestrian*), which dates from 1962, the Daedalus-like attempt to soar up and away from the leaden gravitation of our humdrum life ends in catastrophe when the air-glimpsed Elysium of Bérenger's dreams turns out to his horror and dismay to be no more than a hideous replica of the sad life of our planet. No more successful is King Bérenger I in *Le Roi se Meurt* — rather inelegantly translated as *Exit the King*. This is Ionesco's Apology, his own poetic hand-to-hand with the looming specter of Death, but one which is mercilessly bereft of those accents of Stoic fortitude which ring through Plato's great dialogue. Bérenger's kingdom, when the curtain rises, has shrunk to the dimensions of a few pockmarked acres and a palace which, though it boasts a throne, is more like a peasant's hut; his once proud retinue is now reduced to one guard, a Royal Doctor who is also surgeon, bacteriologist, astrologist, and executioner, and a charwoman-nurse who has to run out and milk the cow. To such in their final hours are both the great and the humble of this world reduced!

The longish extracts from Ionesco's *Journal* which were published last autumn in the French review *Preuves* reveal a man haunted by the fear of death and the meaninglessness of life — a testament, if such it can be called, almost as harrowing as anything one can find in Kierkegaard or Unamuno, both of whom were in their own ways believers, which Ionesco is not. But the actual origin of *Exit the King* is probably also to be found in a short story called "*La Vase*" ("The Slime"), which Ionesco wrote at a time when his liver began to give him trouble. Here the author, wracked by a feeling of corporal malaise, rises from his bed, leaves his room, and walking out over a long country road, ends up subsiding into a muddy ditch, where he watches his liver swell to a monstrous size while first one and then the other of his arms detach themselves from his bloated trunk and sink into the mire.

I happened to call on Ionesco one day when he was writing this story, and a friend of his who was present could not conceal her surprise at the extraordinary coincidence involved; the day before,

she had read an announcement about a forthcoming work by Beckett which likewise portrayed the last hours of a half-buried individual. The work announced (of which Ionesco knew nothing) was *O Happy Days!*, in which the chief protagonist, a woman, appears in the first act waist-deep in sand, and in the second act buried up to her neck.

The coincidence was only that. For though the names of Ionesco and Beckett have often been linked as high priests of the theater of the absurd, the association is deceptive. If Beckett can be called the Braque of contemporary drama, then Ionesco has been its Picasso. Beckett's field of vision, steadily narrowing to an obsession, has concentrated more and more on the "still life," life reduced to immobility, to a paralysis which would be total if men were born without tongues. *O Happy Days!* may be the penultimate stop on a road leading to the inevitable terminus, the total disappearance of the actor's body. He has written a television play in which all one sees is the actor's head; the lips do not move, and the voice comes from offstage. It remains only to remove the head, and the terminus will be reached. In the end, as in the beginning, was the Word.

Ionesco, when asked what he thinks of Beckett, is wont to say that he considers him a great writer but not a great dramatist. Why? Here Ionesco grows embarrassed, a childishly helpless grin puckering his pudgy cheeks. He takes refuge behind a screen of fluttering gestures: "Well — how shall I say — ? What shall I say? What should I say?" Pause. "There are certain principles in the theater which — which cannot be transgressed — But please, don't ask me to define them . . ."

Ionesco doesn't have to, for his plays all bear witness in the same sense. What distinguishes them from Beckett's is the kernel of action, often rising to a feverish paroxysm, around which each of them is built. The world he portrays is often hellish, but it is never a limbo. Things happen, people change, sometimes startlingly. Time, the slow passage of mortal time, is condensed and accelerated. And as in the world of Picasso, familiar forms undergo weird metamorphoses.

This may be one explanation for the frustration one senses in Ionesco's *Journal*; for none knows better the crippling limitations of the stage. He might have fared better in the world of the film, subjecting characters and scenery to the magic transmutations of a restless fancy: the bureaucrat taking wing and turning into a butterfly (one of his characters, named Papillon, actually turns into a rhinoceros), the pig-tailed girl getting down on all fours and hopping away like a frog, the logician disappearing into a clump of thistles — which can only happen in the world of Hans Christian Andersen or Max Ernst.

Beyond death, at any rate for believers, lies the realm of purgatory. This may offer the key to the latest, and in many ways the most enigmatic, of all Ionesco's plays, *La Soif et la Faim* (*Hunger and Thirst*). After seeing its Düsseldorf premiere, the German critic Joachim Kaiser remarked in *Der Monat* that so far as he could judge, "the only thing Ionesco hates more than death is Bertolt Brecht." Here the Promised Land — O shades of Karl Marx! — turns out to be a trap in which the prisoners, Tripp and Brechtoll, are brainwashed into swearing the opposite of what they believe. Ionesco, here, has gone Beckett one better. In the end, as in the beginning, was not the Word, but the Illusion.

In this play the laughter is macabre. It is as though Ionesco had suddenly been seized by a kind of twilight remorse at his past outbursts of levity and now wished to atone for these backslidings by tearing off his harlequin's mask and offering himself to his audience as the unrouged, unpainted tragedian which all along he was. "We are laughable creatures," he sighs in his *Journal*. "We are comic. It is in this guise that we should see ourselves. Nothing but humor, rosy or black or cruel, but only humor can give us back our serenity."

WE ARE far removed here from purely national influences, which Ionesco is the first to belittle. Though his wife is Rumanian, and though he himself taught literature in Bucharest between the two wars, he owes more to the land of his mother, who was French, than to that of his Rumanian father. He was a year and a half old when he first came to France, and it is there that he has spent all but thirteen of his fifty-three years.

Last November the tiny Left Bank theater of La Huchette (which has just eighty-six seats) celebrated the three thousandth performance of *La Cantatrice Chauve*, which is now well into its tenth year. This, as much as the formal consecration of the Comédie Française, is the measure of the extraordinary success Ionesco has achieved. An older generation of Frenchmen may remain faithful to the frivolous traditions of the *théâtre de boulevard*, but the young who flock to see *The Lesson* or *The Bald Soprano* understand instinctively that here is someone who is trying to do for the stage what Kafka did for the novel, the difference separating them being roughly equal to the distance between Gallic *esprit* and Teutonic *Weltschmerz*. The anxiety and perplexity his plays express are profoundly European, and they help explain the

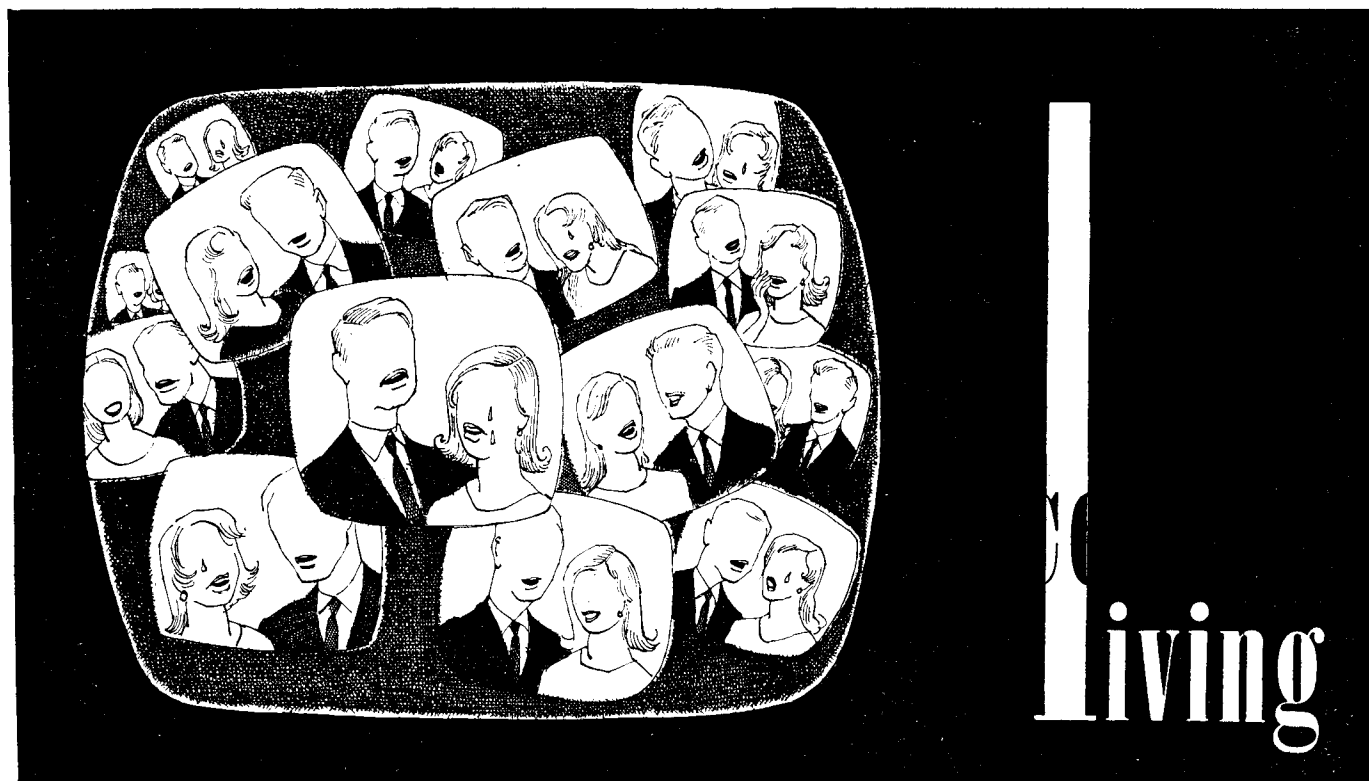
phenomenal success he has long enjoyed in Germany and is beginning to enjoy, despite the censors' frowns, behind the Iron Curtain.

"For me, the antitheater," he has said, "is the theater of ideological demonstration or of elementary photographic realism." Against this realism, in all its forms, he has launched a crusade, bent on doing for the stage what abstract painters, sculptors, and composers have done in the plastic arts and music. Just what this makes Ionesco, no one seems quite sure. He is neither a symbolist nor an expressionist nor a surrealist, though there are traces of all three in his work.

In New York, which he visited for the opening of *Rhinoceros* in December, 1960, he was told that he was an anticonformist, and the thought of it is still disturbing to him. "In the United States an anticonformist is a Communist, and I'm an antitotalitarian," he protests. "In New York they couldn't understand it. I was taken one night to an off-Broadway theater. They were all wearing open shirts, beards, and sandals. I was the only man in the theater, with the exception of Taubman [the New York *Times* drama critic], who was wearing a tie, and it wasn't even red. How can I be an anticonformist?"

He smiles, with that disarming childlike innocence which shines through in certain of his characters, and gently shakes his balding head, which, with a dark tuft of hair above each ear, gives him a faintly Japanese, Kabuki-dancer look. "Well, if you wish," he adds, wagging a roguish finger, "you can call me an anti-nonconformist or, let's say, a non-anticonformist."

A non-anticonformist he remains, resignedly accepting to be washed on the tide of success out of the humble flat he used to inhabit in the populous Marais to a posher apartment on the more conventional Boulevard Montparnasse. But even here Reality, refusing to be upstaged by Art, dogs him as remorselessly as ever. A few months ago, after dining in a Rumanian restaurant, we took the elevator to the fifth floor and were confronted by an unmistakably Ionescoan dilemma. The double doors had no less than four different locks, and Ionesco's key would open none of them. During the next anguished hour Ionesco climbed the back staircase at least three times to see if he could break into his own kitchen. There was even talk of summoning the *pompier*s and hoisting a fireman's ladder. We were finally bailed out by a determined-looking rescuer lugging a formidable chest of safecracking tools who turned up simultaneously with Ionesco's nineteen-year-old daughter. She gave her father a cross look, as much as to say: "This would happen to you!"



BETTER THAN PEOPLE

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The Federal Communications Commission should investigate the possibility that daytime television serials are a hoax, that the same actors and actresses appear on all the serials, and that the same script is used not only for all the serials but also for each installment.

I make this suggestion as one who occasionally wanders in on a daytime serial while waiting for some other program, and the impression of sameness is downright exciting: the whole thing must be a joke. In the first place, in the blur of screen credits for lighting experts, hairdressers, and manicurists no one can read the names of the performers anyhow, so that they could remain anonymous through repeated appearances in the same episode. The performers all look alike, too, a highly forgettable lot of faces, neither handsome nor homely, seemingly without makeup and much in need of some, not old, not young. Finally, they all do the same thing and nothing else — talk. Any scene from a daytime serial is, therefore, a big, nondescript face that talks and talks and talks.

The climate of the daytime serial is one of suspicion and deceit, which of course leads to a ceaseless bickering among the characters. Misunderstandings develop; the talk leads them out of one set of errors into the next. No sooner has the woman's big face been replaced by the man's big face than we realize that he has missed the point of her entire harangue and is off on a new note of nonsense of his own.

The considerations that set the serial characters to bickering are sordid, or rather they would be were they not so piffling. To the proposition that every man has his price the daytime serial adds the proviso that the price is probably extremely low. The sums changing hands in the bribe to the crooked judge or the larcenies of the crooked trustee are chicken feed, so that the viewers can identify themselves and their neighbors with the serial characters: they are all badly off financially, mean and suspicious, stupid, and — of course — crooked.

In great contrast to the serial acted by people, I encounter from time to time a syndicated serial called *Stingray*, performed by marionettes and "starring" a marionette named Troy Tempest. *Stingray* is designed for children of about age eight, I should judge, and its general

effect is much livelier than the laborious misunderstandings of the serial with living performers. Troy Tempest is involved in really big operations — submarine, intercontinental, interplanetary — and when he is not at the controls of *Stingray*, he is trundling smartly about in a neat little submarine-helicopter.

It was inevitable that any technology capable of hitting the moon with rockets would sooner or later improve the locomotion of the marionette. Time was when he pranced around two or three inches above the ground, or else walked in a semi-recumbent position, with his feet tramping along far in front of his body. His motor and speech centers were controlled by a network of threads that ascended to some unseen omnipotent hand in the flies. So that the audience could be sure which marionette was doing the talking, speech was accompanied by a vast opening and closing jaw movement.

Troy Tempest is a much more sophisticated piece of machinery, and none of his threads or controls can be seen. His jaw movement is almost too moderate, yet this is congruent with his appearance and character: steady, courageous, and absolutely unflappable.

"Fire three. five. and seven."

"Fire three, five, and seven."

"Condition green."

"Condition green." (Cr-r-rash!)

Even in such emergencies as this Troy Tempest's serenity remains convincing, for whoever designed him knew exactly how a marionette ought to look throughout the assorted fortunes of a serial for eight-year-olds. With too jubilant a face, he would look, as calamity closed in on him, like a chump. If he were too austere, a face of that sort would hardly be suitable for his tender moments with beautiful Marina, the girl marionette of *Stingray*, or for his triumphs over The Enemy. As a

young, manly career officer — he's a captain in some kind of service or other — Troy Tempest's countenance is just right, certainly a lot more persuasive than those big faces shouting at each other in the serials with live actors. True, his eye looks at us a bit blankly, but we must remember that his responsibilities of command are heavy, his thought perhaps elsewhere.

The only hint of his hereditary infirmity, common to all marionettes, including even Marina and the Mad Scientists, is an ever so slight wobbling of the head as it sits on what is presumably his spinal column.

few ways out of penury for a working-class mite in those days was to marry above his station, I set out to acquire the aforementioned trappings of breeding. Slowly, painstakingly, by listening to Conservative campaign speeches and the BBC and hanging around posh hotel lobbies in a hired tuxedo, I grew to be virtually indistinguishable from a genuine gentleman. I had a larynx the exercise of which could make headwaiters, policemen, tradespeople, tax officials, and cabdrivers fawn and cringe in a way that sent the burgeoning ego delirious with joy. I also married well.

And now, suddenly, this envelope had threatened the work of twenty years with overnight destruction; it doesn't take long to unfrock a forged gentleman when the lower orders get wind of the fraud. Word passes from mailman to hall porter to delivery boys to tradesmen with all the crackling urgency and ravenous destructiveness of a brush fire. And the contents of this envelope were known to all, since the organization involved has been blasting every communications medium with its nefarious ads for weeks past. Across from our apartment block, in fact, is a billboard showing a debonair male socialite snowing a nubile debutante, while in the background loiters a thing like a human toad, ignored by the beautiful pair and staring at them in abject misery. Above this little tragedy runs the legend: YOUR FRIENDS CAN'T TELL YOU & YOUR BUSINESS ASSOCIATES WON'T. In slightly smaller print, the rejected fink is recommended to drag himself off to the nearest Voice

The Sound of Status

BY ALAN COREN

ALAN COREN is a member of PUNCH's editorial staff and the author of many light articles. His "The Power and the Glory" appeared in the September, 1965, ATLANTIC.

Early this morning a fat white envelope shot through my front door and hit the hall floor with the noise that only folding money can make, and in consequence I was out of bed and beside the visitor in one concupiscent stride. But instead of the anticipated package of negotiable artwork, all I found was something claiming *on its exterior* to have been dispatched from the Office of the Director of an organization calling itself Voice Improvement Programme (V.I.P. — get it? Yuk-yuk-yuk!). It was addressed to me specifically, even down to my first name, accurately spelled, and marked *PERSONAL: To be opened only by the person to whom addressed.*

I reeled, stricken.

Now, as any dropout student of English mores will tell you, a gentleman is identified by the noise he makes, above all else. Despite our feeble post-war scratchings at classlessness and our acquisition of a non-Etonian Prime Minister, the one true lubricant for anyone wishing to insinuate himself into High Society is still an accent. An accent is implanted in a gentleman early on, along with his rusks and talc. Not having any firsthand knowledge of the actual process, I can only pass on the rumor that highborn offspring are snatched from their cribs at birth and worked on rather

in the manner of those Chinese baby girls who have their feet stuffed into eggcups: a ceremonial pebble (which has been in the family since before the Norman conquest) is slipped under the infant tongue, the lips are sewn together to leave a minuscule gap, and the child is then forced to read the social column of the *Times* for the next ten years in a high, clear voice. Thereafter, he is crated up and mailed to Eton for a further crash program in gentillesse, after which he is sent either to Beirut to secure oil rights, or to America to sell soft drinks. The accent is his trustiest piece of ordnance; it falls on the ear like a hacksaw cutting through thin steel, is generally accompanied by a brusque, sibilant laugh reminiscent of feet running through Rice Krispies, and conjures up visions of Waterloo, coronations, dependability, experience, and polo.

I, of course, never had any of this. In my family, it was considered a victory over the Evil Eye if a child learned to speak at all before he was eight, and as soon as I had discovered that a tongue-and-lip set could be used for employment other than spitting on the dog, I was handed to the state education authorities for them to do with me as they saw fit. But, being a canny child and realizing that one of the



Improvement Programme agent and buy his way out of purdah with one of their matchless elocution-and-social-grace courses.

I opened the V.I.P. envelope. Apart from a dozen horrifying cautionary tales about accentless men who'd been driven into the social



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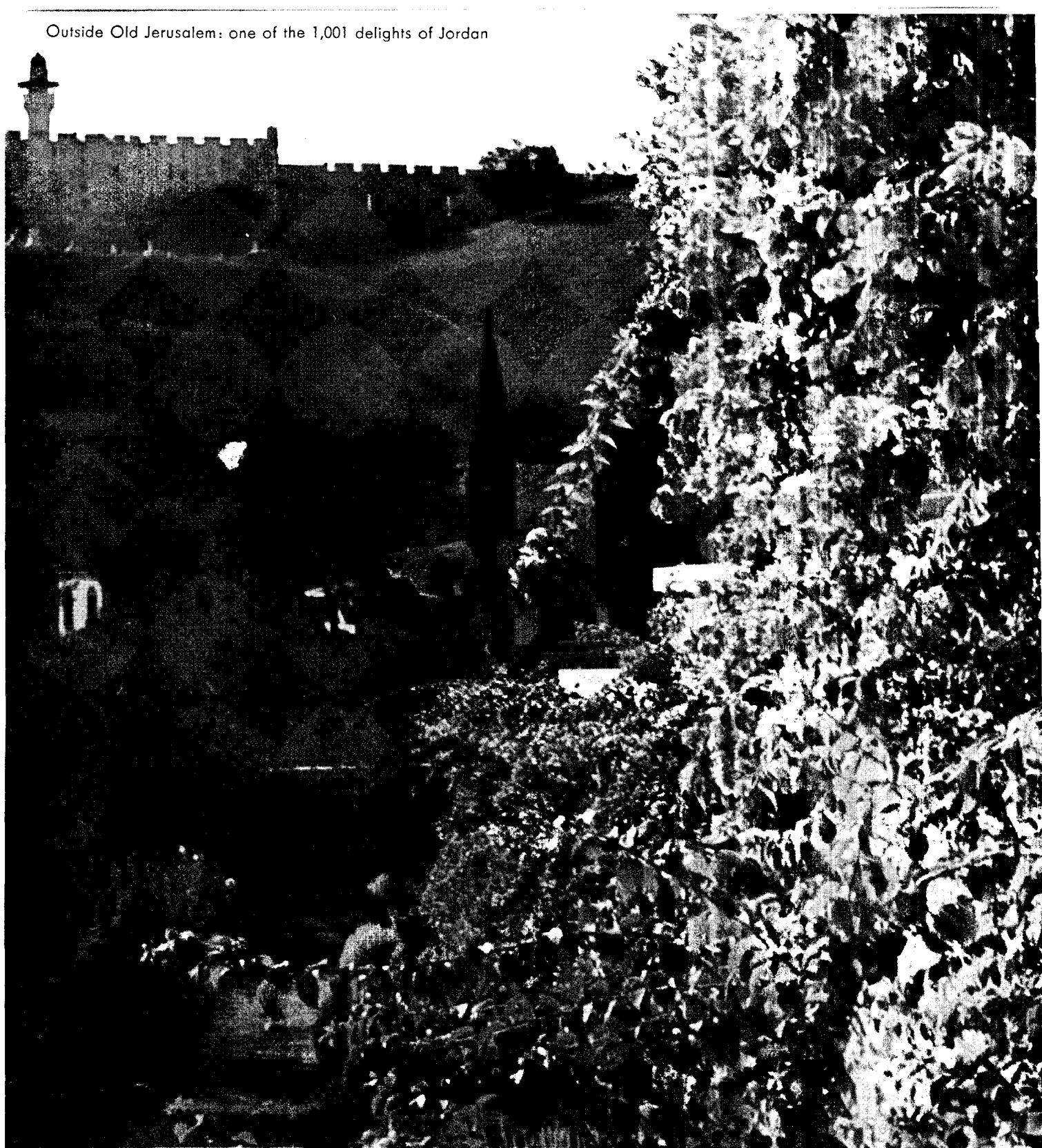
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However, the college that will educate him tomorrow is facing problems today. Each year more and more students are applying for admission. Colleges need more classrooms, libraries, laboratories and, of course, more teachers. These are serious problems for higher education.

You can help now. Enrich his future and America's. Give to the college of your choice now and make sure college will be ready when he is.

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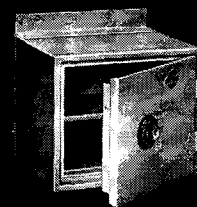


wilderness to die, it contained a Self-analysis Speech Test, which included such delectable probings as: *Are you effective and forceful? Does your voice express the efficiency and confidence that mark a leader of men? Are you ever caught in mistakes of grammar or vocabulary or pronunciation which instantly shatter the opinions others may have formed of you?* Nor was this all: the V.I.P. boys, having got their subject paralyzed with fear over his social standing, pushed the thing ever deeper. *Is, they asked, the pitch of your voice always appropriate to your sex, or does anxiety cause you sometimes to become shrill and piercing?*

So. Here I was, with all the old, half-forgotten insecurity flooding back, not at the fact of having this paltry challenge to my self-esteem, but at the knowledge that everyone by now, by due process of grapevine, would be unshakable in the belief that I had myself written off to these loathsome voicemongers. Why else should the envelope have been addressed to me personally? Suppose my wife were to find out? It's hard for me to convey adequately to an American reader exactly what class betrayal means, even to the best-adjusted marriages, but a little of the effect can be translated if you imagine Grace Kelly marrying Prince Rainier and taking him home only to find she'd been coupled to Ernest Borgnine in a rubber mask, till death did them part.

It was while I was sitting there on the hall carpet amid the smoldering ruins of my life, wondering how long it would be before the paper boy engraved "TRAITOR" on my car, or the grocer closed my account, or the hall porter threw my visitors out on their ear, or my bank manager sued for recovery of my overdraft, when I noticed a second envelope lying near the first. This, too, was large and impressive, carried chunks of hysterical verbiage on its exterior, and was marked *PERSONAL: To be opened only by the person to whom it is addressed.* I picked it up. The person to whom, et cetera, wasn't me this time, but my wife, who also appeared to be on first-name terms with the sender. But the latter was no underhand predator on self-confidence and reputation: it was something entitled *Athena Reproductions* and announced its mission with a Picasso sketch of Don Quixote above its name. I knew this gang too; but they are a

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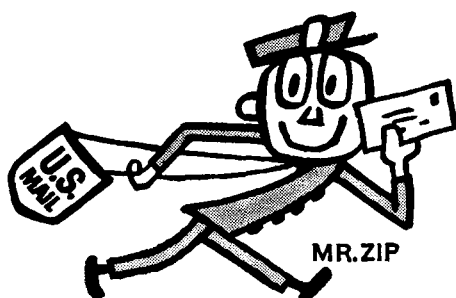
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very different kettle of promoters from the V.I.P. boys. They carefully preselect people deemed worthy of their attention as connoisseurs of Great Art, people who can afford and appreciate fine paintings, people of natural taste, upbringing, and loot. I opened the envelope. It contained, along with the handout, a personal letter from the director of the Art Selection Board. And no nonsense about mispronunciations, crass stupidity, and high hermaphrodite voices, either; just a yard of cool baby talk telling my wife about how there were only a handful of people who were capable of loving Great Art, and she was one of them; and how would she like to fork out an ingot or two for the chance of further enriching her already matchless cultural life?

It was then that it dawned on me that this was no mere coincidence of mailing lists. It was a *planned* accident perpetrated by some dark agency which had no interest in bringing Clear, Forceful Voices to the mumbling lower orders, or Vermeers to the cognoscenti; its aim was viciously to put asunder those whom God had joined together—to remind my wife that she was of a higher order, tricked into the enscamed bed of a yahoo, beneath whose bland polished surface lay the hirsute personality and coarse Cockney voice of the rebellious proletariat, a personality prepared, should the moment demand it, to change sex during periods of anxiety, a squeaky vulgarian threat to her birthright who must be immediately expunged.

You, no doubt, insulated behind your golden door, have already marked down this organization as the figment of a diseased and persecuted imagination. But this only betrays a pitiful ignorance of contemporary England, and of the insidious power of an aristocracy that refuses to yield to the pressures of democracy. The emergence of a worker-leader, the spread of affluence, the extension of equal opportunity have only served to weld the beleaguered nobility into a more determined and united force. Who can doubt that in some subterranean cavern beneath St. James's or Park Lane, the *Waffenkommando* of the upper classes meets and plots and acts, sifting marriage lines and birth certificates, analyzing millions of marriages, drawing graphs of status

and lineage, compiling its register of victims? Their aim is social purification, their dream the first upper-class revolution in the history of the world. The rending of that basic social unit, the family, is but the first stage of a vast nationwide campaign, and I, quite clearly and sickeningly, am already marked down for an early tumbrel. For me and my class, it will be, as Kipling foresaw, a case of watching the wall, my darlings, while the gentlemen go by. And waiting for the touch of cold steel on the unprotected kidney.

Because that is the way gentlemen are. I know. I used to be one myself.

The Worth of a Shekel

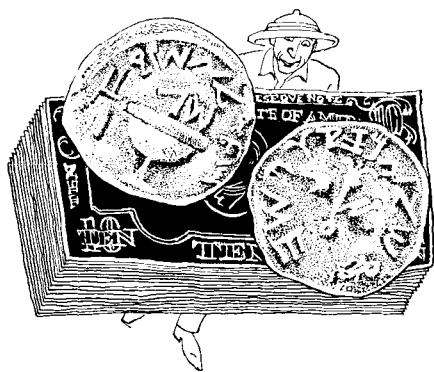
BY MARCUS BROOKE

MARCUS BROOKE was born in Scotland, has lived in Denmark and the United States, and divides his time between travel and archaeology.

I am not an archaeologist, but last winter I had the privilege of digging as a volunteer at Masada in Israel. Masada, the Gibraltar of the Dead Sea, is a mountain fortress on the western shore of that sea and was seized and occupied by the Jews, led by Eleazar ben Yair, in 70 A.D., at the time of their revolt against the mighty Roman Empire. It was my double fortune to be one of a group who, while digging in what the archaeologists called building IX, found a hoard of shekalim. As will become evident, I am not a numismatist. Still, let me state that shekalim (singular: shekel) are silver coins which were issued by the insurgents during the revolt against the Romans as an expression of their independence, and then issued again during the second revolt in 132-135 A.D. We had finished excavating our part of the building and in fact were clearing the area prior to the visit of the official photographer, when, while cleaning back under the foot of a wall, we discovered a cache of more than thirty coins.

In previous weeks, all of us had grown blasé at the discovery of coins of base metals, usually easily

recognizable by their green patina, but we immediately knew that we had stumbled across something different in this find because of the bluish tinge of the coins. Professor Yigael Yadin, leader of the expedition, confirmed our suspicions that we had found a hoard of shekalim and half-shekalim. This was the largest cache of such coins found at Masada and the first of such coins found in the 1964-1965 digging season. Some had been found in the previous year. They would be of inestimable value in establishing the occupancy of Masada and in dating the site. In addition, shekalim, and even more so, half-shekalim, are very rare, and each of the coins we had found had a value of something like \$1500. By the rules of the expedition we were not permitted to keep any of our finds, and if our honesty and integrity had been in question, the rapidity and excitement of the find were too great to permit us to think of pocketing any of the treasure. Coated as the coins were with the accumulation of nearly two millennia of earth, there was little recognizable to the amateur in the way of pattern or design, but before I left Masada I was lucky enough to see the cleaned coins. They were a joy to behold, with a chalice and a Jewish letter denoting the year of the revolt on



the obverse side and three lily leaves on the reverse.

Several months later I was in Beirut in the Lebanon, and as is my wont, I was wandering in and out of stores which sold "antiquities." Not far from the port area I chanced upon what could scarcely be designated a store but more a hole-in-the-wall. After some polite preliminaries in my best French with a gentleman in a wheelchair, I looked at his collection of icons, Roman and Byzantine lamps, votive figures, and so on. Then he showed me a cabinet and opened one of the



When you do Venice, do it justice.

But do it.

Centuries ago Venice was built smack on the water as a fortress against outsiders.

But the plans went wrong.

Perhaps it was the sun, or all those reflections, or that Venetian moon dancing around those candy spires.

At any rate, people today say it's so beautiful they just can't stay away.

Time has seasoned all that architecture, those romantic canals, and the descendants of those ancient gondoliers.

Weathered and worldly, the city possesses an all-pervading enchantment.

So if you're going to see Venice, don't you think you should give it time to work its charms?

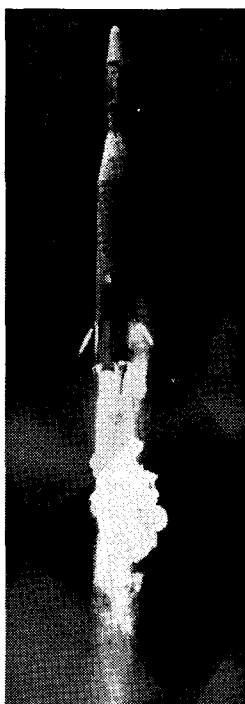
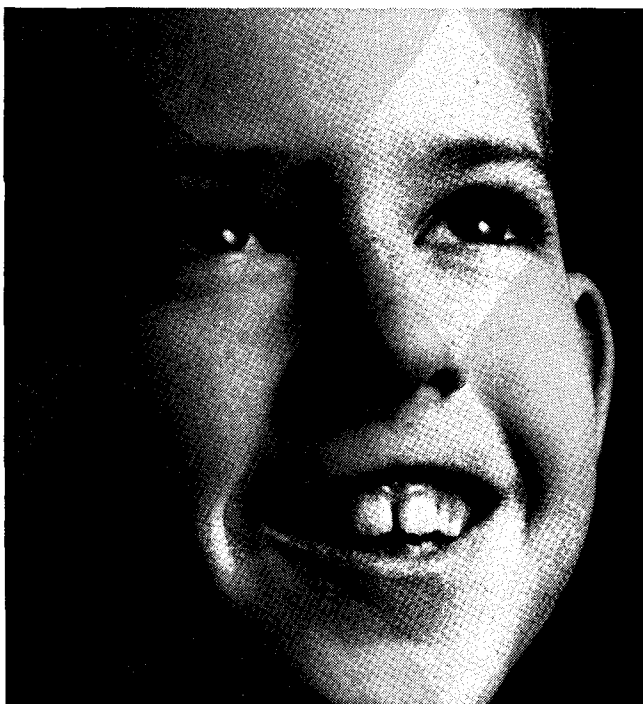
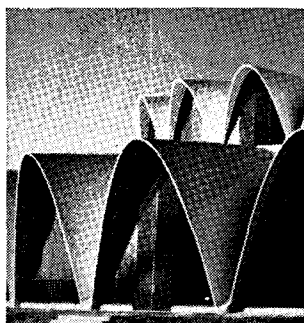
Sure, you can do the little lace shops, eye the handiwork of the legendary glassblowers, spin through the casino on the Lido, loll on the famous beaches or stroll the labyrinthine passageways... all in pretty good time.

But some insiders say Venice is best at dawn, when the last of the party-goers are floating home.

And others... no, let's stop. These discoveries are yours to make. And we certainly want to do you justice.

VeNICE

Complete information and travel plans are available through your Travel Agent or any Alitalia Airlines Ticket Office. (Alitalia—first and fastest way to Venice, and to all of Italy.) Write for literature to: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.



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drawers, which contained some coins. As I mentioned before, I am not interested in numismatics and barely glanced at the coins, but two identical ones did strike me as being rather beautiful, and in some vague way familiar. Still, I made no purchase.

About ten days later, when I was in Jerusalem, I awoke one night with a start. They were shekalim: the two coins I had seen in the store in Beirut were shekalim identical with those I had been lucky enough to uncover at Masada. What fantastic luck, what justice; there *is* a god; honesty is rewarded. I would be rich — to the tune of \$3000. But I could not leave Jerusalem for at least another forty-eight hours, as I had made complicated arrangements with some acquaintances to visit Petra, and these I could not break. Would the coins still be there when I got back to Beirut? I spent the next two days in Petra constantly jarred by the reminder that the shekalim might at that very moment be changing hands.

On returning to Beirut, still not 100 percent sure of my dream, I decided to seek out a book on coins. I found a splendid bookshop near the Corniche, and a well-dressed fair-haired young man greeted me in immaculate English. I asked him if he had any books on coins, but he did not; and he proceeded to explain to me that in the Lebanon the sale of articles pertaining to Jews was not permitted. How on earth could he possibly know that I was interested in shekalim? Why not Roman coins, or Byzantine coins, or even Muslim coins? I repeated my initial inquiry about books on coins and again received the same reply, but this time he added for my enlightenment: "You see, sir, *Cohens* are Jews." When I recovered from my laughter, I took a Lebanese fifty-piaster piece from my pocket and indicated to him that I was interested in books on *coins* and not *Cohens*. He shared in my merriment. Although this shop had no scholarly books on coins, it did have one suitable for children, and in it were two color drawings, one of the obverse and one of the reverse side of a shekel. It looked just like the coins I had seen some two weeks previously and three hundred yards away. Were they still there?

I ran, rather than walked, to the little store, and after some friendly

salutations, started to mosey through the antiquities, but I only had mind — if not eyes — for the drawer in the cabinet in which I hoped were the coins. Finally, I pulled out the drawer, glanced at the coins, picked them up, rubbed them, turned them over, and convinced myself they were the real thing. How much did he wish for them? Ten dollars each. Pounding as my heart was, I nevertheless went through the customary Middle East bargaining procedure, and was delighted when we soon had negotiated a price of five dollars each. I paid him the money, slipped the coins into my shirt pocket, and skipped from the shop. I had done it, I was rich! What a coup! My whole trip paid for, and then some.

I made my way into the heart of Beirut to do one or two errands, and at frequent intervals took the coins out of my pocket, fondled them, stroked them, and congratulated myself on my luck, skill, and perspicacity. At about the fourth such self-idolation, the second thunderbolt of the past few days struck me. Shekalim are silver coins. These damned things were certainly not silver. I whipped them out of my pocket and found I had two pieces of lead. Quivering with indignation, I rushed back to my little cripple in his tiny shop and in halting French told him of his horrible perpetration. "These are not shekalim, they are fakes, pieces of lead."

Unperturbed, he stared at me, took the coins, and, giving me back my ten dollars, said, "Sir, what did you expect for ten dollars? I know as well as you that a shekel is worth fifteen hundred dollars."

THE MINOR POET AH-MI ASKS A QUESTION

BY ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

West	our	You	we
writes	words	make	make
east	stand	lines	ours
and	and	drop	march
East	yours	down	left
writes	lie	like	like
south;	flat.	this,	that.

East or West, though, pay is small;
Why on earth, then, write at all?

"Somebody forgot . . . every litter bit hurts"



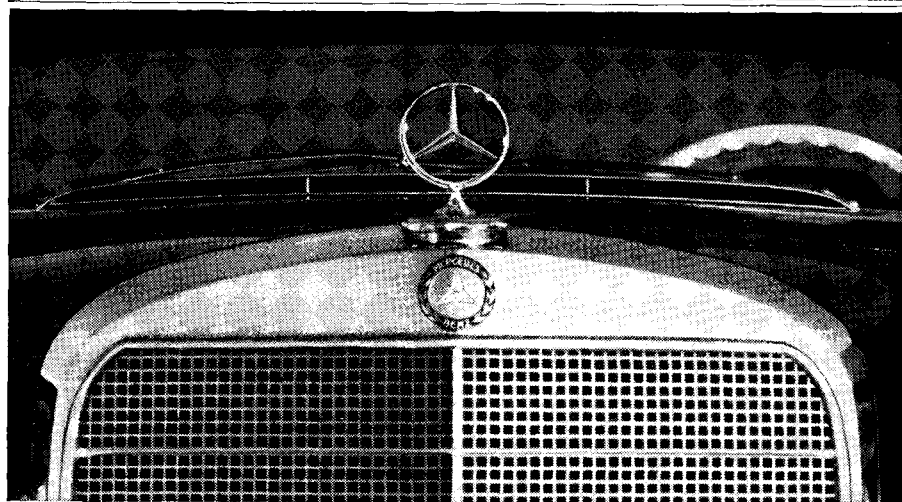
Susan Spotless says:



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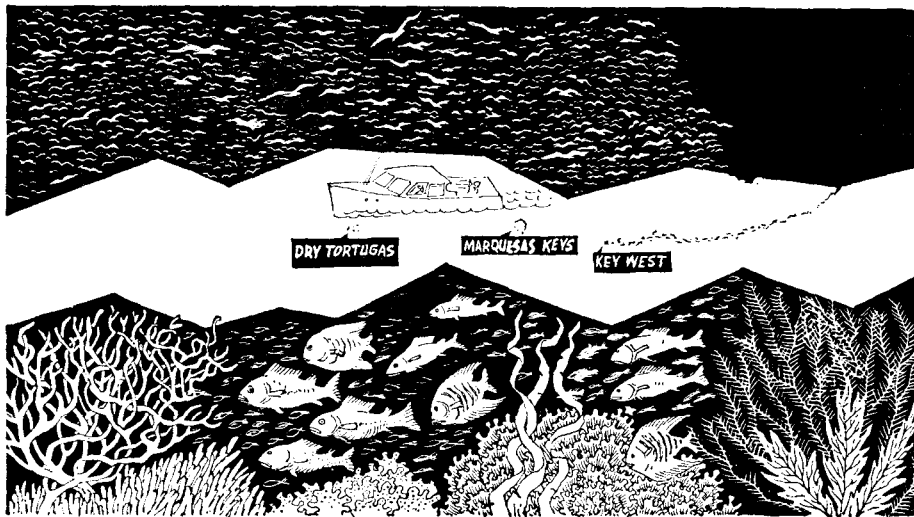
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pleasures *and* places



WHERE THE ROADS END

BY POLLY REDFORD

When, after 2161 miles of billboards, gas stations, trailer parks, discount stores, used-car lots, gift courts, motels, shopping centers, bars, bait shops, junkyards, and pizza palaces, U.S. 1 finally stops dead at the Key West Naval Base, America stops too. That is, the paved, plastic America comes to an end with its first and most typical of highways. But, surprisingly enough, there is another America — the remnants of one, anyway — even in Florida. It begins where all roads end.

On beyond Key West lie Barraqueta Key and Man Key and Woman Key and Boca Grande Key, low mangrove islands scattered among shallow grassy flats full of conch and sponges, bonefish and wading birds. Farther west lie the Marquesas, a black and green and yellow lagoon ringed like an atoll by a circle of islands inhabited only by cormorants, herons, egrets, ibis, and frigate birds; and forty miles beyond them, our strangest national park, the Dry Tortugas: seven sand islands and shifting shoals out in mid-ocean where there is one of the greatest wildlife spectacles on the continent and surely one of its most grandiose historical boondoggles.

The fishing is superb. It was for the fishing, combined with skin diving and bird watching, that my husband and I and our two small boys chartered a motorboat from Key West for a short midsummer cruise.

A summer solstice spent at the Tropic of Cancer (or as close to the tropic as Castro will allow) discourages most people, but most people never leave the highway and don't know how to keep cool. In our bathing suits and old T-shirts we were cooler there at high noon on a midsummer day than we were a month later, gasping and panting our way through the Bronx Zoo. And summer, between May and October, is the time to go to Tortugas. It is the season of tarpon, of terns and turtles, when the sun is high and the water calm and clear for long lazy days in the sea. Much of this can be enjoyed all along the Florida Keys in the off-season; what makes the Tortugas so special is their utter isolation.

Reykjavík or Singapore or Santiago is more easily reached than Fort Jefferson National Monument, exposed as it is on one side to the winds and currents of the Gulf of Mexico and on the other to the tides and caprices of the nascent Gulf

Stream (here called the Florida Current). These bodies of water seldom agree, and their point of greatest dispute is a passage between them called Rebecca Shoal Channel. This is the barrier that cuts the Dry Tortugas off from the rest of the United States. Called Flapjack Passage by local fishermen, it's well named, as we can testify after several hours spent in its twelve-foot seas. They are steep and toss you suddenly into the air, where you hang poised for a moment while your stomach turns over, just like a pancake, before you flop down hard again.

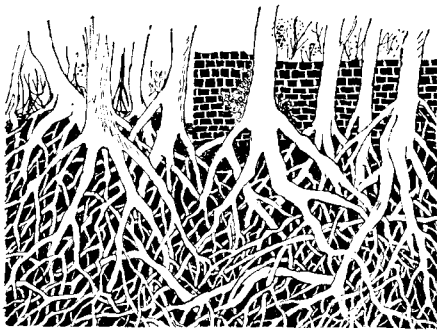
So it is the Flapjack Passage, not the National Park Service, that keeps Tortugas wild, by shutting out the ubiquitous outboard skiffs and cruisers that overrun the rest of Florida waters. That, and their dryness, for no water, gasoline, supplies, or anything else is available at Fort Jefferson. When at last you drop anchor in Garden Key Harbor, there is nothing to be seen but a ruined fort and, in summer, 100,000 birds.

The fort and the birds make up the entire history of the Dry Tortugas. It was the birds that brought Ponce de León there in June of 1513. How could he miss them? He came on the twenty-first, the summer solstice, just as we did 452 years later; and he must have seen them, as we did, from miles away, swarming like a cloud of giant insects above the low scrub growth that is the only vegetation these islets can support. One hundred thousand sooty terns mingled with brown noddies and pursued by rapacious flocks of magnificent frigate birds (soaring black pirates with seven-foot wingspans) can hardly be overlooked. He found also a fine anchorage and large numbers of sea turtles and seals to restock his ships. The seals vanished long ago, but some turtles still survive and return each spring to lay their eggs in the sand on the islands that Ponce named after them: Tortugas.

Turtles and birds dominated the scene for the next three centuries, and by 1832 when Audubon visited the Dry Tortugas, a brisk trade in tern eggs had developed in Havana and also at Key West, where commercial egggers sold them for twelve and a half cents a dozen. In time the birds would probably have been destroyed if the islands had not

become a military reservation, but in 1845 the U.S. Army decided to build a chain of impregnable fortresses along the coast from Maine to Mississippi. Though the invention of the rifled cannon made this Maginot Line obsolete long before it was finished, some of the forts — like Fort William in New York Harbor — have survived to make fine historical monuments because they were never used and so were spared the wear and tear of battle. And of all these phantom fortresses, the greatest, grandest, and most glorious was Fort Jefferson: a mile in circumference and bristling with useless columbiads, howitzers, and 15-inch rodman smoothbores set among forty-two million bricks worth of machicolations, battlements, bastions, embrasures, magazines, galleries, ports, terrepleins, casements, ramparts, and parapets.

It is our American Neuschwanstein. The Corps of Engineers spent thirty years and three and one half million dollars to build it, and in the beginning its foundations were considered a great engineering feat because they were one of the first underwater jobs (cofferdams and steam pumps) undertaken by the corps. But by 1858 when Louis Agassiz came to visit — the birds, not the fort — its walls had begun to crack, and a year later some of them had sunk twelve inches. Unabashed, the engineers rebuilt and went on building through the Civil War and afterward, when the fort became a federal



prison; and on through the yellow fever epidemic of 1867, when Samuel A. Mudd (the doctor who went to prison for setting John Wilkes Booth's broken leg) earned himself a pardon by treating sick troops; and on for another six years until hurricane damage and another epidemic finally made them give up.

And there it stands, miles of empty echoing red-brick galleries, a vast parade ground now green and

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filled with cattle egrets, a few rusty gun carriages, unfinished gunports overlooking the sea, a couple of muzzle-loaders, and lots of cactus on the battlements, and some of the biggest queen angelfish I've ever seen, swimming in the moat.

We found the moat really the best place to enjoy Fort Jefferson. One languid afternoon we waded and floated our way clear around the fort in water so warm and buoyant that we lay motionless on the surface like crocodiles for a half hour at a time while the boys splashed and poked around the base of the wall looking for snappers, angelfish, and parrot fish. Lying on our backs, arms outstretched, we admired the frigate birds hanging still and silent a hundred feet above us. The red-brick cliff filling half our horizon makes a perpetual updraft, on which they lay as effortlessly as we did on the water.

Finally, when our faces got too hot, we would slowly turn over, adjust our face masks, and watch the conches creep through the grass or join the boys in their search for lobsters among the crannies where the wall had cracked and split.

Halfway around, a sudden summer rain came down cold and hard; thunder boomed against the wall; and 100,000 birds took to the air at once (as they always do when it rains), wheeling and screaming with a sound Audubon described as almost lifting him off his feet. We took refuge underwater, looking up at the surface now dimpled and pitted with heavy raindrops instead of the shining mirror of a sunny day.

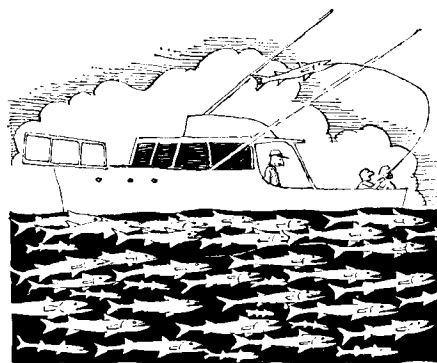
When the sun reappeared and we left the moat at last, our hands and feet and even our lips were wrinkled; we were so waterlogged that the sand and the air felt like a strange, almost hostile, environment.

There is better skin diving yet just outside the moat, where magnificent displays of staghorn and brain coral, sea fans, sea whips, and sponges lie west of the fort, but this was not junior skin diving, so we saw them from the rangers' glass-bottom boat. "Junior skin diving" in our family lexicon means a depth of no more than five feet, no strong currents, sharks, or large barracuda. With a six-year-old and a nine-year-old in tow, we stick to shallow-water fish watching. And the shallows are in fact lovelier than any deep reef,

for beyond six feet colors begin to fade.

Less than a mile south of the fort in four feet of protected water, we found brilliant marine gardens that equal anything in the West Indies. Here sea fans, gorgonians, and brain coral shelter a many-colored display of wrasses, blue runner, hogfish, grouper, angelfish, mangrove and yellowtail snapper, blue tang, sergeant major, doctorfish, parrot fish, neon gobies, butterfly fish — small editions of the big ones that move out into deeper water as they mature.

We count ourselves among those Florida eccentrics who watch fish simply for the joy of their shape and color and motion, just as bird watchers look at birds. The two hobbies are so alike that some of us do both: fish watching in summer when the land is hot and buggy and many birds have flown north, bird watching in winter when the water is rough and cloudy and fish



leave the shallows for deeper reefs. The charm of Tortugas is that one can do both simultaneously.

And when you're tired of watching little fish you can catch the big ones, trolling, casting, drifting, bottom fishing, for this national monument includes over seventy square miles of water surrounding the islands. Within this area neither commercial nor spear fishing is allowed, and conch and lobster are limited to two a day per person. Thus the few anglers who come here can still see what Florida waters were like before the automobile, the outboard, and the spear gun. In three hours one morning we caught more than three hundred pounds of yellowtail, grouper, and margate, and we weren't trying very hard because we threw back all but a few yellowtail, which we kept for supper. For once, even our fish-happy nine-year-old was satisfied — until we got back

to the anchorage, when he threw his line over the side and promptly pulled in a thirty-pound barracuda.

By the time he released it, his blue jeans were so fishy I could stand it no longer. I made him change, took the offending pants, rigged a washing line, and threw them overboard, hoping to soak off some of the offending smell. Immediately, a six-foot cuda appeared, circling slowly and hungrily beneath them. After that, baths were no longer taken over the side but on deck with buckets of seawater sloshed over the victim.

I shall not tell about the tarpon we caught, for no one would believe me.

But the most important fishery at Tortugas is pink shrimp, fifteen to twenty million pounds a year, whose value is now greater than that of all the tuna or salmon in the nation. Only recently has it been discovered that the shrimp spawn at Tortugas, and then, mysteriously, the microscopic larvae swim a hundred miles north to the brackish waters of Everglades National Park on the mainland. When they reach maturity they swim back just as mysteriously as they went.

In the same way, turtles come back every summer from no one knows where to lay their eggs on Tortugas beaches, and so also do the terns. It was here that John B. Watson, the father of behaviorism, came in 1907 to catch terns, which he then marked with paint and shipped off to Havana, Galveston, and Cape Hatteras. Within a week after their release, most of them were back on their nests at Bird Key. The experiment was a crucial one for ornithology and psychology, and new discoveries are in the making, for every summer along with the turtles and the terns come the bird-banders — volunteers from the Florida Audubon Society, the state museum, and the National Park Service armed with mist nets, notebooks, and pliers. Since 1937 they have banded some 138,000 birds and recaptured 7500. Of the latter, 111 were found to be eighteen years or older, an ornithological record for this ternery, which is one of the few protected colonies of sooty terns in the world.

So, in the long run, who can deny that Fort Jefferson has paid for itself? Though it never fired a shot in anger, its bricks have weathered to a lovely rose-red, its gunports

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In Ashkelon (it's *the* Ashkelon, by the way) you can find accommodations right on the beach where you can live in a bikini, dine on French food, and frug to your heart's content for about fifty dollars a week.

Then there's Eilat on the Red Sea where Solomon's ships once



unloaded "gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks".

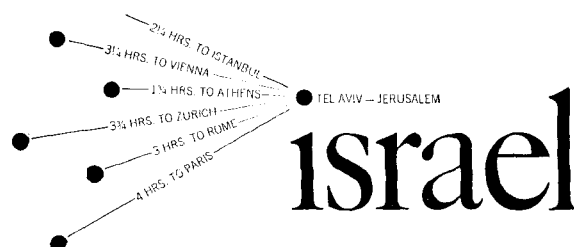
Its crystalline waters, coral reefs, and exotic fish have made it a world center for scuba diving. And, of course, there are beaches and sailing and water skiing and the whole thing set in a place that's more of a moonscape than a landscape.

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frame charming views of the sea, and in spring the trees in its parade ground shelter thousands of migrant warblers, which is more than can be said for most defense projects. And who knows? Perhaps our rocket launchers may turn out to be ideal nest sites for white ibis.

Until that time, Fort Jefferson sleeps on safely beyond the end of the road.

In the past year, a tourist boat has been running between Key West and Tortugas. Schedules have been erratic, but it has been possible to visit the fort for a day (or a week or a weekend if you pack in your own food, water, and bedding). Anyone interested should write for details to Superintendent, Everglades National Park, Box 279, Homestead, Florida, 33030.

AN ANTISEPTIC LOVER TO HIS LOVE

BY STUART HEMSLEY

Tooth decay is a highly contagious disease. "This is not going to stop kissing," said the researcher. — *News item*

Drink to me only with thine eyes —
With thine eyes I have no quarrel.
But, my love, some doubts arise
Re your lips of coral.

Take, O take those lips away;
More than love upon them tarries.
Thus the kisses of today
Are tomorrow's caries.

Gather rosebuds while ye may,
But be sure the buds are sterile;
Baffling, this, for ardent maid,
Or for man who's virile.

Teeth I love, but kisses more;
To desist is past enduring.
After meals we'll brush, before,
And, if need be, during,

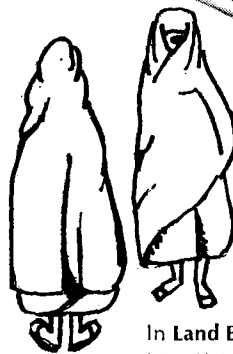
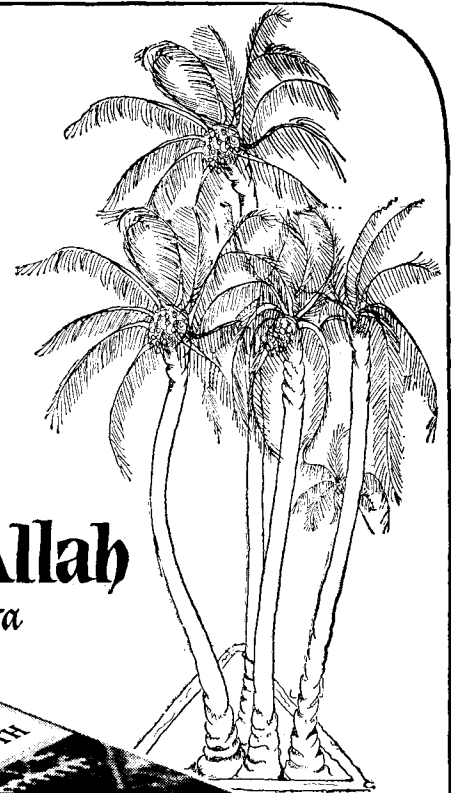
Seeking each a wholesome mouth.
And to make assurance sure I'd
Lace all beakers of the South
Generously with fluoride.

Come with me and be my love,
Sharing prophylactic ventures;
And we'll all the pleasures prove,
Neither one with dentures.

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Children of Allah

between the Sea and Sahara



In *Land Below the Wind*, winner of the Atlantic Non-Fiction Award, Mrs. Keith told of her adventures with her husband in the jungles of North Borneo; in the bestselling *Three Came Home*, she wrote of her family's ordeal as Japanese prisoners of war. And now, in her first book in more than a decade, she tells of the nine years spent with her husband in Libya where "reality exceeds fiction in drama, beauty and fascination," where she fell in love with the dust-swept Sahara, the gaudy dunes of the Red Desert, the jagged profile of the Black Plains — a land of ancient rites and veiled faces, of modern fixtures but no water, of nomads asleep beneath tattered tents and "nouveaux riches" who race Alfa Romeos and vacation in Rome.

With the grace of a poet and her usual irrepressible wit, Agnes Newton Keith delights readers with the story of how she lost her heart to Libya.

* *Publishers' Weekly*
Illustrated with 50 line drawings by the author; \$6.95 at all bookstores

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

they shall have music



FIVE OPERAS Better Than They Seemed

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

It is possible to go through a musical lifetime without once coming upon a live performance of such operas as *Princess Ida*, *Rusalka*, *The Trojans*, *Mosè*, and *Tiefland*. Indeed, most listeners know these works, if they know them at all, purely by reputation: *Princess Ida* as a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta that never quite made the grade, *Rusalka* as a Dvořák fairy tale honored mostly in its own country, *The Trojans* as a Berlioz epic too grandiose for stage production, *Mosè* as a Rossini period piece based loosely on a biblical text, and *Tiefland* as a nineteenth-century Germanic melodrama written by an eccentric piano virtuoso, Eugen Francis Charles d'Albort.

All these works have now been rescued, at least temporarily, from desuetude through the issuance of new recordings. The overall effect is to suggest that while the shortcomings of these operas are plainly and even painfully apparent, their virtues are equally stubborn and sometimes triumphant.

Princess Ida, or *Castle Adamant*, is a good example. Gilbert and Sullivan wrote it in 1884, directly between *Iolanthe* and *The Mikado*, and it ran for nine months at the Savoy Theater. But the D'Oyly Carte Company didn't add it to its

repertory until 1922, and it has led only a sporadic existence there since; it is never included, for instance, in the company's American tours.

Princess Ida (London OSA-1262, stereo; A-4262, monaural: two records) is set aside from the rest of the Gilbert and Sullivan canon by two distinctions, neither of them especially in its favor: it is divided into three acts rather than two, and its spoken dialogue (omitted from the recording) is in blank verse of no great quality. Moreover, women's education, the subject it satirizes, is no longer a joking matter, so that some of its gibes and allusions seem almost embarrassingly pointless. Still, Sullivan's music has its accustomed cheerfulness and charm, and Gilbert has created one of his characteristically comic personages in old King Gama, father to the fair Princess who has run away from love to found a women's university. Sings Gama in *Princess Ida*'s most famous lines:

I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer,
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute — and I do.

But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!

And I can't think why!

Chorus: He can't think why!

With one or two patter numbers and a goodly share of martial choruses, chaste love songs, and bubbling ensembles, *Princess Ida* manages to overcome the handicaps of its vapid story and its weak second act, which takes place in the garden of a particularly pallid ladies' university. The D'Oyly Carte cast, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent and headed by John Reed as King Gama, Philip Potter as Prince Hilarion, and Elizabeth Harwood as Princess Ida, perform the operetta as though it were absolutely first-rate Gilbert and Sullivan, and sometimes their zest and style almost persuade one that it is.

Antonin Dvořák's opera *Rusalka* also has a set of persuasive advocates in the form of the musical forces of the National Theater of Prague, under the direction of Zdenek Chala-bala (Artia ALPOS-89D, stereo; SLPO-89D, monaural: four records).

Rusalka is, after Smětan's *The Bartered Bride*, the most frequently played of all Czech operas. It is a retelling of the old Ondine story, about a water nymph who falls in love with a human being, with melancholy consequences to them both. Dvořák, who was among the most romantic and nature-oriented of all composers, embellished the tale with music of such iridescence and verdure that it is difficult to understand why *Rusalka* hasn't extended its spell much beyond its native land. Its language, of course, is an obstacle, and its second act, in which the nymphs, dryads, water goblins, and witches temporarily give way to a leaden and tedious pair of mortal lovers, is musically uninspired.

But other operas have benefited from judicious pruning and transplantation, and *Rusalka* would seem a prime candidate, with its exquisite "Invocation to the Moon" — the only aria which receives an occasional concert performance — its lovely trio of dryads almost spinning songs from moonbeams and water spray, its quicksilver orchestral blending of the ethereal and the earthy. In this recording *Rusalka* is sung in Czech, but an unusually elaborate libretto offers translations not only

in English but in German and French. The Prague National Theater cast, with Milada Subrtova, soprano, as Rusalka, and Eduard Haken, bass, as the paternalistic Water-Gnome, who tries vainly to keep her from earthly harm, is obviously steeped in the music and sings it with taste and sympathy. But one is left with the feeling that *Rusalka* really merits the attention of the great lyric artists of the world's foremost opera houses.

Just as the Czechs consider *Rusalka* as one of their great musical specialties, so do the French regard Berlioz's massive opera *Les Troyens*. Actually, France has been a long time getting around to *Les Troyens*; Berlioz's *Memoirs* tells of the bitterness he felt over its failure to gain the stage of the Paris Opéra; and he never saw it performed complete anywhere in his lifetime. Even its new Angel recording, with Régine Crespin, soprano, Guy Chauvet, tenor, and the chorus and orchestra of the Paris Opéra under Georges Prêtre, consists merely of highlights from the five-hour score (Angel SB-3670, stereo; B-3670, monaural: two records).

The difficulties of a complete recording are very real, for the work is not only lengthy but unwieldy. Berlioz, an ardent admirer of Virgil, attempted nothing less than to set large portions of the *Aeneid* to music. What he finally emerged with was a two-part work, the first, *La Prise de Troie*, dealing with Cassandra's dire prophecies and the fall of Troy, the second, *Les Troyens à Carthage*, depicting the love affair of Dido and Aeneas after the fleeing Trojans have been shipwrecked at Carthage.

Berlioz was never one to work on a small scale, and he drew his picture of the Trojan War and its aftermath in broad musical strokes. When he came to write a love duet for Dido and Aeneas he abandoned Virgil and turned to Shakespeare, borrowing (of all things!) the love scene between Jessica and Lorenzo from the opening of Act V of *The Merchant of Venice*: "in such a night/ Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls/ And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,/ Where Cressid lay that night." Berlioz, who wrote his own libretto, found a rather charming if less poetic French equivalent: "*Par une telle nuit, fou d'amour et de joie,/ Troilus vint attendre aux pieds des murs de*

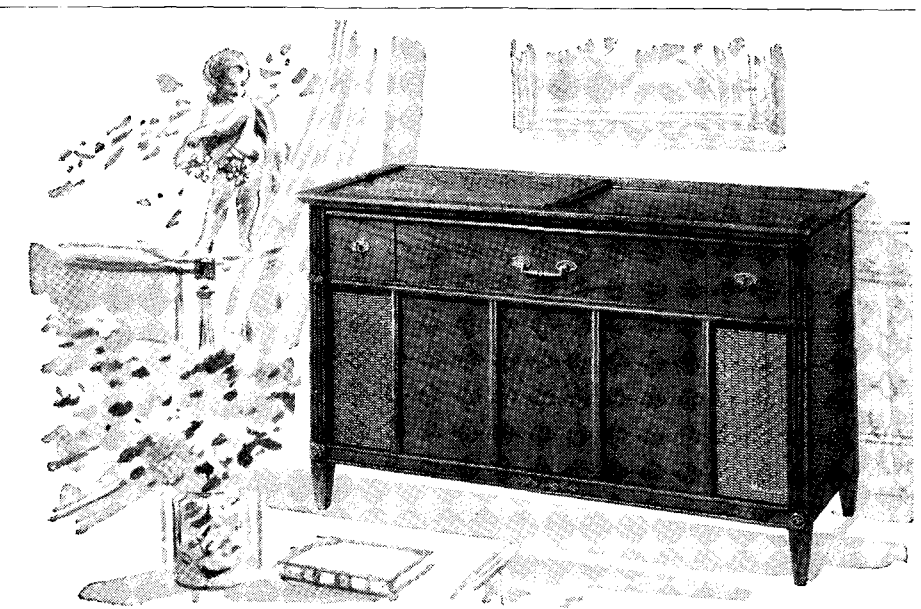
Troie/ la belle Cressida." It is no exaggeration to say that Berlioz turned this particular passage into one of the great love duets in all opera, finding for it music filled with sensuousness and languor. Similarly, the famous *Royal Hunt and Storm* sequence is, like the *Leonore Overture No. 3* or *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*, one of opera's great orchestral showpieces.

But it is a bit disturbing to find that the love duet and the *Royal Hunt and Storm* stand out as the most impressive excerpts on these records, which contain, altogether, nine selections from the opera. Does *Les Troyens* require an uncut full-length production to really establish its grandeur, or has its reputation been somewhat overinflated through its long years of no productions at all? It is a question one would be curious to see answered upon the stage.

Performances of Rossini's Old Testament opera *Mosè* are a rarity, too, although I can remember going, as an eager teen-ager, to a production exactly thirty years ago given at the old New York Hippodrome by the energetic if unsubtle forces of

Maestro Alfredo Salmaggi's popular opera company, then playing at a one-dollar top. In Rossini's own day *Mosè* was a celebrated work, with one melody, "Moses' Prayer," that was regarded as so beautiful that fashionable young ladies would swoon upon hearing it. *Mosè* made its first appearance in an Italian version entitled *Mosè in Egitto*; later Rossini rewrote and amplified it for the Paris Opéra in a form generally known since as *Moïse*. Philips now makes *Mosè* available in a recording which, with supreme illogic, presents the later French version translated back into the original Italian (PHM 3-580, monaural only: three records).

This recording was made in Italy in 1956, but has never before been released in the United States, presumably because of the lack of a stereo version. Certainly Philips need not have held back on the grounds of sound; there is plenty of tonal richness and presence in the monaural set. The main failing of this *Mosè* has to do with Mosè himself, for Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, the bass who sings the role, lacks the power and personality to present



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a convincing picture of the lawgiver. The rest of the cast is able enough, with Giuseppe Taddei, baritone, as Pharaoh, Mario Filippeschi, tenor, as his son, and the chorus and orchestra of San Carlo, Naples, conducted by Tulio Serafin.

Mosè is certainly an opera worth knowing. Its choral passages are central to the work, from the "Plague of Darkness" to the "Crossing of the Red Sea"; its confrontations of Moses and Pharaoh — two dark voices in bold juxtaposition — are dramatic and dignified; and it also offers a goodly share of amiable love music. Its own brand of biblical exegesis is as quaint as it is original: according to the libretto, Moses has a niece named Anaide who is secretly in love with Pharaoh's son Aménofi. Naturally, Aménofi doesn't wish Anaide to leave on the exodus, which is why Pharaoh keeps renegeing on his promise to let the Hebrews depart, necessitating the Ten Plagues and ultimately the drowning of the Egyptian army, Aménofi included. The climax of the opera comes not in the "Passage of the Red Sea" (a purely orchestral passage, one might note), but in Moses' song on the shore, "*Dal tuo stellato soglio*" ("From Thy starry throne"). This is the famous "Prayer" that induced giddiness among the more susceptible young women of Rossini's era. Today we live in sterner times, but Rossini's "Prayer," passed from voice to voice until it builds into a mighty ensemble, provides his only biblical opera with a moving and majestic conclusion.

The foregoing operas, obscure though they may be, at least are the work of renowned and respected composers. But who nowadays knows the name of Eugen d'Albert, a pupil of Liszt's who succeeded his master as probably the world's most dazzling pianist and who lived until 1932? D'Albert was born in Glasgow of a French mother and a German father, but Germany was his spiritual and musical home, and when he began writing operas, they were Germanic to the core. *Tiefland* was his greatest operatic success; it actually achieved a Metropolitan production one year, and holds the stage to this day in Germany.

In presenting *Tiefland* on records, Deutsche Grammophon has wisely chosen to offer only excerpts (136424, stereo; 19424, monaural). The story

has to do with the evils that befall a simple Pyrenees shepherd who is forced by circumstances to descend into the immoral atmosphere of the valley (*Tiefland* means "lowland"). All ends well, with Pedro the shepherd triumphing over a rich and rascally landowner and heading back to the hills with his true love. D'Albert imbued his opera, at least the portion which is presented here, with a feeling of romantic melancholy and climaxed it with a highly naturalistic hand-to-hand battle between hero and villain. Inge Borkh, soprano, Hans Hopf, tenor, and a promising American baritone named Thomas Stewart strike a proper balance between the romanticism and realism of the music. Of all the operas listed here, *Tiefland* seems least likely to succeed on the stage, but it makes for a lively single record of excerpts.

Record Reviews

Bach: The Well-Tempered Clavier

João Carlos Martins, pianist; *Connoisseur Society CS-8657* (stereo or monaural): seven records

This is a whopping album by any standard. Few pianists have attempted to record the *Well-Tempered Clavier* complete, leaving that Herculean task to harpsichordists. Among those who have tried, and completed, the course, Martins' achievement is a standout. The young Brazilian pianist combines technical virtuosity and intellectual orderliness in a work that demands both in about equal proportion. And unless one slips on Wanda Landowska's old recording of the *Well-Tempered Clavier* — a nasty trick to play on any pianist — he almost persuades the listener that the piano really is the proper instrument for the "Forty-eight." The accompanying booklet includes a thematic index of the preludes and fugues.

Dances of Ancient Poland

Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist; *RCA Victor LM-2830* (monaural only) Wanda Landowska could make the harpsichord support the mighty musical edifices of J. S. Bach, but she could also make it dance. Her ability to do so was never demonstrated more ingratiatingly than on this record, which includes two polonaises by the Polish composer Oginski,

works in the Polish style by Rameau and Couperin, and Chopin's Mazurka in C, Opus 56, No. 2, sounding comfortably at home on Mme. Landowska's harpsichord. Perhaps the most pleasant surprise of all comes in Landowska's own *Bourrée d'Auvergne*. Landowska's jacket notes claim an affinity for these tunes with the Polish oberek. Perhaps so; but they also sound a bit like a Virginia reel. Whatever the national origins of these works, together they make for a playful, gay, and charming record.

Bernstein: Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs

Copland: Clarinet Concerto

Gould: Derivations for Clarinet and Band

Stravinsky: Ebony Concerto

Benny Goodman, clarinetist, with Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Columbia Jazz Combo conducted by the composers; Columbia MS-6805 (stereo) and ML-6205

Meeting at the Summit is the formal title of this record, in which Mr. Goodman plays his way through four jazz compositions by four "classical" musicians. Oddly, there is more diversity than might be expected from four composers deliberately adopting the same idiom. The Bernstein piece is the most exciting and imaginative, the Gould the jazziest, the Copland the most folkish, and the Stravinsky the most . . . well . . . Stravinskian. All are played with verve and brilliance by Goodman and his nameless colleagues of the Columbia Jazz Combo.

An Evening Wasted With Tom Lehrer

Tom Lehrer accompanying himself at the piano; Reprise R-6199

A move—which, with luck, may develop into a stampede—has begun to issue to a wider world the original recordings of Tom Lehrer, the Harvard mathematician turned satirist and singer. In this case, Reprise has reissued a 1959 collection of vintage Lehrer, including a list of chemical elements set to the tune of the Major-General's song from *The Pirates of Penzance*; a resetting of "Clementine" in the manners of Cole Porter, Mozart, and Gilbert and Sullivan; a thoroughly commercial little Christmas carol; and a cheerfully grisly paean to the Bomb entitled "We'll All Go Together When We Go." This is gallows humor set to witty and

bouncy music, and with its brightness and point as sharp as ever.

A Man Dies

Sung and played by Valerie Mountain, Ricky Forde, the Strangers, and the boys and girls of St. James's Church, Lock-leaze, Bristol, England; Odeon (Capitol Import) 33SX-1609 (monaural only)

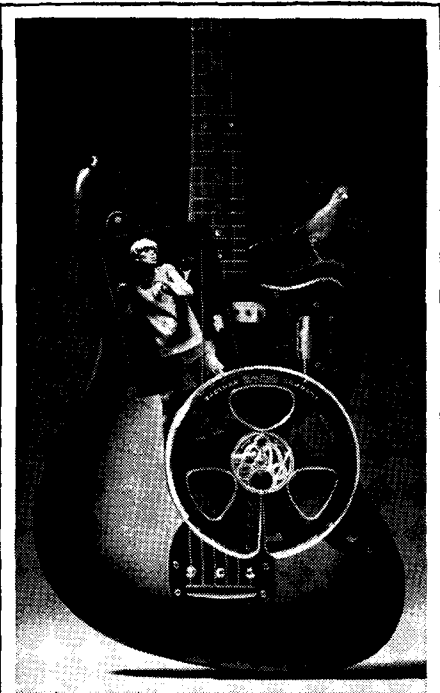
This is a rock 'n' roll Gospel musical play, produced originally in a Bristol church, which has evidently caused considerable stir in England. It attempts to tell the story of Jesus in modern terms, which would presumably appeal strongly to teenagers. Thus, a blues song is superimposed over a Bach prelude much in the manner of Gounod's *Ave Maria*; Negro spirituals weave in and out of the score; and the search for a room at the inn is told in such verses as: "The kid may be born before the night—they're full right up—you gotta find a room." Some of the songs, such as "Gentle Christ," which runs through the work as a kind of refrain, attain an affecting mood, and there is plenty of drive and fervor in the performances. But the ultimate impression is that of a curiosity rather than a religious expression.

The Stevenson Wit

Edited by Bill Adler, narrated by David Brinkley; RCA Victor VDM-107 (monaural)

Adlai E. Stevenson: The Man, the Candidate, the Statesman

Written and narrated by Bill Scott; The Macmillan Co. AS-101 (monaural) Of these two records memorializing Adlai Stevenson, it is the first, devoted frankly to his wit, which gives the warmer and rounder picture of the man. The narration by David Brinkley is unobtrusive, and the Stevenson excerpts, far from being a collection of quips and snippets, cover a surprising variety of subjects and circumstances, including campaign speeches in Brooklyn and formal addresses before the United Nations. Some of the same passages are included on the Macmillan record too, but here they are encumbered by a pretentious narration and unceded musical effects. The Macmillan release does offer two advantages, however: it presents one Stevenson speech intact (his "Personal Essay on Democracy," delivered on January 14, 1962), and it includes a printed speech-by-speech index of the record's contents.



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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

How large a percentage of Americans are gamblers at heart? One in five perhaps? It is hard to estimate because the instinct ranges from those who bet their silver in the numbers racket or take a chance on the Irish Sweepstakes all the way up to the Charlie Ponzis who are betting hundreds of thousands on the old proposition that a fool is born every minute. We know that the more hazardous the occupation, the higher the stakes: cowboys and miners from the goldfields came to town ready to shoot their wad in a single night at cards; the crap games in army camps or on transports outward bound are legendary; and in World War II the poker games in the Air Force were the most ruthless. We know too that there is a vast amount of egotism in every reckless gambler: not only is he sure that he can beat his opponents, he is sure he can beat the odds. It is not desperation at home that turns the pepper-and-salt cashier into the big-time embezzler; it is the sight of so much money and the certainty that he is smarter than the outfit and can't lose.

A clear head through the long hours at the table (a good pro is seldom a heavy drinker), the dead-pan control, win or lose — these are natural assets; but the most important one for anyone gambling on cards is a prodigious memory: the capacity to remember what has been exposed is indispensable, especially in games like Twenty-one that are played with a dwindling pack. The professional who bets on the ponies or sits night after night at Monte Carlo probably spends as much time working out his odds or "perfecting" his system as a certified public accountant spends at his desk, and in the vast majority of cases, does not earn as much. The fever at Las Vegas is no different from that in the wide-open New Orleans of more than a century ago. One can be sure that those who have it and survive are blessed not with luck but with a memory of mathematical precision.

In his autobiography, *THE ODDS AGAINST ME*

(Simon and Schuster, \$6.95), JOHN SCARNE describes his boyhood addiction, his swiftness with figures, his manual dexterity with dice, cards, or any form of sleight of hand, and his fantastic memory, which, with his burnings, helped him to do better than break even. One culls a long vagarious book like this expecting not literature but the unabashed, accurate disclosure of the gamblers' world in the twentieth century by a man who knew the odds and how to handle them.

John's parents were Italian immigrants and strict Catholics; his father was a miner, then a stone-cutter, his mother was perceptive and quite aware that the brightest of her children was getting his education not so much in night school as in the amusement parks. His dexterity was incredible: he could clean out any gang at the shell game, tossing coins, or three-card monte; he was fourteen when from watching the card sharks he learned to stack or palm cards — and saw the stabbing of a cheat. From his friend Ame in the Lane Novelty Company he had a postgraduate course in marked cards and loaded dice and in the infinite combinations employed by a dice mechanic. With his agility he could outsmart and outdeal any shark, but it was his common sense that prompted him to make his living as a magician. Scarne had a disarming curiosity; it was his passkey to the world of carnivals, and without it the famous "Cherokee Indian" would not have taught him how to eat fire, swallow swords, or chew glass. His mastery of such feats accounts for some of the liveliest of the early chapters, although his explanation of how he does his tricks leaves me as baffled as if I had been watching them.

The braggadocio in such a career is redeemed in the telling by the author's audacity and candor. His lifelong friendship with a tall Irish lad named Jim Braddock leads him to the ringside and to a graphic description of the Baer-Braddock bout; his magic with the cards leads him unscathed

through a tough encounter with Al Capone's gang, just as his daring and skill lead to the respect of Houdini. With his wizardry, he posted a \$5000 challenge to any magician to perform a trick he could not do — and there were no takers. In his maturity he came to be the highest-paid consultant on gambling, with a rather weary contempt for what it stood for.

THE CHARMED LIFE

He sat on the laps of the gods. His mother was a famous beauty and an actress; his father, Sir William Rothenstein, was an artist and a passionate Liberal much beloved by his contemporaries. W. H. Hudson, before he had lost his wonderful sight and hearing, Tagore, Augustus John, Joseph Conrad, William Michael Rossetti, and Yeats were familiars in the household, and each of them took more than a passing interest in young John Rothenstein. As a boy he played war games on Hampstead Heath with H. G. Wells and Wells's sons, Gyp and Frank. Such attention would be overwhelming for many youngsters, but its effect on **SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN** was to call out his love for British painting, to sharpen his critical faculties, and to endow him with a sparkle of conversation and a delicate sense of humor which light up many pages of **SUMMER'S LEASE: Being Volume One of an Autobiography** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.00).

As the son and grandson of painters, who has been exposed since boyhood to many of the finest artists and writers of his time, it seems to me inevitable that Sir John should have received his education as much from personal encounters as from study. One of his earliest recollections is of reading aloud with his father after tea "the historical plays of Shakespeare, from the English poets, *Ivanhoe* and *Treasure Island*, Froissart's *Chronicles* and lives of great Englishmen, in particular from Lockhart's *Life of Nelson*." To a boy so impressionable this would mean more than what he took home from the rather progressive schools to which he was sent.

At Oxford, which he entered with the aid of a cramming school and at some strain on his father's finances, he lived a charmed life. He went up in the 1920s when there was a good deal of hard drinking and hard usage for the nonconformist left over from World War I, and although he succeeded in taking only third-class honors, he did graduate with a degree, which is more than could be said for his good friends Evelyn Waugh, John Betjeman, and Alan Pryce-Jones. With them and a circle of the elect, including John Strachey, Lord David Cecil, Richard Hughes, Anthony Eden, and Maurice Bowra, he

belonged to an uninhibited dining club known as "The Grid." His roommate was William Gerhardt, an Anglo-Russian six years his senior, the novelist-to-be, and the author of the sprightliest letters in this book. He was on easy terms with T. E. Lawrence — "a dedicated man without a cause" — who was then writing *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* at All Souls, and his characterization of Lawrence is the finest I have read anywhere. It was at Oxford that his friendship with Max Beerbohm came to full flower, probably because young John personified the grace and charming indolence which Max celebrated in *Zuleika Dobson*.

The wonder is that he was not spoiled: that he did not take to drink or sex after his early failures in London as a writer and journalist; that he was humble enough to follow the advice of Paul Sachs, who set him on his course as a teacher and apprentice curator in the United States. And it is everlastingly to his good fortune that in Lexington, Kentucky, he found his Elizabeth and took the gamble of marrying her on \$1500 a year. In *Summer's Lease* one sees the forming judgments and the capacity for friendship and for connoisseurship which were eventually to recommend John Rothenstein as director of the Tate Gallery of London.

LOVE IN ITALY

THE EVENING OF THE HOLIDAY (Knopf, \$3.95) is a short novel laid in Italy, with such a feeling for words and with characterizations so deft that I find it a delight. **SHIRLEY HAZZARD**, the author, was born and schooled in Sydney, Australia, and shortly after the war, accompanied her parents to the Far East; since then her experience has been cosmopolitan, including years in Europe and long devotion to the United Nations. To her short stories and now to this restrained and lovely narrative she brings an acute knowledge of people and a perception of the countryside, in this case a small town north of Florence, which, for its power of suggestion, makes one think of Katherine Mansfield.

Tancredi, a rather fastidious architect in his forties who has been attractive to women, is now feeling sorry for himself: his beautiful but troublesome wife has separated from him at last. In this bruised state he has gone for consolation to Luisa Brandi, a widow of his father's generation, a woman of style and sapience, who by good chance has visiting her an attractive niece, Sophie, half English, half Italian, whose virginal diffidence arouses the inquisitive, ever hopeful lover in Tancredi.

The lives of these three people as they are en-

twined for the brevity of Sophie's visit compose an affair of picnics, a thrashing storm that devastates the crops and garden, a festival which is a relic of the Middle Ages — "one of the most splendid sights in Italy. It may also be said to reproduce in miniature all the rancor and intolerance of the world" — and a courtship which is broken off, reunited, and as stylized as a minuet. That Sophie shall surrender is just as inevitable as that she should decide the moment when the affair is over. Within its limitations this is a delicate and pensive piece of work; throughout, Miss Hazzard has command of a sure and felicitous prose, and it is a pleasure to watch her people respond to each other in a situation which is so picturesque and sensuous.

BEARS AT HOME

A hunter and conservator, FRANK DUFRESNE has been studying bears for forty years, much of that time in Alaska. His book **NO ROOM FOR BEARS** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.00) properly begins with the grizzly's habitat Admiralty Island, with its snow peaks and great forests of Douglas fir, some twenty miles from Juneau. Here is the greatest concentration of browns and grizzlies on the planet, one bear per square mile.

The book opens with a tense situation when the author and his friend Hosea are caught overnight on Admiralty in an impenetrable fogbank with two freshly killed Sitka bucks; they doze off over their campfire and waken to find that they are being stalked by a big grizzly who has no intention of being distracted. Hosea says that one grizzly out of twenty-five is ready to do battle against a human. Is this their lucky number?

Excellent chapters depict what the polar bear has meant to the Eskimos. Here the author is quoting from his old friend Pooshuk, who tells him of the snow bear's taste for whale meat, decayed or otherwise, and of how he saw one leap on the back of a surfacing whale and come up with a clawful of gravy. Curiously there are no polar bears in the Antarctic; in the Arctic there is but a single species, whose home is a floating pan of ice which circles them over the wildest wastes in the Northern hemisphere.

The mid chapters have to do with our yellow bears and the brown, and the comedy when the cubs are playing. But always as an undertone is the realization that the bears may be in danger of extinction before the end of this century. The hunting of the polar bears by aircraft, the lack of protective laws in Alaska, the cutting of the forests all point to the elimination of the half-ton browns and grizzlies and the gradual thinning out of the smaller blacks.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

JOHN HERSEY'S *TOO FAR TO WALK* (Knopf, \$4.95) is unusual among recent college novels, most of which have focused upon the problems of the professor driven to drink or sex by the intellectual inadequacies of the modern university. Hersey shifts attention to where it more properly belongs, the student, in whose life the cultural deficiencies of our educational system are most acute.

John Fist, the hero of *Too Far to Walk*, is an Ivy League sophomore who has done well in his first year, but suddenly loses all sense of purpose. He falls into a slump which disorganizes both his studies and his personal life. He feels the need for experience and for freedom; the two are united in his thinking as they are for many college students of his generation. His fumbling search for meaning leads him to a search for sexual adventure, to rebellion against his family, and finally, to drugs. Then the awareness dawns that none of these escapes will satisfy his needs for identity and purpose. He turns against his tempter: "You sold me illusions. I prefer the real world, crummy as it is." At the end, John has effected a reconciliation with his parents, announces that he is bringing a nice girl home for the weekend, and is back in the classroom ready to study his Catullus. His misadventures were all for the best, since they enabled him to grow into maturity.

The novel is perceptive in its statement of the problem. The early chapters are well written. Hersey has the reporter's knack for an interesting narrative, and while thoroughly objective about his subject, he portrays him sympathetically. Above all, he understands that John's rebellion arises out of the recognition that his career in college will lead to a dull, stupid, conforming middle-class life. Far from liberating the spirit or opening the mind, education threatens to close off choices and to narrow experience. This is the fear of the most sensitive sector of the college generation of the 1960s.

But Hersey lacks the skill to describe convincingly the resolution of the problem. His account of the LSD hallucinations is poorly contrived, and John Fist's sudden conversion seems quite arbitrary.

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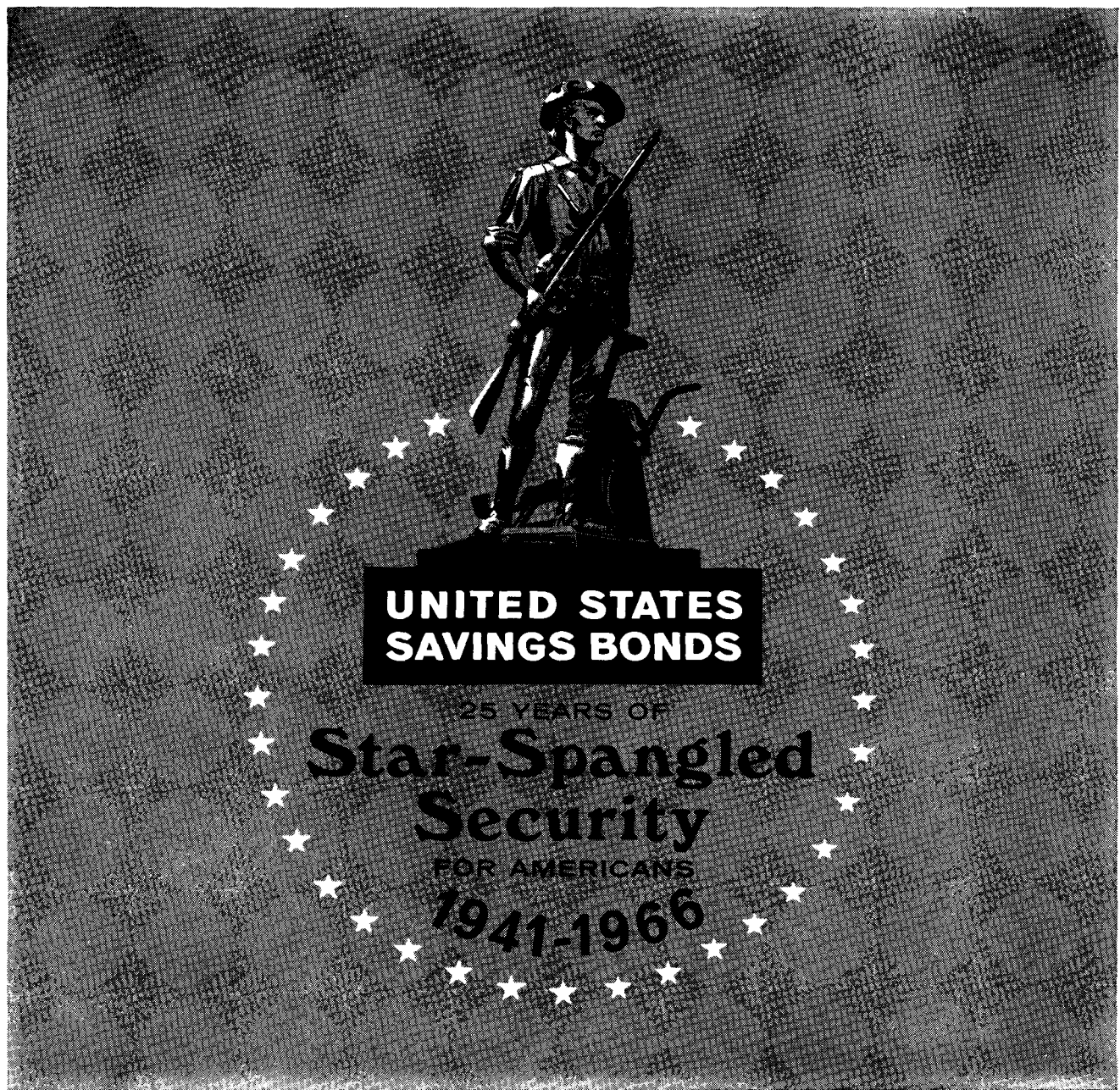
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trary. If Catullus and the nice girl are the answer, then John was a sap not to have perceived it in the first place.

VARIETIES OF PROTEST

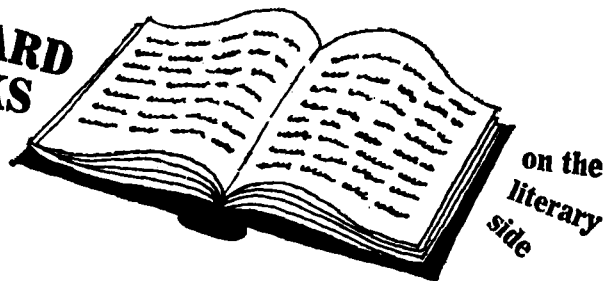
Hersey's hero does not choose the course of radical political action that has attracted some of his contemporaries. John Fist is aware of the possibility; he knows a boy who spent the summer in Mississippi, and at times he would not mind trading places with him. But John also knows that the civil rights worker is a kidlike individual — "everything is so simple for him, so clear." That judgment contains a clue to the ineffectiveness of American radicalism in the 1960s and also to its attractiveness for some very sensitive and intelligent young people.

THE RADICAL PAPERS, edited by Irving Howe (Doubleday, \$4.95), provides the material for an understanding of the current disarray of the political left in the United States. The volume consists of a collection of essays which, in general, reflect the viewpoint of the independent socialist magazine *Dissent*. The earnest arguments here presented reveal the dilemmas of the radical stance.

The editor's opening statement proclaims his continued adherence to "the idea of socialism both as problem and as goal." Yet neither he nor his colleagues can establish a meaningful continuity with socialist writings of the past. Orthodox Marxism is too often frozen in postures assumed a century ago, and the experience of fifty years of Communism in Europe and Asia has not enlivened the hopes of humane, democratically minded observers. In the end, the contributors are compelled to discard such conventional elements of socialism as the nationalization of industry, the abolition of private property, and class war. What remains is a sense of moral outrage, a call for social justice, a longing for "a fraternal society" which will put an end to "psychic insecurity."

Most of these writers have thus discarded the hard, systematic features of scientific Marxism, although they are reluctant to acknowledge the failure of socialist analysis. They are not, however, utopians. The essays tell us very little that is positive about the good society other than that it would ameliorate the evils of

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the present. "Socialism is the name of our desire," write the authors of one essay. As a result, no consistent ideology is defined, but only a catalogue of the shortcomings of American society. Yet socialism contributes little to an understanding of the problems of greatest moment today — automation, education, race, nationalism, leisure, and the altered roles of age and youth. The authors generally are honest enough not to look back to the past for solutions; consequently their remarks, more often than not, end on a negative, inconclusive note.

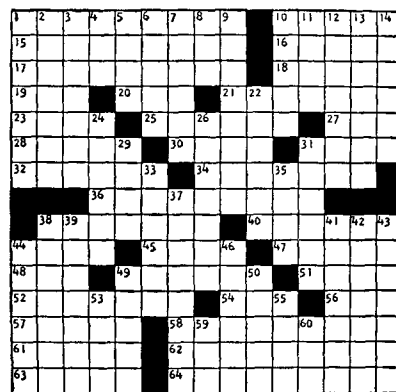
The shortcomings of this approach are most evident in the comments on foreign policy. John Schrecker and Michael Walzer, for instance, have no sympathy with Communism, and yet they believe that American intervention in countries like Greece has crushed "all modernizing initiative." They therefore regard the United States, China, and Russia as equally responsible for "imposing the Cold War on the third world."

When it comes to domestic affairs, the radicals are repeatedly surprised by the resilience of American institutions. The labor unions, which thirty years ago were in the vanguard of reform, have now been assimilated into corporate life, as Harvey Swados complains. Civil rights threatens shortly also to become an Establishment activity. Tom Hayden petulantly denies that "the social reforms of the past thirty years actually improved the quality of American life in a lasting way." But that is a young man's stubborn refusal to recognize change that fails to conform with his own expectations. In actuality, the protests against the unemployment rate are hardly sounded before it sinks to 4 percent. Often the rebels themselves are sucked into the service of the Establishment, and their criticism subsides to issues of pace and method rather than of principle.

Above all, the radicals lack the popular base which sustained the protest movements of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The authors wish to speak for the mass of people as it should be; they know that they cannot speak for it as it is. They are aware too that without some organic relationship to a major historical movement, they will be doomed to ineffectuality or tempted by a theory of a ruling elite.

Hence the call in the essays of

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word
for
"Peace of
Mind"?



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american
cancer
society

Bayard Rustin, Tom Hayden, Emmanuel Galtman, and Stanley R. Plastrick for various forms of coalition which, eschewing ideology, will develop a "community of insurgents" led by the excluded and unqualified, and mobilized to transform society. In effect, this is a call for action pure and simple, a call that arises from the need to rebel rather than from the attraction of an agreed-upon goal.

The civil rights movement was the ideal vehicle for this intellectually undemanding form of protest. The moral issue of racism was clear and unambiguous, it established a link to a large body of popular opinion, and it offered valid opportunities for direct action that satisfied troubled young people who had their own need for rebellion. But since the march on Washington, that spontaneous movement has fallen under the shadow of government sponsorship; it has become organized and respectable, and it has lost the capacity for expressing rebelliousness.

To some extent, the demonstrations against the war in Vietnam have taken the place of civil rights as the medium for radical protest among John Fiste's contemporaries. The absence of any substantial body of popular support and the lack of a rigorous intellectual position make this an appropriate issue for protest.

However, the radical call for a broad united front which would transform American society rests upon a delusion. Even the excluded and underprivileged wish not to alter the basic institutions of the country, but to share in their advantages. And the potential for enabling them to do so is far from being exhausted. Furthermore, the radical emphasis on action rather than ideology exposes Mr. Howe and his colleagues to flanking attacks from extremists further to the left and impatient with all restraints. The unwillingness to cope with these intellectually inconvenient facts impoverishes the radical thought of our times.

A protest of a more conventional sort is sounded in **THE CORRUPTED LAND** (Macmillan, \$5.95), an exposure of the social morality of modern America by **FRED J. COOK**. Mr. Cook is a journalist in the muckraker tradition, who bubbles over with righteous indignation. He has given us an angry survey of the notorious post-war scandals — price-fixing in

I was tired of reading about murder and scandal — and bringing publications that shouted about them into the house.

I was tired of puffed-up reports of trivial things that ignored the important issues.

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I don't really know what took me so long. I'd certainly heard of the Monitor's reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. But maybe that's what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

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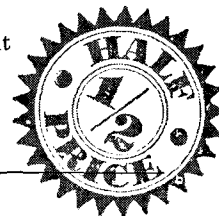
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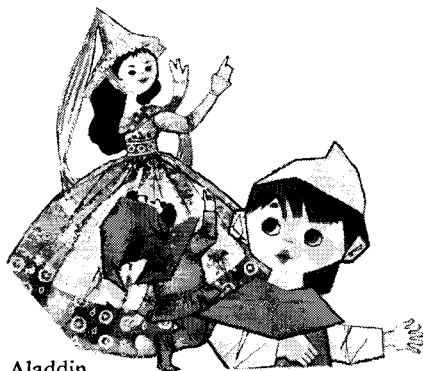
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the electrical industry, Billie Sol Estes, Bobby Baker, and the rigged TV quiz shows. All are evidences of the pervasive dishonesty that runs through American life.

The corruption, Mr. Cook insists, is not confined to a few individuals or to a single social class; it extends through the whole society. "It is a debacle founded upon a cynical lack of faith in the existence of standards at the top, compounded by the conviction that everybody's doing it and a man is a fool if he doesn't, as business does, look out for number one." The ultimate cause of the disaster is the inability of Americans to apply eighteenth-century concepts to a highly complex mechanized mass society. The world of the 1960s "cannot be administered on the basis of old-line free enterprise," but must be "controlled and made to serve social purposes" through a great deal more centralized planning.

However much Mr. Cook exaggerates, his defense of virtue is praiseworthy. Precisely because there remains a deep commitment to a morality of honesty, exposures of deviation serve a useful purpose.

It is not so much that the indictment is overdrawn as it is the failure of understanding that limits the usefulness of this book. Dishonesty is not a recent or a capitalist phenomenon. The United States, like Europe, was, alas, not free of corruption in the simple, rural eighteenth century; indeed, the selfish disregard of the rules is common in many unindustrialized societies. Nor is planning a sovereign remedy. Dishonesty of a scale equal to that which Mr. Cook exposes has been known even in the Soviet Union. We need such reminders of our deficiencies as these, but jeremiads are not the best guides to social action.

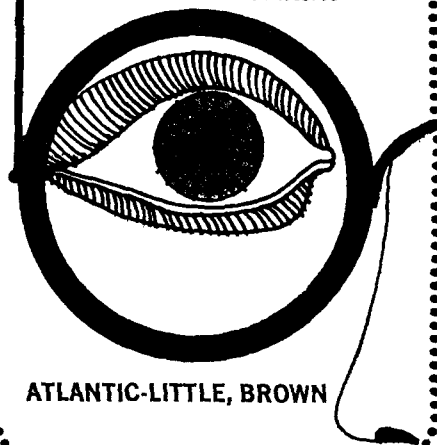
ROUL TUNLEY narrows the focus of protest by examining a single abuse in **THE AMERICAN HEALTH SCANDAL** (Harper & Row, \$4.95). The book was evidently written in some haste, and there are occasional factual slips. But the author is a killful reporter who has a good grasp of the problem, and his essential estimate of the situation is correct. The people of the United States do not enjoy the level of medical care to which the wealth of their society entitles them. A dramatic comparison with the situation in England, Sweden, Denmark, West Germany, Yu-

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goslavia, and Canada reveals that in many respects those countries provide more effective health services than America does.

The crucial factor is the inability to recruit and train enough doctors adequately to serve the existing needs of the United States, to say nothing of maintaining the present physician-patient ratio in a rising population. To keep from falling behind, we need 11,000 new doctors a year; our medical schools graduate 7700. The result is the deprivation of many communities and the woefully limited service to economically vulnerable groups. The spread of abuses in practice, which are amply documented in this book, are also consequences of the shortage. *The American Health Scandal* furnishes considerable evidence of the personal tragedies and the social waste that sap the nation's human strength.

The deficiencies are not the results of lack of interest, funds, educational facilities, or scientific talent, but of organization and control. The villain of Mr. Tunley's account is the organized medical establishment, which has bitterly resisted any innovation that seemed to smack of "socialized medicine" or to threaten its income and status. He himself leans toward prepaid group practice as a remedy. But he is by no means dogmatic in the matter, and he thoughtfully explores alternative modes of improved medical service, maintaining the intimate character of the patient-doctor relationship and setting limits upon the power of government. Medicare is but the first step of a long-overdue reform; and its most important immediate result may be simply to highlight and emphasize the deficiencies of the present arrangements.

Tunley's account is somewhat oversimple in its allocation of responsibility for shortcomings. There are historical reasons, apart from the cupidity of doctors, why the medical profession developed around the fee-receiving individual practitioner. And there were, in the past, gains as well as losses from forms of organization which have now become anachronistic.

THE POLITICAL PROCESS

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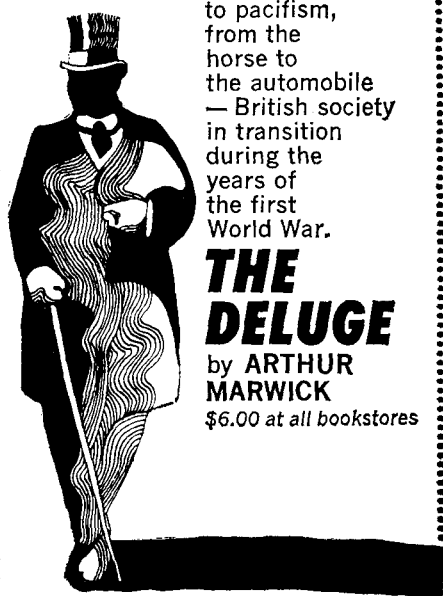
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tures are the balance of contending forces, compromise that takes the edge off conflict, and the unpredictable interplay of personalities. Two significant books illustrate the way in which these features influence the resolution of important issues.

1933: CHARACTERS IN CRISIS (Little, Brown, \$7.50) is an absorbing account by **HERBERT FEIS** of the transition from the Hoover to the Roosevelt Administration. Feis had been Economic Adviser to Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson and stayed on to serve under Cordell Hull. Feis was in a strategic position to observe an important aspect of the transition between the incoming and outgoing Presidents. The story of the London Economic Conference is particularly absorbing, for its failure doomed efforts to deal with the worldwide depression on an international basis. The personalities of the participants were certainly crucial in the debacle. This account makes lively reading, verging as it does on comedy, as when a drunken senator takes to the knife in defense of his tariff policy.

DAVID J. ROTHMAN'S POLITICS AND POWER (Harvard University Press, \$6.95) is an incisive study of the history of the United States Senate in the post-Civil-War era, when it occupied a pivotal place in the operations of the federal government. The Senate in these years was often the butt of reformers' attacks as a rich man's club and as the instrument of special interests who used its power for their own ends. Ultimately, that line of criticism would produce the Seventeenth Amendment and the direct election of senators. This careful study shifts attention away from these lurid accusations to the transformation of the Senate into an instrument of modern democracy. Professor Rothman draws effective portraits of such powerful individuals as William Allison and Nelson Aldrich. But his chief efforts go to a demonstration of how the development of the party system reshaped the Senate so that it could deal effectively with national problems. His striking reinterpretation clarifies an important phase of the history of American institutions.

THE FALL OF BERLIN

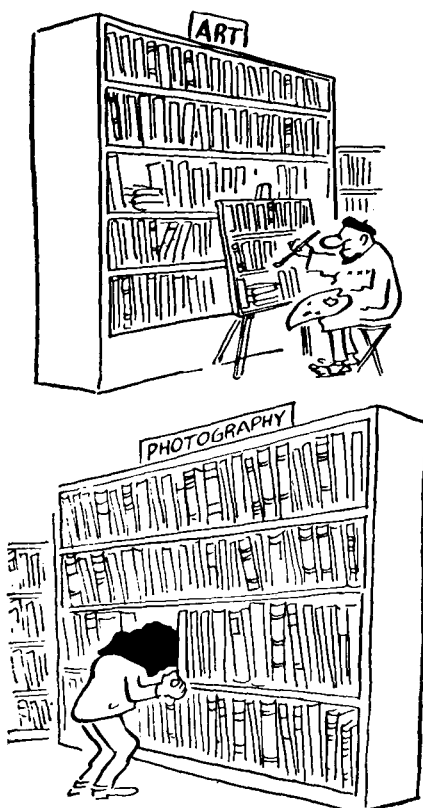
CORNELIUS RYAN'S THE LAST BATTLE (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50) is

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excellent retrospective journalism. The author has examined the relevant Russian, American, German, and English documents and has interviewed literally hundreds of survivors to assemble the materials for his exciting account of the three weeks after April 16, 1945, when Hitler's capital was reduced to rubble.

Berlin had never been a Nazi city; the Führer had resentfully planned to rebuild it and rename it Germania. By the spring of 1945, it had been drained of manpower. Its population consisted largely of women; it was burdened by an influx of refugees from the eastern provinces already occupied by the Soviets; and its industry depended upon more than one hundred thousand slave laborers. Resistance to the advancing Allied and Russian armies was futile, for only boys of fifteen and men in their seventies were available to man the defenses.

A wave of suicides spread throughout the city; the Berliners' only hope was that the invaders from the West would arrive before those from the East. Hitler's unwillingness to believe that the attack would come and his determination to go down fighting to the end exposed the city to total destruction by the Russians.

Ryan is a skillful narrator. He has an eye for the realistic detail — how, for instance, the zoo keepers took care of their charges under attack. He weaves intimate human-interest items unobtrusively into the exposition of the larger issues of the story. The sequence of events thus remains clear and becomes all the more comprehensible because presented in personal terms. Ryan makes a conscientious effort to be fair, although his view of the Russians is far from favorable, as his pages on the cases of rape show.

The general outlines of the story are familiar. The author treads on controversial ground only in the discussion of the Allied decision to leave Berlin to the Russians. Churchill, aware of the long-term political consequences, wished to push on to capture the city. Roosevelt, already approaching death, was still reluctant to accept the evidence of Red deceit. The Allied commanders in the field were unwilling to suffer one hundred thousand casualties for the prestige of holding the German capital. Only Stalin knew what he wanted and was ruthless enough to pay the cost.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

EVEREST (Sierra Club, \$25.00) is a large book full of dazzlingly lovely color photographs of the mountain and the high country around it. The pictures were taken by members of the American Mount Everest Expedition, an enterprise that required 900 porters to get it up to climbing level and that reached the summit of Everest by a previously untried route up the west ridge. The book's text, by **THOMAS F. HORNBEIN**, concerns this west ridge route and the preliminary minueting among members of the expedition over who would try it out and with what equipment, for in spite of all those porters, there never seemed to be quite enough oxygen tanks to go around. The climb itself was tough and becomes, in the telling, very exciting. But no prose can rival the effect of the pictures. They persuade me, for the first time, that climbing mountains is not a sign of mental aberration.

With the noble intention of inducing large numbers of people to read the play and enjoy it, **ROUBEN MAMOULIAN** has devised "a new version" of Shakespeare's **HAMLET** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00). The thing is, predictably, an inconsistent and exasperating disaster, for although Mr. Mamoulian professes to have worked only on hopelessly archaic words and to have spent great effort on preserving the meter of the verse, he has in fact succumbed to Bowdler's disease and altered several matters (like the scuffle at Ophelia's grave) for no reason except that they offend his genteel notions of Hamlet's royal dignity. He also has a deficient understanding of the mechanics of poetry. He supposes poetry is merely a question of counting feet, a delusion that leads him to change the slow, time-is-passing amble of "The bird of dawning singeth all night long" to the thumping canter of "The bird of dawning sings throughout the night."

MURIEL SPARK's play, **DOCTORS OF PHILOSOPHY** (Knopf, \$3.95), is so amusing, so thick with crackling, laughable dialogue that it hardly matters that the theme — the helplessness of men confronted by the

superior determination and wiliness of women — has already been worn rather thin by Bernard Shaw. Miss Spark's view of the situation, however, is not that of Shaw; she considers, it appears, that male insignificance is normal, proper, and right, and she proves it by calling all her male characters Charlie. The play's action concerns a scholarly couple afflicted with an omniscient housekeeper, a learned lady cousin who makes passes at the husband, a frivolous lady cousin who makes passes at anybody, and a daughter who gets prematurely pregnant. These troubles produce explosions of ill-tempered common sense which are funny in themselves and become even funnier because in the world of the theater common sense is traditionally not applicable to such a situation as the Delfonts'.

The title of **THE FRENCH** (Braziller, \$4.00), by **JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL**, is a misleading translation. Mr. Revel does not write of the French in general, but of one aspect of French political practice that annoys him almost beyond endurance: the collapse of any organized liberal opposition to the essentially authoritarian Gaullist regime. In his fury, the author attributes the condition to everything from simple cupidity to complicated historical neurosis, and never quite convicts any of his villains. But the details that he assembles as reason for his outraged complaints are interesting, unexpected, obviously knowledgeable, and support his general thesis, if not his specific indictments, very well.

WALTER BAGEHOT (1826-1877) was an economist, political theorist, and literary man, writing voluminously in all these fields. His *Literary Essays* (Harvard University Press, \$17.50), edited by Norman St. John-Stevan, fill two volumes of *The Collected Works*. Bagehot's approach to his subjects was calm and unpretentious. Because he was not original in the way of Coleridge or Arnold or Ruskin, his work conveys information peculiarly his own. He did not intend things that way. Bagehot was a brighter than average Victorian but decidedly a Victorian, and the assumptions that underlie his cautious defense of Shelley or his preference for Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* over the "unhealthy" *Maude* reveal a great deal about nineteenth-century thought and attitude.



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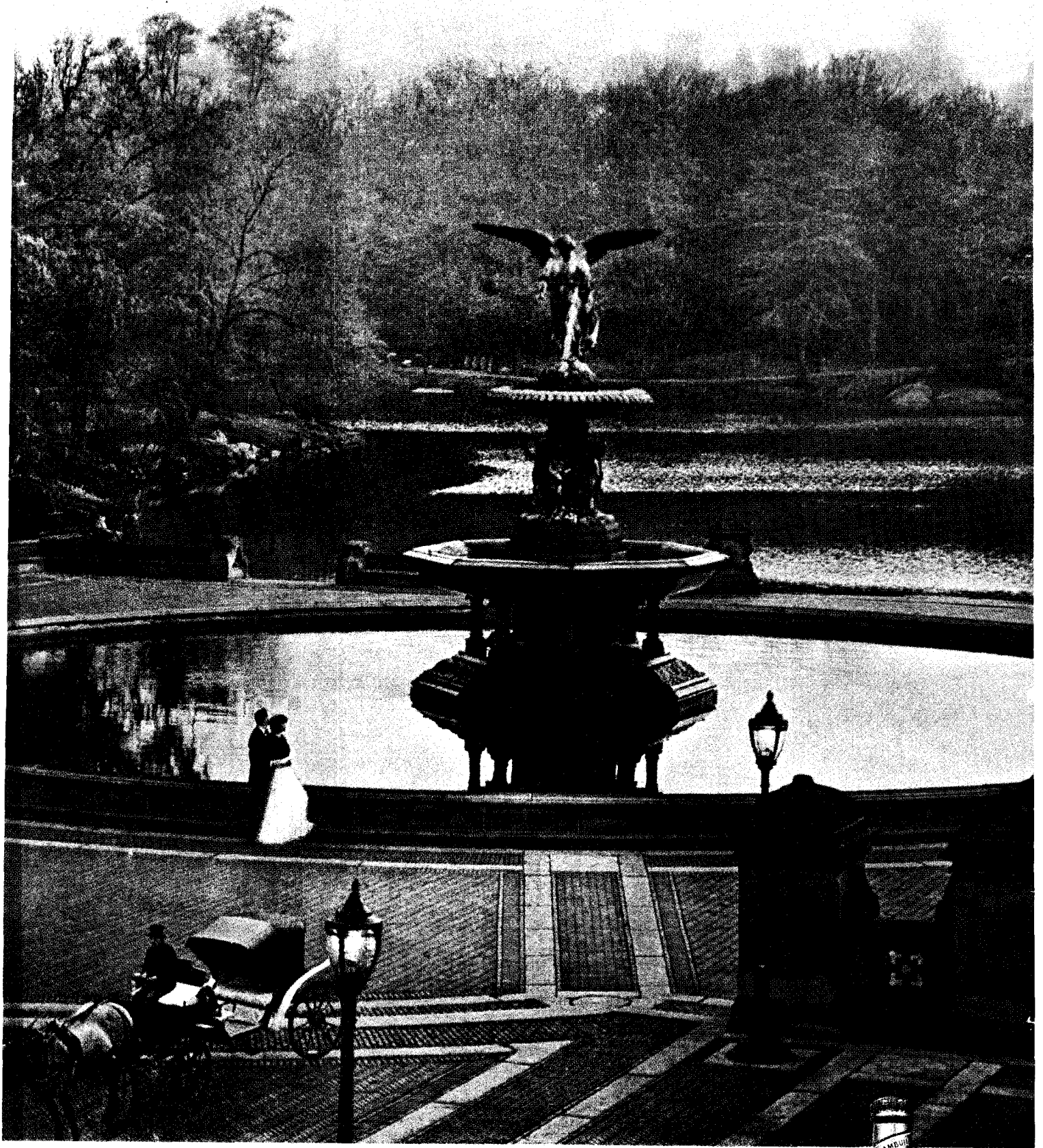
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